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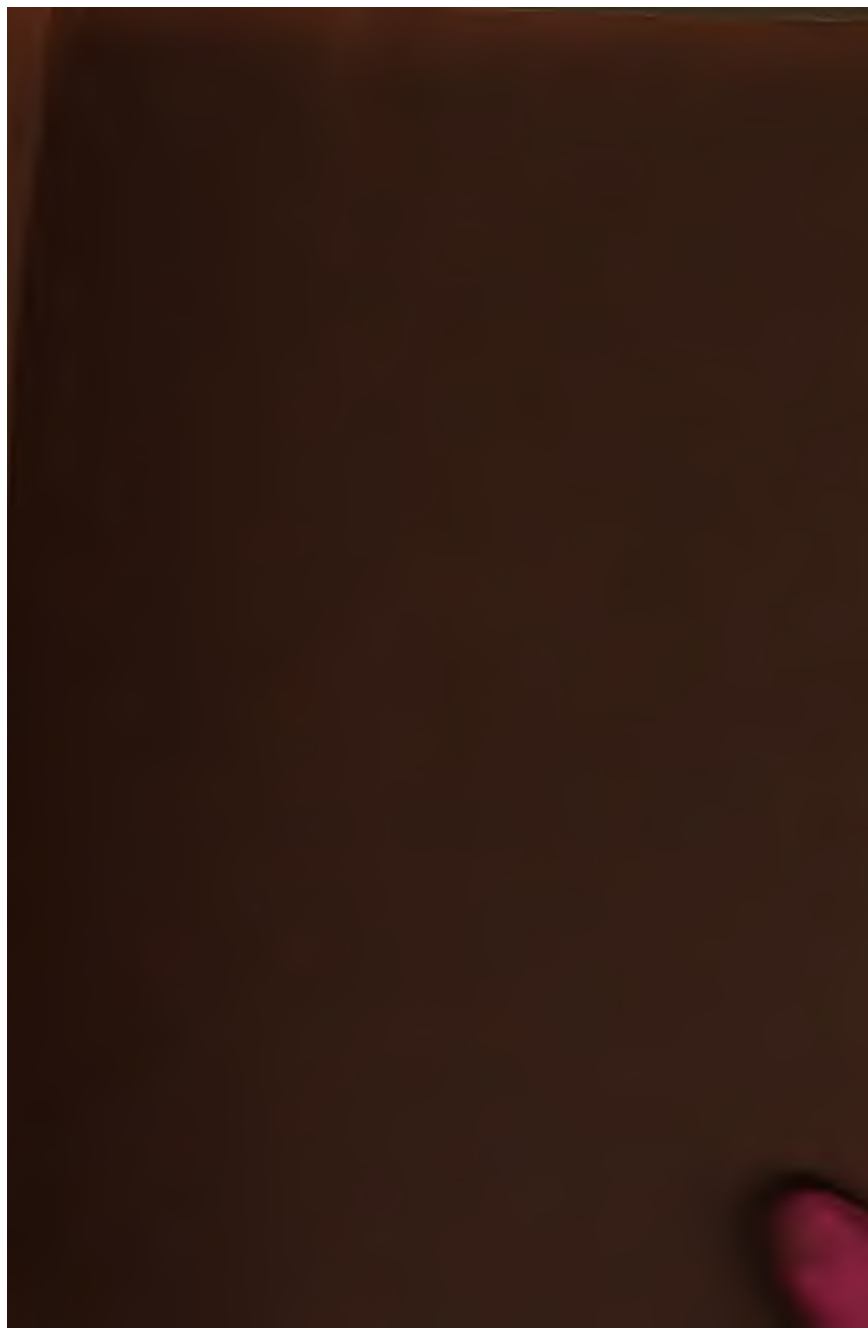
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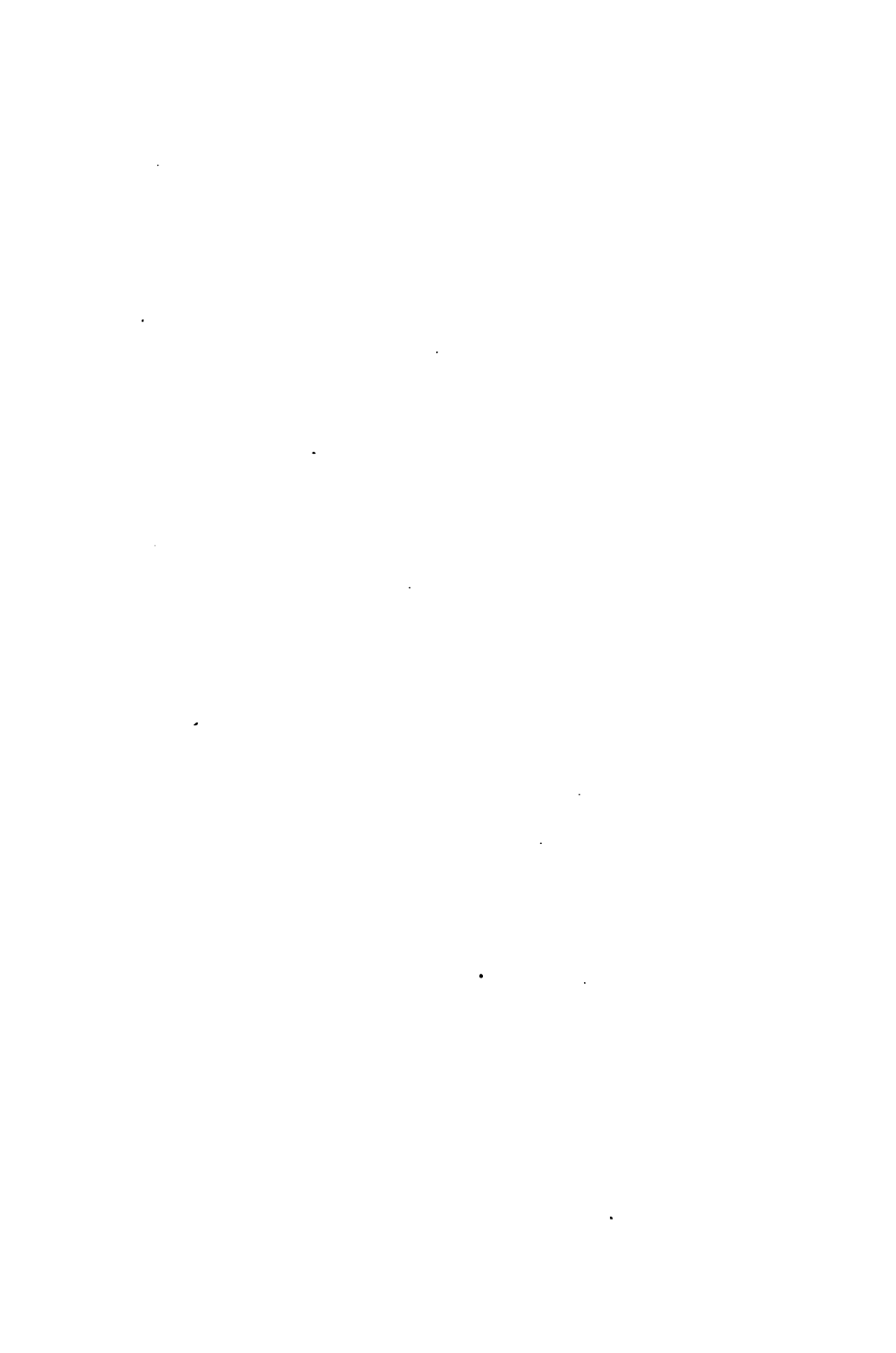


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HEROES OF THE CRUSADES.







Peter Preaching the First Crusade.—Page 16.

HEROES OF THE CRUSADES

BARBARA HUTTON

Author of "The Crusades"

Translated by H. G. Wells

With Illustrations by H. G. Wells



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HEROES OF THE CRUSADES.

BY

BARBARA HUTTON,

AUTHOR OF 'CASTLES AND THEIR HEROES.'

'Bound for Holy Palestine.'

With Illustrations by P. Priolo.



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P R E F A C E.

WHEN walking round some old country church or cathedral, have you not sometimes come upon full-length effigies of cross-legged knights, and been told that they whose bones reposed beneath those stones were Crusaders? It was sometimes, but not always so; as that distinction was often bestowed after death on knights who had never fought out of their own country. Still one associates the cross-legged attitude with those who left their hearths and homes to fight in the Holy Land; and we feel an involuntary reverence for their remains, which throws over their graves a halo of romance. We cannot *help* being interested in those brave but mistaken warriors. They shed their blood in a vain cause; but we feel that they gave up a great deal when they affixed the cross to their shoulders.

A great many very interesting histories have been written on the Crusades. The following pages are not intended to be a history, but merely sketches of the principal points of those expeditions of the Middle Ages which, should they

interest, may lead to the reading of better and graver books on the same subject. 'Heroes' they were in one sense ; but, I fear, even the brightest examples of knights in those days fall very short of anything like real heroism. They were often cruel and barbarous ; and many a dark deed took place in the Holy Land, in the name of the Cross, that shamed the cause of chivalry. Still the Crusades did much to civilise the West in the Middle Ages. The Saracens and Turks were looked upon as barbarians, but their Christian foes copied their manners and customs, and learned much that was good in the East. The earlier Crusaders, when they went back to England or France, contrasted their rude castles with Eastern or Italian palaces, rebuilding them in accordance with more refined ideas acquired in Palestine—the land that they conquered, but could not keep. The dangers that the Crusaders went through, the hardships they endured, may teach us a lesson, that to be heroic we must endure ; and though many a century has passed away since the Crusades, we may find much to imitate in the story of those warriors of old who gave up, often from genuine motives, lands and home to become Crusaders, and to fight for the Holy Land.

'The knights they are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the
Saints, we trust.'

B. H.

OCTOBER, 1868.



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HEROES OF THE CRUSADES.

CHAPTER I.

PETER THE HERMIT.

P  NE evening, twenty years after the conquest of Jerusalem by the Turks, in the year 1072, there stood before one of the gates of the Holy City, a palmer from the West.

He offered the Infidel sentinel the toll—a gold coin, without which payment no pilgrim, however holy, would have been suffered to enter,—and passed with a pilgrim band into Jerusalem.

Short in stature, thin and mean-looking, he seemed at first glance the last man to influence others ; but in his way he was a hero, the first about whom I intend to make mention in connection with the Crusades, and was called Peter Gautier, or Peter the Hermit, famous in history as having preached the first Crusade set on foot for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidels who then owned Jeru-

salem, that holy city, so dear to all Christians in every age.

It was towards the end of the eleventh century that Peter first went as a pilgrim to Jerusalem ; being one of many palmers from the West who visited, with him, the scene of our Lord's life on earth ; a journey which, in those superstitious times, was often undertaken as a penance for sins, or as a certain means of absolution in this world, and of a heavenly recompense in the next, if, as was the lot of many pilgrims, the pious traveller perished in Palestine.

The toll paid by Peter at the gate was a heavy burden on the western pilgrims. It was a gold coin, equivalent in value to five Spanish dollars ; and to give you an idea of how heavy an imposition this tax was on the pilgrims, I must tell you a Spanish dollar was worth about four shillings and sixpence in English money of the present day ; thus half of the palmers who arrived with Peter before Jerusalem were unable to make up the sum necessary to gain admittance. The sight of the disappointment with which this miserable group turned back, was the first spark that kindled a flame of pious indignation in Peter's breast, at the sufferings of the Christians in Palestine.

He was but an obscure palmer ; but he was destined to be the instrument of arousing a feeling of

religious enthusiasm through the whole of Europe, lasting two centuries, and influencing the history of his age in the cause of the cross :

‘ Which should all wars begin and end.’

He wore a hermit’s simple dress, which was of coarse material, suitable to the seriousness of a pilgrim’s journey ; that of a palmer was different from ordinary pilgrims, being coarser, for they were forced to take vows of poverty, and to subsist on the alms of the charitable as they journeyed along.

Anchorets, or hermits, always lived a life of solitude, and were ascetics of the severest order in Peter’s time. He became one to expiate the errors of his youth ; for, in those superstitious times, the life of a recluse was said to be the surest way of expiating one’s sins.

Anchorets were a sect founded about the time of Constantine ; and in the fifth century a very eminent example was set to hermits by Simeon, who died 451, and who is said to have existed for thirty years on a pillar, which way of passing his time must have been more pious than pleasant. He founded a sect called Pillar Saints.

Peter the Hermit, with whose journey to Palestine my tales of the Crusades will begin, was, as I have said before, a very small man, almost contemptible in appearance ; his face thin and worn with the austerities of his solitary life, but with keen and

lively black eyes, that lighted up his whole countenance, and that were an index of two great gifts : one, a lively enthusiasm that sustained him throughout his romantic career, and which, by fostering the reveries and raptures long years passed in his cloister imposed on his judgment, made him fancy himself especially selected by Providence for the mission he later undertook, and which without enthusiasm he could never have carried out ; and the other was eloquence, for he could impart, by means of that last gift, the earnestness which he himself threw into all he did and said ; and there is nothing so convincing as a preacher's belief in his own cause. Peter could move and persuade the hearts of all who heard him.

He had been a soldier in his youth under Eustace de Bouillon, father of Godfrey de Bouillon, one of the great heroes of the Crusades, as you will hear later on, and had married a noble lady, being a gentleman by birth, and a native of Amiens. Peter's marriage was not a happy one, and long before his pilgrimage to Palestine he had gone into a cloister to escape from his wife.

As he entered Jerusalem that evening, he probably closely resembled, in his garb and appearance, such a palmer as Spenser describes in the *Faerie Queene* :

‘ A silly man, in simple weeds foreworne,
And soiled with dust of the long-dried way ;

His sandales were with toilsome travail worne,
His face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traueiled many a summer's day
Through boiling sands of Arabie and Inde;
And in his hand, a Jacob's staffe to staye
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.'

At the time of Peter's pilgrimage, nothing could be more pitiable than the state of Jerusalem.

The Holy City had been revered alike by Jews and Christians, from the time of the primitive Christians to the days of the Crusaders.

As Christianity spread in the West, pilgrimages were frequently undertaken to the Holy Land—all with anxious desire, longing to see with their own eyes the very place where their Redeemer had lain in his tomb, and over which the piety of the Emperor Constantine had erected a stately temple; or to tread with reverential awe Mount Calvary, where Helena, mother of Constantine, was believed to have discovered the true cross, A.D. 328—our Saviour's being known from that of the two thieves who were crucified with Him by its healing power on the sick.

You may remember that the Emperor Constantine is said to have seen, stretched in the heavens before him, a large and shining cross, two miles in length; and after that supposed vision, he placed that emblem on all his standards, with this inscription on it, 'In this sign thou shalt conquer.'

A pilgrim to Palestine, before starting, was solemnly arrayed in his garb by his parish priest ; his scarf, his wallet, and his staff were consecrated by prayer and blessing, he being enjoined to set off, in pious humility, on a journey looked upon as a most meritorious action ; and if he lived to come back, he always brought home with him a palm branch from Jericho, which he usually offered to the altar of his parish church, and from that custom pilgrims were called palmers.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, pilgrimages to Palestine increased for another reason. The end of the world, some thought, was near at hand ; and the belief that our Redeemer would come again on earth, first appearing in the land where He had suffered and died, was popularly cherished.

The immense number of pilgrims was the source of the creation of a regular trade in relics, and a great fair for their sale was annually held at Jerusalem ; while all kinds of corrupt practices replaced the genuine piety of those who had first visited Palestine from religious motives. Rich men also flocked to Jerusalem, attended by armed followers, erecting, as they passed over the steep mountains, or along the lonely valleys of the Holy Land, inns and places of shelter for poorer pilgrims. The Infidel owners of Jerusalem were not slow in perceiving how large a revenue might be

collected by means of a tax levied on each pious traveller from the West ; and the byzant of gold that Peter paid was rigidly exacted as the sole condition of admission to the Redeemer's tomb and the Holy City. The pilgrims to Jerusalem became so numerous that they were called 'The Armies of the Lord.' Not unfrequently princes, laying aside their rank and estate, and assuming a palmer's garb, visited Palestine.

In 1035, a very splendid troop of pilgrims from France arrived in the Holy City, headed by Robert the Sixth, Duke of Normandy, called also 'Robert the Magnificent,' and 'Robert the Devil.' His character was so excellent, that it is difficult to believe what history confidently tells us, that he was guilty of poisoning his brother Richard III. of Normandy in 1028. The greatest proof of Robert's guilt lies in the fact that, at the death of their father, Richard Duke of Normandy, who was so good a prince that he was said to be '*pour les vertus sans egales*'—'matchless in virtue'—Robert revolted against his brother ; and when the latter set off in the middle of winter to punish his disobedience, he was arrested in his expedition by sudden death, and to Robert is ascribed the crime of fratricide. If we disbelieve this accusation, which we will fain hope was a false one, no pilgrim ever visited the Holy Land whose character was more attractive ; and to English people his

romantic story is the more interesting, that his son was our William the Conqueror. He was as brave a knight as his descendant, Richard Cœur de Lion, and united to his courage a generous and impulsive nature that ever led him to the performance of the noblest actions. The weak and oppressed had but to repair to his court to find in him an unshrinking protector; and by his judicious support to his sovereign, Henry King of France, he extended his dominions, by obtaining as a recompense for his services several valuable towns.

The Norman character was and is a fine one. To a Norman noble or peasant it was as natural to be devout as it was to be a soldier or sailor.

During the times of peace it was from Normandy that pilgrims of all ages and ranks, more than from any other province of France, went to Palestine, to visit that mysterious East, the cradle of the world, which possessed so great a charm for their imaginations. The poorer as well as the richer Normans, the young, the old—in fact, all classes, up to the Duke himself—set off to lay down all their pride, and to soothe all their sorrows, by humble devotion at their Saviour's tomb!

Before Robert departed for the Holy Land, he summoned all the prelates and nobles of Normandy to his presence, and told them of his intention. His nobles were much averse to the idea of his under-

taking so long and dangerous a journey, and endeavoured to dissuade him from it.

‘Sire,’ said they, ‘you will leave the kingdom without an heir to its throne, if you should die in the East, for there is no one to succeed you except it is the Duke of Bretagne or the Count of Bourgoyne, who are already quarrelling about the succession: the one claiming it as being heir to Havoise, wife of Duke Geoffrey of Bretagne, and sister to Richard the Good; the other as husband to the Princess Adelis, his sister. Sire, we entreat you, do not leave your duchy to be dismembered by war and dissensions.’

‘It is not my intention,’ replied Robert the Magnificent, ‘to leave you without a duke. I have a little son, who will grow one day, please God, to man’s estate, and be able to defend and govern you. I therefore enjoin you, by all your love and duty to me, to receive him in my stead. I shall leave him under the care and protection of my cousin the Duke of Bretagne, till he is old enough to be your duke.’

After this all the nobles were obliged to render homage to the little William, Robert’s illegitimate son, and to recognise him as their lord. Robert then set off to Paris, where he deposited the child duke under the French king’s protection, and then, followed by many of his wealthiest nobles, departed

for the Holy Land. Having thus arranged all his earthly affairs, and left his little son, the future conqueror of England, to be brought up at the Court of France, he set off joyfully, as anxious to get beyond the seas, and to lead a wandering life, as if he had not left behind him one of the finest duchies of France. A voice seemed to tell him that he might depart now in peace. He had left an heir to succeed him, he had nothing wanting to swell the long list of his worldly honours, and he was accompanied by the most witty, gayest, and richest of his courtiers.

To see his retinue set out in all its splendour, the knights so magnificently attired, their steeds covered with velvets and pearls, and with harness of pure gold, one would have guessed them to be knights bound to some tournament, instead of humble pilgrims going to kneel at their Saviour's grave.

After visiting Rome, where the Pope attached the cross to their shoulders, the Duke and his companions travelled to the Holy Land. When they arrived at any large town, it was the Duke's custom to tell his suite to enter it first, he himself following on foot, and unknown to the inhabitants, who generally flocked out to meet the long train that accompanied him.

One day a bystander, ignorant who it was, gave

him a rude blow. The Normans turned angrily round to punish the man, but the Duke checked them by calling out, 'A pilgrim should suffer for the love of God!'

It was this prince who, falling ill as he travelled through Asia Minor, was obliged to be borne along in a litter on the shoulders of Saracens. He was met by a French pilgrim going back to France, who asked if he could carry back any message to Normandy for the Duke. 'Yes,' said Robert, 'tell them you met me as devils were carrying me off to paradise.' He died on his way back from Jerusalem, in Bithynia, of fever.

Jerusalem, which had fallen into the hands of the Saracens in the year 637, had from that time been desecrated, and the Christians insulted. The refuges erected for them by Charlemagne—to whom Haroon el Rasheed had given the keys of the Holy City,—even their cemetery, in which it was thought a pious act to live in solitary cells—were destroyed or desecrated by the Moslems; but still pilgrims flocked on from Europe, in spite of the ill-usage they met with.

The Saracens did not wish entirely to expel the Christians, as they knew that their expeditions were a constant source of revenue; but they thought nothing of going into their churches during the celebration of service, loading the priests with abuse,

and even blows, and often plucking their aged patriarch from his seat by the hair of his head or his beard.

The principal object of veneration to the pilgrims was, of course, our Lord's sepulchre. The first church placed over it was that stately temple erected by Constantine A.D. 335, which was utterly destroyed by the Infidels in 1010, and then rebuilt by another emperor, fifty years before the date of Peter the hermit's first visit to Palestine.

You will all recollect that our Saviour was buried in a tomb intended by a rich man for his own last resting-place. Sepulchres in the East are small chambers cut out of the rocks, that are entered by a small door or vestibule. Niches hewn out of those natural caverns, and either perpendicular to or parallel with the sides of the tomb, received the bodies when interred by their relations and friends. This form of interment—that is, in chambers hewn out of rocks—still exists in the valleys about Jerusalem. The Jews simply laid their dead in linen swathings, without embalming, or placing the bodies in coffins like the Egyptians, or burning them as did the Romans, or putting them into a stone sarcophagus as did the Greeks. The early Greeks and Etrurians, dressing their dead in armour or robes of state, such as they had worn when in life, laid them simply on stone couches or

bronze biers, protecting their last homes from spoliation by a rigid concealment of the door of their tombs, called 'eternal homes' by the Egyptians.

The present state of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre but little resembles its exterior in the Crusaders' time. It is difficult to get any accurate description of it as it then existed. All we learn about it is, that when the Persians sacked Jerusalem, A.D. 614, they tried to destroy the Holy Sepulchre by fire, but only succeeded in burning down the temple erected over it by Constantine.

The first reliable description of it, after its subsequent restoration, represents it much as the hermit must have gazed on it. 'In the midst of the church,' says the old writer (A.D. 1102), 'is the Lord's sepulchre, girt about with a strong wall, and covered over lest rain should fall on it, for the church is open to the sky.'

Another description (A.D. 1211) says: 'The interior of the sepulchral chamber was covered on every side with white and polished marble, and had within it the very stone upon which the holy body was laid; which stone, entire and covered over with marble, is visible in three places to the touch and kiss of the pilgrims.' The roof of the sepulchre is described as bearing the marks of the tools with which it was hewn out of the rock, which was not of a uniform colour, but red and white. The stone

which had been originally rolled to its mouth was broken into two pieces, that, being cased with iron, were used as altars in the church above it.

As the hermit approached Jerusalem, the city must have been visible to his longing eyes about a mile from the gates, the Mount of Olives rising above the long line of wall with which the city was surrounded. To a man of his vivid imagination, the sacred scenes would recall to him, as really as if he had witnessed them pass before his eyes, our Saviour's life. Mount Calvary, on which Adrian had impiously erected a temple to Jupiter, and Bethlehem, where, A.D. 142, an altar to the heathen Adonis had been raised on the very spot where the manger of the holy Babe had been, would all excite his religious fervour, to be quenched as he entered Jerusalem, and saw around him nothing but desolation and misery. To his mind, the feeling of horror with which he gazed on the desecration of such holy scenes was a direct message from heaven; and his first act was to seek an interview with Simeon, then patriarch, and urge him to write to the Pope, and the other sovereigns of Europe, imploring aid and succour for the Christian population of Jerusalem.

The answer he received was: 'O pious palmer, we are punished for our sins! Asia is in bondage to the Infidels; no earthly power can help us.'

'Say not so, holy father,' cried Peter, drawing up

his small form to his full height ; ' Jerusalem shall be liberated before long by western warriors ! As a penance for my sins,' he went on to say, ' I will traverse the whole continent of Europe ; and the princes and nobles of the West shall hear from my lips the state of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I will urge them to rescue the grave of our Lord !'

The patriarch gazed with astonishment at the quivering lips and moistened eyes of the hermit as he uttered those words. The sufferings of the Christians were not new to him. Deeply as he deplored them, he had grown used to the sight. But Peter's confidence in himself, and in his mission, imparted conviction to Simeon's afflicted heart ; and at length he cried, while embracing Peter with tears of joy, ' God will look down on our afflictions ! He will soften the hearts of the princes of Europe towards us ! He will send them to the rescue of this Holy City.'

After this interview, Peter's zeal knew no bounds ; and fully persuaded that Heaven itself had charged him to avenge the cause of the Christians, he swore a solemn vow to return to the West, and be the means of enlisting the sympathy of Europe in aid of their eastern brethren.

He repaired, before he left Jerusalem, once more to the holy tomb, where, holding the letters that the patriarch had given him in his hand, and which were

to serve him as credentials of the truth of his story, he prostrated himself on the pavement of the church, and heard, in imagination, a heavenly voice telling him to persevere and prosecute his mission.

He quitted Palestine, and crossed the sea, disembarking in Italy, where he hastened to Rome to present his letters to Pope Urban II.

The holy father was as much smitten with the hermit's scheme as Simeon had been. He welcomed him as a prophet, and sent him out to preach the first Crusade. Mounted on a mule, his crucifix in his hand, his feet without sandals, and his head bare, his thin and spare form covered by the long coarse dress of a palmer monk, this man, who had led up to this time so secluded and austere a life, imparted to others, by means of his own zeal, a belief in his mission. What is so convincing as an earnest belief in one's own aims and objects?

Attracted alike by the singularity of his appearance, wherever he went, were it to the castle of the wealthy or the lowly cottage of the serf, his manner, his charity, his moral and strict life, inspired all who heard him with the belief that he was a saint. His energy was unfailing. He journeyed from town to town, from province to province, through all France and the greater part of Europe, sometimes preaching in churches, often in the open air, declaiming with eloquence on the iniquities of the

Saracens, and with his lively picture of the sufferings undergone by the Christians interesting his crowds of listeners.

Later he was present at a council summoned by Urban at Clermont, in France, 1094, at which ambassadors from all the greatest potentates of Europe were assembled. This council assembled in the principal square of Clermont. Followed by his cardinals, the Pope ascended a kind of throne that had been prepared for him. He summoned the holy hermit to his side, and bade him tell that noble assemblage the same tale that he had imparted to him at Rome. While describing the outrages committed by its Infidel possessors on the faithful at Jerusalem, how, loaded with irons, they were enslaved and degraded, and how he had seen the Christians at the Holy City forced to purchase even permission to worship at their Redeemer's tomb, while not unfrequently the servants of God were torn to pieces, if unable to pay the required tribute,—Peter's gloomy face, and his voice choked by sobs, influenced all his hearers. Then the Pope rose and addressed the assemblage.

‘An infidel race,’ he cried, ‘occupy the cradle of our faith; and the country of our Saviour! The city of the King of kings is subject to the horrors described to you by this holy man! The tomb

that has received the body of our Lord, and witnessed his resurrection, is defiled !'

The barons and princes who listened to him were excited by the long and heartrending account that the Pope gave them, and the flames of such holy ardour aroused all their enthusiasm. Rising to their feet, they cried, 'Dieu li volt'—'It is God's will ! It is God's cause !'

'Yea,' cried the Pope, rising and holding up a crucifix in his hand ; 'you cry rightly. It is God's will ! Christ himself has given you this holy cause for war. Let his cross be the sign ; and affixing it on your shoulders and on your breasts, let it shine on your arms and on your helmets, let it ever remind you that the Saviour died for you, to be a pledge of victory or a crown of martyrdom !'

The loud cries of all who heard Urban rent the air ; and, amid mingled acclamations of both the nobles and serfs, the Pope gave them absolution as a condition of their embracing the cause : and thus began the first Crusade.

The crosses affixed to their garments were either of cloth or silk, and were generally worn on the shoulder. The name of 'Croisés,' or 'Crusaders,' originated from the custom of wearing a cross, which had been a symbol adopted by the early Christians to distinguish them from Pagans, A.D.

110, though later, A.D. 260, it was used as a superstitious remedy against witchcraft and poison. Crosses were first adopted in churches, A.D. 431, and on steeples, A.D. 568.

The enthusiastic feelings aroused at this celebrated Clermont Council by the Pope's address and Peter's eloquence did not fade away. It took place in November 1095; and before many months had elapsed, the ardour for a war against the Saracens spread throughout the breadth and length of Europe.

The departure of the first Crusaders was fixed to take place on the Feast of the Assumption in the following year. During the preceding winter, every task was suspended that could possibly interfere with a warrior's preparations for this holy war. Enemies were reconciled to each other, good order reigned everywhere, and their arms were blessed by their priests with these words: 'Take this sword and these arms in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! May they and it serve you in this good cause, but never may they shed innocent blood!' The first band of Crusaders set off under Peter's command.

Princes had embraced the cause—Godfrey de Bouillon, a true hero; the Conqueror's son, Robert of Normandy; Edgar Atheling, the last Saxon prince; Robert Earl of Flanders; and Hugh of Vermandois, surnamed the Great, brother to Philip

of France. Then there was Stephen de Blois, who possessed as many castles as there are days in the year ; and Raymond Count de Toulouse, a rich and powerful noble.

These nobles foresaw the difficulties that lay in the way of conducting so vast a number of volunteers to Palestine, and they decided to separate into different parties—all to meet at Constantinople. There were several rejected by the princes as unfit for the service ; and such gathered together under Peter's banner, whose vanity led him to believe that he was competent to command an army. This great multitude, when it assembled in Lorraine in the spring of 1096, was a motley herd. It was an army composed of thousands of foot, but only eight knights, led by one Walter the Pennyless, so called from his poverty.


The feeling for the cause was so strong, that none save the aged or the infirm remained behind. From the Tiber to the Rhine, from the ocean to the Alps, one cry alone was to be heard : ' Dieu le veut ! Dieu le veut ! ' ' Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! ' was on every lip.

Along all the main highroads of France, scarcely any armed bands were to be seen, save those who were bound to the Holy Land. In the vicinity of all large towns, camps were erected, where, above the clash of arms and the sound of clarions and trumpets, prayers and hymns might be heard, chanted at

altars hastily erected, to ask a blessing on the expedition.

As I have told you, there was a great multitude of volunteers who, rejected by the princes, enlisted under Peter's banner ; and that first party met with a sad fate, owing to the Hermit's want of discretion and military experience.

The King of Hungary, Kalmany or Coloman, gave the first body, under Walter the Pennyless' command, permission to pass through his dominions ; but in spite of the religious nature of the war which they were going to undertake, the pilgrim army disgraced their cause by plundering the peasantry, and the result was that they were destroyed. The enraged Bulgarians set fire to a church in which the Crusaders had taken refuge, and but a small party of those who had started with such exalted hopes reached Constantinople, by escaping with Walter through the forests of Hungary. Nor did the 40,000 men, women, and children who followed Walter, under Peter's guidance, meet with a much happier fate. When they came to the town where their fellow-Christians had perished, and saw all their flags and crosses displayed on the battlements, they attacked the city in revenge, and slew all its inhabitants ; and were only disturbed from the most disgraceful doings by a report that Kalmany was coming to punish them with a large army.



The story of Peter's expedition to the Holy Land, and how, of his vast army, but a small remnant ever reached even Constantinople, is a dark one. The Hermit, who had aroused the enthusiasm of Europe, found himself unequal to the task of commanding an army.

Another expedition of wild and lawless vagabonds, professing to be actuated by religious feelings, succeeded Peter's band, before the princes set off. They were chiefly Germans, under two leaders,—one a priest called Volkenar, the other a bad man, Count Eunio. The evil passions of this herd were fostered, not restrained, by their leaders ; and as my stories are to be about the '*heroes of the Crusades*,' and not about the sad scenes which disgraced them at their commencement, let it suffice to say that they were guilty of not only the most shameful persecution of the Jews, but of worshipping a goat and goose. But I will not dwell on so dark a tale. The hour of retribution overtook Count Eunio and his followers, and they perished, slaughtered by Coloman on the borders of Hungary.

As a storm of rain will often clear the sky, heralding the return of brightness on a summer's day, so does the fate, the wrong-doing, and the outrages committed by the vast undisciplined numbers under Peter the Hermit, Walter, and Count Eunio, who composed the first expeditions to the Holy Land,

contrast with the higher and purer motives of the expedition then preparing to leave Europe under Godfrey de Bouillon, the subject of my next chapter, and my second hero of the Crusades, A.D. 1096. While we cannot but admire Peter's earnest zeal, his character warns us that fanaticism is ever to be shunned and blamed, even in a good cause.





CHAPTER II.

GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

WHILE Peter the Hermit was preaching the first Crusade, a true knight and real hero lay ill of a lingering fever at Rome, brought on by heat and fatigue. This was Godfrey de Bouillon, who, although he had been one of the first to ascend the walls of the pontifical city, and to plant the German Emperor's standard on its battlements, could not forgive himself for having borne arms against the Papal power. In vain had Henry IV. lavished on him honours and marks of his favour, creating him Duke of Lorraine. To Godfrey's tender conscience the Italian campaign had been in a sinful cause, and even his valour, in such a war, an error committed against the Church.

That Emperor was Henry IV., who defied Pope Gregory VII., declaring that his right of making bishops, and bestowing rings and crosiers on them, was as good as that of the Pontiff; but he had reason to rue such defiance, as in 1077 the Pope

made him do penance standing barefooted, three cold winter's nights, outside his castle gate, to implore pardon. In those superstitious days it was no use putting one's self in opposition to the priests, as the Emperor had done.

Godfrey de Bouillon, although he knew that the Emperor's cause was a wrong one, yet loved his master well. He was descended in the female line from Charlemagne, and, when quite a mere lad, had fought under the German Emperor's banner, winning early laurels by his bravery.

It was the eve of a great battle. 'Tell me,' cried the Emperor Henry the Fourth, 'who among your number, my nobles, is worthiest to carry my imperial banner?' Every lip named the youthful but valiant Godfrey de Bouillon's name; and his hand it was that, killing Rodolfus, Henry's rival, decided the fortunes of the day.

He was a native of Baissy, a small village of Brabant, and son of Eustace the second Count of Boulogne, celebrated for valour, and of Ida, daughter of Godfrey Barbu, Duke of Lower Lorraine. Lorraine was a small state, whose independence dated from the decay of Charlemagne's empire. There were two Duchies of Lorraine, Lower and Upper. Lower Lorraine comprised Hainault, Brabant, Luxembourg, and the lovely district of Liege and Namur.

Godfrey was very handsome. He was tall, and had a good figure, light brown hair, and eyes that looked openly and fearlessly at those he addressed. His fine countenance was the index, as it were, of a disposition that united, say all contemporary historians, the piety and simplicity of a good priest, with the noble qualities that made him a warrior hero. Although born to command, he was so humble and so just, that he won instead of exacting obedience, and all who served loved him. His soldiers called him 'father;' nobles and princes emulated his valour and his virtues, and chose Godfrey de Bouillon as their model, if they aspired to be true knights.

Often, when stricken down at Rome by fever, and tossing restlessly on his sick-bed, had Godfrey sighed to see in reality that land of the cross that imagination had so often painted to his fancy. With the mistaken piety of those days, to visit Jerusalem was to expiate, so he imagined, the sins of his life; and the summons of the first Crusade restored him, as it were, to renewed energy and ardour, and, in his realized dream of a journey to the Holy Land, he saw himself in the character of both liberator and pilgrim. 'He arose,' says an old writer, 'and shook disease from his limbs. Rising with expanded breast, as it were, from years of decrepitude, he shone with renovated

youth.' In calling him 'a true knight,' I ought to tell you how he could win such a title in that chivalrous age.

You know knighthood, as an institution, was ancient. The name comes from the Saxon '*cniht*,' which means a servant—servant to the king. As far back as B.C. 750 there were knights, in the days of Romulus, though they were not called knights, but *equites*, or horsemen, from *equus*, a horse.

During the Saxon heptarchy knights were made by priests, who bestowed the honour on those deemed worthy of it at the altar, consecrating the knights' weapons, and blessing them before they returned them to their owner. The first monarch who made a knight with the sword of state was our King Alfred, when, A.D. 900, he knighted Athelstane.

Between Charlemagne's era and the first Crusade, the greatest need for such an order had arisen, for Europe was in a state of anarchy, and every small chieftain who could fortify his house called it a castle, and made war against his neighbours, which was only in most cases an excuse to pillage and rob.

The wealthier nobles grew weary at last of witnessing such scenes, and bound themselves by vows to rescue the suffering and weak from all who oppressed them. Probably knowing that mere oaths in those days would not be considered binding, unless enforced by religious obligations as well as secular

considerations, they took such vows with the most solemn ceremonials of the Church.

Before one of the equestrian order (who never married beneath them) could be knighted, he was obliged to serve some other knight, both as a page and a squire. The infantry were chiefly plebeians ; but those who were well born enough to be called *miles*, or soldier, served as cavalry.

Noblemen's sons often served their own fathers as squires, and their duties were in some respects what we should now think menial. They had to serve their master at table, to look after his gold and silver plate, and to taste every dish before offering it to him. They were educated in their lord's household from youth till manhood, and were taught all manly exercises and feats of arms, to enable them to follow him into battle, or to attend him at tournaments. Nor was it, I dare say you will agree with me, always a very safe office. The squire marched in front of his master, and his duty was to parry all blows aimed at his lord in battle ; and if he received a death-wound himself in that cause, he perished, it was thought, in a worthy and glorious fashion.

Some squires were called 'damoyssel ;' but that title was not common, and was only given to those of noble birth. 'Varlet' was a name oftener given them. When a squire was twenty-one years old,

he was considered eligible for knighthood,—that is, if his master was satisfied with his conduct during the time he had been a squire.

Sometimes, but very seldom, little children were knighted ; but those fortunate infants were generally of royal birth, and were exceptions to the rule, which was that a squire could not be knighted till he was of age.

The ceremony of knighthood was emblematic, and each part of the performance was intended to signify something ; as, for instance, his face was washed, his hair and beard carefully arranged, and he was plunged into a warm bath, all of which was a symbol that ‘henceforward, as a true knight, he should purify himself in politeness, courtesy, and kindness, so as to be beloved by all men.’

On getting out of his bath, he was put into bed, and that was emblematic of the last couch he would need on this earth, and to recall to his remembrance the peace and repose of paradise. On getting up he was clothed in a white tunic, which meant, hints an old chronicler, that he should be ever careful to be cleanly in his person ; and then the purple robe he donned after the white tunic was an ‘emblem of courage, and the devotion he was expected to bear to the holy mother Church,’ while his brown nether garments signified the earth in which he would certainly be interred—a thought to

teach him to refrain from pride. After courage, a knight's truest virtue was humility. His sword was blessed at the altar, after he had watched and fasted, and he was then considered a knight 'in the name of God, St. George, and St. Michael the Archangel,' while he vowed to defend religion, and the ladies, and all who, being in distress, needed his aid.

A knight's peculiar weapon was his lance ; his squire led his horse till danger obliged him to mount it ; it was generally large and powerful, and capable of carrying him when loaded with armour. As it was pleasanter to ride an easier steed, the knight ambled along, when not prepared for action, on a gentler palfrey.

At the time of the first Crusade, the armour worn by warriors was of a lighter make than later on in the eleventh century ; and the heavy cuirass was not then worn, but only a hauberk or coat of mail. The Turkish and Arabian cavalry were powerless when opposed to a Christian knight's furious charge, as with his lance in its rest on his saddle, he would spur on his charger to meet his foe, followed by, in addition to his faithful squire, archers and men-at-arms, who wore his crest on their armour and garments.

Each knight took as many followers as he could muster to the field of battle ; and every knight had a ladye-love, whom, next to his Creator, the laws

of his order obliged him to obey in everything, and whose colours he wore in tournaments or action attached to his lance or arms. All knights were brothers, and when on their travels might knock at any castle gate, secure of welcome. Indeed, his foot could scarcely touch the courtyard stones before all the household were there to receive him. The ladies of the castle, to do him honour, were ready to prepare his chamber and bed, disarming him with their own fair hands, and offering him, after touching it themselves with their lips, the loving cup at his arrival and departure.

It would take me too long to tell you more minutely all the privileges enjoyed by a knight. They were so great, that if he abused the conditions on which he obtained them, his punishment was severe indeed. A knight who had forfeited his honour was degraded from all his privileges, honours, and fortune, and even lost his life if his conduct had been very bad. A scaffold in such a case would be erected, on which the common executioner broke in pieces, before the miserable knight's eyes, his sword and arms, defacing his shield, trampling his buckler and helmet in the dirt, while a herald pronounced a solemn malediction against him, a priest chanting the *De profundis*.

Sunk in misery, a knight who was so degraded had to listen to his own name called out three times,

the heralds each time replying, 'It is not his name ; he is a felon and a liar !' and then, as if no indignity could be too great, he was immersed in warm water thrown over his head on the scaffold, to efface the honours that he had received at his knighthood. Surely he had been punished enough ! But no ; he was then drawn off the scaffold by a cord, and dragged to the church. There, enveloped in a shroud, the miscreant knight listened to the funeral service ; and, after hearing that, was permitted to escape from his tormentors. It was indeed a dreadful thing to be false to the order of knighthood.

Godfrey de Bouillon's departure for the Holy Land was in the month of August 1076 ; but he had much to perform before he quitted Lorraine. A Crusader's care, before leaving his native land, was to make arrangements respecting his worldly matters ; and those generally were settled as if he were on the point of death, as he knew that his expedition was one involving risk and danger.

A war set on foot, as were the Crusades, for a religious aim, brought men much in contact with the clergy, who were not slow to do all they could to get hold of a large share of the estates sold at the outset of the Crusades. The most moderate offers for lands, once prized above even life itself, were accepted by nobles and knights to furnish their outfit ; and the immense increase of monasteries dur-

ing the eleventh and twelfth centuries speaks much for the worldly wisdom of the monks of yore.

A Count of Chartres had the *enjoyment* of a very curious right; it was that of pillaging, after every Bishop of Chartres' death, the prelate's house, goods, and chattels. This custom the lord of those lands at this period was induced to renounce for himself and his successors, before he set out for the Holy Land. Probably the worthy Count received, at the hands of the then bishop, something more substantial than his blessing, as an equivalent for giving up his privileges, for everything necessary for a warrior had become excessively dear. Often an estate was sold for a sum of money insufficient to purchase all the knight needed; and, when this was the case, his wife and daughters gladly threw their jewels into the common fund for so righteous a cause.

Sometimes a Crusader had neither lands nor castles to sell. Two courses lay open to him in that case. One was to implore the pecuniary aid of those who, unable to go to the wars themselves, wished to participate in its glory; and the other, I blush to say, was to sally out and rob all the towns and villages till the booty was enough for the *pious* object. Our hero, however, had no need, nor, we may imagine from his higher motives, any wish to get the necessary funds by such unworthy measures. He was owner of a beautiful lordship and

castle in Brabant, and he sold it to the Bishops of Liege and Verdun for seven thousand marks of silver, and then, with his two brothers Baldwin and Eustace, started off.


It must have been a beautiful sight to see the hero lead forth his gallant army, which consisted of a long train of warriors, principally Lorrainers, and princes and nobles from countries lying between the Rhine and Elbe. The plebeian portion of the Crusaders had already preceded them, and, as I told you, met with disasters under Peter the Hermit and others before even leaving Europe.

Godfrey's army was a very different one. Mounted on noble chargers, their long lances resting on their saddles in their rests, a large red cross worn either on their breast or shoulders, Godfrey and his followers quitted their native country. His nephew and brother, both destined eventually, like Godfrey, to become Kings of Jerusalem, were only simple knights in his suite. For fear the time on the road might hang heavy on their hands, the nobles had provided themselves with, not only in many cases the society of their wives and daughters, but with hounds and hawks to amuse their leisure. Side by side, followed by their archers, men-at-arms, and retainers, rode knights whose names are illustrious in history, and the army presented a very different appearance to Peter's motley followers.

There was Stephen, Count of Blois and Chartres, who had sold all his castles, and who had placed himself and his followers under Godfrey's direction ; and Robert, Earl of Flanders, who had been already as a traveller to the Holy Land. While many were actuated less by piety in going to the Crusades than by the hope of worldly distinction and honour, this rich and good Earl gave all his wealth away to poorer Crusaders, only caring to be thought a true knight.

Among Godfrey's troops were a party of Normans, led by one whose name interests us as English people, as he was a son of William the Conqueror, and brother to William Rufus. This was the generous, brave, but weak Duke of Normandy, Robert. He was accompanied by Edgar Atheling, last of the Saxon line of princes. This Duke of Normandy loved a wandering life, and had mortgaged his duchy to follow Godfrey to the Holy Land. He was a very great contrast to his father. When the Conqueror said, 'Je veut'—'I will,' his subjects were obliged to obey, unless they preferred losing their heads. But Robert had no decision or firmness.

Long before the Crusades, William Rufus, seeing that his brother was very weak, had tried to possess himself of a good portion of the Norman duchy, and was only prevented doing so by the barons of Normandy, who reconciled the brothers.



Their peace, however, was very hollow ; it soon ended. Fresh quarrels arose, and Robert defeated William Rufus, who had then recourse to the aid of money, and a very strange method for obtaining it. He received large reinforcements of troops from England. As each soldier landed, he was made to pay the English monarch a fine of ten shillings. And with money raised by such extraordinary extortion, William compromised with his brother.

Just as, favoured by fortune, the Duke of Normandy's star seemed to be in the ascendant, his love of a vagabond life led him to determine on following Godfrey de Bouillon to the Crusades. He attached the cross to his breast, and set off, after mortgaging his duchy for five years to William Rufus ; and later on we shall have something to learn of his career in the Holy Land amid the Crusaders, where he was one of the bravest knights, eventually refusing to be crowned King of Jerusalem. His character was a mixture of the noblest and weakest qualities ; but his is one of the most interesting figures amid the group that accompanied the Duke of Lorraine.


While the good Earl Robert of Flanders was called 'the sword and lance of the Christians,' the leader of the French pilgrims was nicknamed 'the Great,' from his size. This was Count Hugh of Vermandois, brother to the King of France, who was an upright and honourable knight. He was

very brave on the field of battle, but lacked perseverance, which is an essential requisite to success, and was very open to the voice of flattery. However, in a war which many sought to join only from ambitious motives, Hugh might well earn the name of great, as he never appears to have wished for any other distinction than glory.

Such were the principal leaders who accompanied Godfrey de Bouillon, ending the list with the venerable Raymond, Count of Toulouse ; the Pope's legate, Ademar, Bishop of Puy and Bohemond, son of Robert Guiscard, the Norman.

Count Raymond's forces amounted to 100,000 horse and foot, and were natives of Auvergne and Languedoc. Several Spanish adventurers joined his banners. He took a long farewell of his patrimony, being determined to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of religion. As he had experience and riches, this prince's counsels had great weight with the Crusaders ; but his great qualities were clouded by a haughty temper, and his prudence often exposed him to the imputation of being parsimonious and avaricious.

The expedition marched all together as far as a place called Tollenbourg, in Austria, which the princes and their troops reached in safety. Godfrey, however, having heard of the misfortunes that the first pilgrims had met with, prudently determined on



sending a deputation to try and conclude a treaty with the King of Hungary, by means of which the Crusaders might hope to go in safety across that country.

Mounted on war-horses, and clad in coats of mail, a small body of noble knights, commanded by Godfrey de Hache, presented themselves at the king's court, and laid their mission before him. The king received Godfrey de Hache in state, and surrounded by his courtiers.

'I am come,' said the latter, 'from Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, who has devoted himself, with several other illustrious princes, to the pious duty of delivering the Holy Land from the Infidels, to know why you, who are reported to be one of the faithful, have destroyed the first Christian pilgrims. If they deserved their fate, those from whom I come will not avenge it; but if you have sacrificed the innocent without just cause, we are prepared to avenge our brother Christians. I wait your reply, which will regulate our actions.'

The King of Hungary had formerly known Godfrey de Hache. He told him that he was very glad the Christian prince, his chief, had sent him as their ambassador, and replied that the pilgrims to whom the message referred, were neither Christians in word nor deed.

'After we had received Peter the Hermit and his

army very hospitably,' said the king, 'he turned on us like a serpent. He besieged one of our towns, and killed all its inhabitants. In spite, however, of his wicked conduct, we allowed Gottschalk's expedition to pass through our dominions ; but as the troops that followed him behaved equally badly, we have been obliged to treat them and punish them like enemies. I trust,' said the king, 'that I have justified myself in your eyes, as I have stated nothing but the simple truth.'

Godfrey de Hache expressed himself quite satisfied with the king's explanation ; and after having been magnificently treated and entertained, returned to the Crusaders' camp with several of the king's courtiers, charged to invite Godfrey de Bouillon to visit the king at one of his castles, called Liperon.

Accompanied by 300 of his most valiant knights, Godfrey accepted the invitation, and concluded the treaty, in which there was this condition, that hostages should be exchanged ; the ones chosen by the king being Baldwin, Godfrey's own brother, together with his wife and their attendants. The prince absolutely refused to be given up as a pledge, at which Godfrey exclaimed, 'Then let me be the hostage myself, in reliance on the king's word, and my soldiers' good conduct !'

Baldwin felt so ashamed at the rebuke thus

administered to his selfishness, that he at last consented; and as the Christian pilgrims passed through Kalmany's dominions with order and discipline, Baldwin had no reason to regret his being a hostage, as he was given up when the army reached the frontier. But when they reached Philippopolis, sad news reached the Duke of Lorraine, and that was, that the Emperor Alexius had made the Count of Vermandois a prisoner. Hugh had travelled through Italy, and relying on the fact that the Greeks were Christians, disembarked at Durazzo with only a very slight escort.

The Greek empire at this time was governed by Alexius, who distrusted the motives of the Crusaders. This Emperor was the more distrustful that he had himself gained the imperial throne by means of treacherous conduct. He had a daughter called Anna Comnena, who wrote his memoirs, and described his character in very glowing terms; but more honest historians are less flattering. He could not understand any motives but base ones; and having obtained his throne by means of treachery and ingratitude, of course he judged others by himself.

He had been a servant in the previous Emperor's household, and, five or six years before the Crusaders' advent, had dethroned his master, by whom he had been loaded with benefits, and possessed himself of



Hugh de Vermandois receiving a consecrated Banner from Pope Urban.—*Page 41.*



the imperial purple. His dismay, when he first heard of the Crusades, had been great. With prudent policy he had endeavoured to conciliate the first pilgrims by offers of assistance.

When Peter arrived at Constantinople, Alexius had feigned a great wish to see him, and the Hermit had had an interview with the wily Greek, who pretended to applaud his motives and to sympathize with the object of the Crusades.

Hugh de Vermandois, when leaving France, had gone through Italy, receiving a consecrated banner at Lucca from Pope Urban. He had sent a somewhat arrogant message to the Greek Emperor to ask for a safe passage for himself and his knights. When, however, he landed, he presented a pitiable appearance: a storm had scattered his vessels, and even the ship in which he himself had sailed had been stranded at Durazzo.

The Emperor profited by his misfortunes. He led him prisoner to Constantinople, hoping that so valuable a hostage might be the means of ending the Franks' expedition. Another motive, too, influenced Alexius. His old opponent, Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, had assumed the cross, and he distrusted him, though he also feared to offend the Crusaders.

Godfrey's indignation knew no bounds when told of his ally's imprisonment. When his messengers

arrived at the Emperor's court, and demanded his release, that monarch positively refused. Godfrey then summoned a council of war, at which he and the princes decided, as a means of punishing him, to allow their army to pillage the country. The mischief done by the troops brought the Emperor to terms, and he sent an ambassador to Godfrey, saying he would deliver up the prisoners if the pillage was stopped. Godfrey, whose only object had been to obtain Hugh's release, was satisfied with this promise, and the army marched to Constantinople and pitched their tents outside the town, where, to Godfrey's great joy, they were rejoined by Hugh and his companions, who had been at last released by Alexius.

Godfrey reached Constantinople a few days before Christmas day 1096. His good judgment led him to distrust Alexius, and he refused to pass over to the Asiatic side to visit him, alleging that his troops were weary. Alexius, after trying by every art to shake his wise resolution, at length induced the Crusaders to encamp in the suburbs of Pera; but intercepting a correspondence between Godfrey and Bohemond, was so angry that he began to employ light troops, called Turcoples, to molest the Crusaders and protect the coast, and would not allow the Greeks to sell any provisions to the Christians.

The letter that so enraged Alexius, though Godfrey

declined the proposal it contained, naturally alarmed the Greek Emperor, for the writer was an old enemy of his. Prince Bohemond's opinion of the Emperor did not seem a flattering one, when Godfrey read it. 'Know, O excellent man,' it said, 'that you have encountered one of the most unworthy and barbarous men in existence. His only object is to deceive, torment, and persecute Christian nations, as you will soon find out by experience, for I know Greek malice, and how that nation hate and detest the very name of the Latins! I therefore implore you to leave Constantinople and encamp near Adrianople or Philippopolis, with the legions that the Lord has entrusted to you. I intend, as soon as spring arrives, to hasten to your aid, and to help you against the wicked monarch who governs the Greek nation.'

Godfrey summoned a council. He wrote a courteous letter to Bohemond in reply, but said that, however much he agreed with him as to the Emperor, the arms that were destined to fight against Infidels ought never to be turned upon a Christian force or people.

Godfrey invited Bohemond to visit him. Alexius grew alarmed, and so he proposed to the Crusaders to send them one of his sons as an hostage, while their chiefs paid him a visit. This proposal was accepted, and at last the brave Christian hero, and some of the other princes, met the wily Emperor,

who, surrounded by his courtiers, received them with honour and the kiss of peace.

Each prince was welcomed in turn, with honours suitable to his birth, but the Emperor reserved for Godfrey the greatest distinction of all. He received him, seated on his throne, and told him that he had heard much of his fame, and of the high motives that were leading him to the East. He said that, as he wished to honour him especially, he meant to adopt him as his son, and to make him heir to his kingdom. His attendants clothed Godfrey in the imperial purple ; and when the ceremony was ended, all the royal treasures were displayed to the Duke and his companions, and Alexius lavished splendid presents on them and all manner of precious gifts, both of silk and gold. The Emperor's munificence did not stop there, for every week he sent his newly-adopted son a great many presents, most of which Godfrey distributed among his followers. So there was peace at last between Alexius and the Crusaders ; but still Godfrey firmly declined to take an oath of fealty to the Emperor when urged to do so by Count Hugh, whom the monarch had prevailed on to submit during his captivity.

'You left home,' said Godfrey to the Count of Vermandois, 'like a king in wealth and power, but now you are a slave! How can you bid me take so disgraceful a step?'

‘Nay,’ replied Hugh with warmth ; ‘if such be your views, better had we stayed at home. It is folly to make an enemy of the Emperor!’

However, when Godfrey had been so courteously received, his suspicions were removed, and he took an oath to restore to Alexius all lands conquered in Asia Minor ; and when urged by him, on the plea that so large an army of pilgrims could not be supported at Constantinople when other troops should arrive from the West, at length consented to pitch his tent in Bithynia at Pelicanum.

Now I must tell you who were the Turcoples that the Emperor had armed before peace had been established between him and Godfrey. They were Turkish cavalry, using for arms, bows, maces, scimitars, and arrows. The Turcoples were chiefly children of Infidels by Christian mothers, and they fought like the Parthians of old, aiming as they rode along.

The greater part of the crusading army were infantry, who wore no armour, and used only wooden bows, and they were much harassed by the Turkish mode of warfare.

Of course a knight wore armour, that is to say, he had a shirt of mail, a plain helmet, and an iron shield. If his shield was not iron, but wood, it was adorned with gold or silver plates, according to his means. His lance was nothing else but an ashen

spear, from which depended a long flowing pennon, while a straight cross-handled sword hung from his side. Their gold and ornamented shields were carried by the squires who attended their knights, and each equestrian soldier was accompanied by several men-at-arms and archers, the number varying, but being seldom less than three, or more than six. There were, besides knights, several horsemen who were not attendants on other knights, but solitary Crusaders; such fought on horseback, and wore neither the garment, called a gambeson, like the common soldiers, nor yet the knight's shirt of mail, but a species of armour not unlike a carter's smock-frock in shape, which reached to their knees, and which was made like mail armour.

It is not telling you much to say like mail armour, unless I explain how that was made. It was of two sorts—scale mail, and chain mail. The scale armour was sewn on leather or cloth, and the mail were connected like links of a chain, and not sewn on any material.


Some knights wore both scale and mail hauberks. A hauberk was a complete covering from head to foot, and was a hood joined to a jacket, with breeches, sleeves, hose, gloves, and shoes, all made of mail armour. Some hauberks opened in front, others were put on like shirts, and were fastened round the body by a strap called a baltens. In this

dress most of the Christian knights were attired during the first Crusade. Their squires were not allowed to wear the hood, sleeves, breeches, or hose, but might wear the coat of mail.

The crossbow was a weapon of great antiquity among the Latins ; but although attached by the Crusaders to their sides, they did not use it, their chivalrous feelings leading them to disdain a weapon that needed no skill. It was as much despised as poisoned arrows, and in A.D. 1139 both were condemned by a council of priests.

The Crusaders' splendid appearance, with their glittering helmets and long ashen lances, astonished their Infidel enemies, whose mode of fighting was to use poisoned arrows.

I cannot imagine anything more unlike a modern soldier's uniform than that worn by Godfrey de Bouillon's infantry. The gambeson worn by his soldiers was a kind of waistcoat or doublet, and it was made of several folds of linen stuffed with cotton, wool, or hair, covered with leather. When the gambeson was assumed by knights to protect their bodies from sword thrusts, it was always richly adorned. The daggers used by Crusaders were named '*Les Misericordes*,' because they were used when a foe lay dismounted, to pierce his mail armour and end his life, and then was the time for mercy. Godfrey de Bouillon is said to have



worn a white ermine surcoat, or gambeson, adorned with gold.

But to return to the Duke's army. A prince now joined it whose very name was hateful to Alexius—and indeed the Emperor had good cause to be alarmed when he heard that Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, had actually landed on the Illyrian shores, accompanied by ten thousand horsemen and a large number of foot. This prince was son of a Norman gentleman, named Robert Guiscard. He was an old enemy of Alexius ; and in order to tell you why his very name was feared by the Emperor, we must revert to the kingdom of Sicily, which, at the beginning of the eleventh century, was almost overrun by the Saracens.

You know, before the Crusades, pilgrimages were made to the Holy Land, and one day, in the year 1006, a party of Norman gentlemen, returning from the East, landed at Salerno on their way back to France. A Norman knight, called Drogon, was their leader, and the Duke of Salerno begged them to visit him. His invitation was accepted by the Normans ; and at a banquet given in their honour, the pilgrims talked loudly of the East and of all their adventures. Suddenly they were stopped by hearing a noise in the next room, and Drogon said to the Duke, 'What is it ? What is that curious kind of music, my lord, that we hear ?'

‘It’s a very costly kind of melody,’ replied his host, ‘and music costing us dear enough ; for the Infidels exact tribute-money annually from our treasury as the price of peace. The sound you hear is the gold being weighed and counted out. The ships are come to our shores to carry it off.’

‘Pardieu !’ replied his Norman guest. ‘Such music is too good for such miscreants ; let us finish our banquet, and to-morrow we will give such task-masters a suitable welcome.’

When the Saracens landed next day to fetch the tribute-money, they were met by the Normans, who received them on the points of their swords and weapons, and slaughtered them without mercy. In those days, to kill Infidels was thought a righteous act ; so the inhabitants of Palermo applauded their courage, and begged them to settle in their land. This the French could not promise to do, but they accepted the treasure rescued from the Saracens, and carried it back with them to Normandy.

When they got back to France, the sight of the treasure, as well as the idea of rescuing Italy, induced hundreds of Normans to return southwards with them ; and so accordingly a party was organized, which in due time landed at Palermo ; and the Sicilian people little knew who they were inviting, for from guests those Norman adventurers became in their turn conquerors and oppressors.

This French expedition was commanded by three leaders, called Drengot, Osmond, and Reinolf. Their first act was to seize on a castle called D'Averso, as well as the land about it ; and that district Reinolf made into a duchy for himself.

This happened just about the time that William the Conqueror was intending to invade England ; and several of his nobles, chafing under his stern rule, followed Reinolf into the fertile land he had appropriated, as he held out magnificent promises to induce his fellow-countrymen to join him. Among the three hundred Norman gentlemen who followed Reinolf to Italy were Bohemond, Hardomin, Roger, and Herman, and the three sons of a poor but brave gentleman of Coutance called Tancred de Hauteville, who were the eldest of his family of twelve children, and were named William, Drogon, and Humfrey, all three destined to become great. They were, like all Normans, very tall, noble in their bearing, and dignified in their manners.

Eight years after this expedition landed in Apulia, the Saracens were completely driven away from that part of Italy by the valour of these French adventurers, who then turned their attention to forming a government of their own. From deliverers they became rulers, and they erected a strong fortress at Melfi, which they made their capital, making William de Hauteville the head over ten of their

bravest captains, who formed a republic, dividing Apulia among them.

The existence of this colony alarmed the eastern emperor, and he tried to engage them in a Persian war, in order to employ them and keep them quiet ; but they refused to go. Besides the eastern monarch, Leo IX., Pope of Rome, made war on them and was defeated. When they saw the Pope vanquished, they threw themselves on their knees before him and implored his pardon, which he granted, and gave them the two Sicilies. It was from this race of Tancred's that Prince Bohemond was descended. His father, Robert Guiscard, Duke of Apulia, left him Durazzo ; but when he heard about the vast army of Crusaders encamped under the walls of Rome, he determined to join them, hoping to conquer dominions in the East.

When the Count of Vermandois landed in Apulia on his way to the Holy Land, Bohemond took a sudden resolution to join the Crusades. He had not inherited so large a kingdom as he expected at his father's death, and his ambitious spirit soared above the limits of government that his small principalities of Otranto, Tarentum, and Gallipolis laid on him. He feigned a zeal for religion that he did not feel, and feigned it successfully enough to arouse in the minds of the Norman-Italians an ardour for the Crusades. When he had

aroused religious fervour, and induced several distinguished Normans and Italians to join him, he tore his magnificent robe into pieces to make crosses for his followers, among whom was his relation, the high-minded Tancred, a great contrast to the crafty Prince of Tarentum. The latter was rapacious, and incapable of grand motives, and was neither good nor just; but Tancred's character is a shining and a brilliant light amid the scenes of the first Crusade. His father was called Odo the Good, and his mother was sister to Bohemond's mother.

While his relation tore his mantle from motives of policy, the youthful Tancred attached a Crusader's emblem to his breast from a genuine love of duty, and the summons to the Holy Land decided him on abandoning his previous intention of entering a cloister. He hears the cry of 'God wills it!' and feels he can unite with a soldier's career a sacred cause. He was so modest that he never was known to praise his own deeds, though he was as renowned for valour as for wisdom :

'Then Tancred follows to the war, than whom
Save young Rinaldo is no nobler knight;
More mild in manners, fair in manly bloom,
Or more sublimely daring in the fight.'

As soon as Bohemond found himself at the head of a large army, he sailed from Apulia, accompanied by Tancred, and landed near Durazzo, from whence

he proceeded to Constantinople to meet Godfrey de Bouillon.

He was artful enough to pretend, as he embraced Godfrey, that religion alone was the motive actuating him in joining the Crusaders; and his meeting with the Greek Emperor was a finished piece of acting. The Emperor received him most graciously, and no sworn allies could have met more pleasantly than did Bohemond and Alexius, although both were foes and distrusted the other. Alexius appeared to forget Bohemond's former enmity and hostility, and merely mentioned their battles to praise his valour. The Norman was lodged in the imperial palace, and induced by stratagem to admire the Emperor's treasures, which were purposely exposed to view in order to dazzle Bohemond's imagination. We can fancy him starting back in amazement, as, passing along the palace gallery, he sees piles of gold and silver, silk and gems, with costly arms, apparently tossed carelessly about the room, into which he gazed through a door purposely left open.

'What conquests,' was the adventurer soldier's exclamation, turning his fierce blue eyes on his Greek attendants, 'would I not compass, were I but owner of such treasures!'

'They are thine,' replied Alexius' menials, tutored as to the reply they were to make.

Bohemond, after at first accepting the present joy-

fully, sent it back; but Alexius insisted on his accepting the gift. Bohemond solicited Alexius to make him governor of the Asiatic provinces, that Godfrey and the French princes had stipulated should be the Emperor's when conquered, as a means of securing his assistance. Alexius had probably no intention of elevating Bohemond to such a post; but he was as wily as his guest, and deluded him with hopes, although he did not actually promise him the governorship.

Prince Bohemond was of immense stature, and is said to have been 'a cubit taller than the tallest man ever known;' but slight in his waist, broad-shouldered, and neither too stout nor too thin. He was fair and ruddy, like the Norman race, from whom he was descended; his eyes were fierce and wrathful, though at times his countenance was a mild and gentle one, and, like his character, was a mixture of good and evil. As one of the most prominent heroes of the first Crusade, he engages and interests our sympathies; but we cannot think of him as we do of Godfrey de Bouillon or Tancred, whose aims were high and lofty, and who were led to the Holy Land solely from religious motives. Most of the Latin princes, even the noblest in station, had done homage to Alexius; and in most cases their pride must have been deeply humiliated by being compelled to take such a step; but they knew

Alexius could prevent their crossing the sea, and carrying out the Crusade, unless they propitiated him by that act. One single-hearted knight, with chivalrous spirit, still refused, however, to take such a step, and that was Tancred, Prince Bohemond's nephew. The Emperor's treasures, and the luxury of his capital, failed to tempt that gallant knight, who, in order to avoid falling into Alexius' snares, disguised himself, and, followed by a small number of warriors, joined the Crusaders who were then besieging Nice.

Tancred's departure troubled Alexius, but Bohemond engaged to secure his submission. Alexius flattered himself that his bribes and arts had effectually secured the allegiance of the Latins ; but he could not feel quite secure as long as a single noble 'Croisé' remained uncorrupted ; and Tancred's resistance only made him the more anxious to obtain his homage. Alexius was a great sufferer from the gout ; but such was his determination to avoid offending the French, that he never refused audience to any one. Often the Crusaders, despising him as a barbarian, and insolent from the knowledge of their numbers, would address him roughly and disrespectfully ; but Alexius bore patiently all their insults, as well as the bodily fatigue of receiving from sunrise to sunset. An anecdote is told of a Frenchman, named Robert of Paris, which depicts

the constraint he must have exercised over himself in order to attain his object—the submission of all the French princes to his sway in the East.

One day, when all the Latin princes were assembled to do homage to Alexius, a French Count seated himself on the throne next to the Emperor. The angry gestures and expostulations of the Crusaders showed the monarch that some insolence had been intended ; and Baldwin, Duke Godfrey's brother, tried to draw the intruder away by the arm, saying angrily—

‘You ought to respect the customs of foreign lands.’

‘Indeed !’ replied the Frenchman. ‘Why should such a rustic as that,’ pointing to Alexius, ‘be suffered to sit down while all our most illustrious chiefs are standing ?’

Alexius asked his interpreter what the Count had said ; and when the other Crusaders were gone, he detained Robert, and asked him of what nation and station he was.

‘I am a Frenchman,’ replied Robert, with all the self-possession of his nation, ‘and I am of noble birth also. But,’ added he in an insolent tone, ‘I have only this to say : there's a chapel near a cross road in my country ; any one anxious to engage in single combat, enters there to pray and wait for his adversary ; but, often as I have waited, no one has ever yet engaged me.’

The Emperor bit his lip to conceal his disgust ; and, in order to disguise his feelings, gave his rude visitor some advice.

‘ If you waited in vain,’ he said, ‘ without encountering any adversary, you need not thus lose your time in the East. Let me advise you, however, to keep in the centre of the army when fighting against the Turks, as there you will be safest from their poisoned arrows.’ I should not have envied the Frenchman’s feelings at this well-merited rebuke.

The Emperor’s forbearance and policy obtained its reward, and even the Counts Raymond and Tancred submitted at last.

The Count of Toulouse, like Tancred, had first of all refused to do so. ‘ I have sworn to God,’ he exclaimed, ‘ to undertake this expedition, solely to do Him honour. I cannot take an oath to any man !’

This resistance nettled Alexius, and he tried to dishearten the followers of Count Raymond, in order to give up the enterprise. Even Godfrey argued the matter with the Count, telling him that his resistance was delaying the army’s departure ; and when Bohemond declared that he would stand by the Emperor, Count Raymond said angrily, ‘ All Normans are treacherous and crafty by nature, and can take as lightly as they can break an oath.’

These words were uttered before Alexius, and he then declared that if Count Raymond would promise never to take up arms against his throne, he would not insist on his homage.

Tancred's honest spirit also hesitated. 'I am bound,' he cried, 'to give allegiance only to Prince Bohemond ; to him I will be true till death.' Then turning courteously to Alexius, to whose court he had been persuaded to return, in company with the other princes, he said, 'Sire, come with us to Jerusalem ! Fight with us for God and Christ ; and then there need be no strife between us.'

The Greek courtiers, surprised at his resistance (the noble motive of which they could not understand), sneered openly at him ; one of them insulting him, Tancred grasped his sword, and rushed forward to assault him. Bohemond separated them, and Tancred then reluctantly took the oaths of fealty, and thus peace was cemented between the Greeks and Christians.

Count Raymond of Toulouse, who led the Provençals, was accompanied from Provence by Archbishop Ademar, Bishop of Puy. The Count, although lord of most of the south of France, sighed for eastern conquest. He was also followed by several powerful southern nobles, the Lords of Montpensier and Turenne, and the Count of Orange.

The Provençals were more inexorable against the



Saracens than almost any other Croisés, having felt the power of their neighbours, the Spanish Saracens; consequently revenge, as much as religion, had induced the natives of the Garonne and the Var countries to attach the red cross to their arms, and risk the fatigue and privations of the long journey to the Holy Land.

They went through Lombardy and Dalmatia, and were a hundred thousand strong. The peasantry of the benighted lands through which they passed, fled to their mountains, terrified at such vast hosts, and only met them to attack them ruthlessly.

Count Raymond revenged these assaults on his soldiers by putting all the prisoners captured by him to the most cruel torture. Perhaps by such a policy he saved the lives of many of his followers, by striking terror into the hearts of the barbarous natives; but it is strange to think that all such cruelties were practised in the name of religion—a mockery, indeed, of the cross that they professed to serve.

On reaching Greece, the hardships endured by these southerners had not ended; although Alexius, under the guise of friendship, urged them to join Duke Godfrey at Constantinople, which Raymond at last consented to do, the Bishop of Puy taking charge of the army in his absence.

I have already told you how he refused to swear

allegiance to Alexius, who then gave secret orders to his captains to destroy the Provençals. In the silence of the night the Greeks rushed into their camp; but in the bloody encounter between the imperial troops and Count Raymond's Croisés, the latter were victorious. In revenge, Raymond determined to attack the Greeks, but was dissuaded by Godfrey's more prudent counsels, and he was reconciled to Alexius, and became his friend.

At last all the western pilgrims, to the Emperor's satisfaction, united into one vast army, had left Constantinople, and passed into Asia Minor, where they were joined by Peter the Hermit and the remnant of his miserable army. Historians differ about the number of the Crusaders, but most assert it to have been seven hundred thousand, at least, who overspread the plains of Nice, one-seventh of whom must have been knights in mail armour, the remainder foot soldiers, forming the main line of the army.

It was on the 5th of May 1097 that Godfrey de Bouillon's army arrived before the walls of Nicea, capital of Bithynia.

Looking upon all Moslems as enemies, the Croisés had not attempted to treat for a safe pass across Asia Minor, but were ready to fight for their passage across that country.

Their spirits revived on leaving Constantinople,

for then they seemed approaching nearer at last to that Holy Land which they had vowed to deliver from the hated Moslem sway, though they did not know the difficulties that were to beset them on the road. It was the spring-time of the year: the fertile land they journeyed across was covered with flowers; the heavens above them, as they marched along, blue and serene, shone on their martial line; while, to revive their enthusiasm, the priests accompanying the army told of the former glories of Nicea, its ancient sanctity, and its present degradation under the Turkish rule.

A small number of pilgrims—a volunteer band—preceded the army, to clear roads for the troops, setting up rough wooden crosses to show the army the way after they had cleared it. Amid the fertile plains and wooded scenes of Bithynia this pioneer band encountered many a sight of horror. Descending from the hills around the plains, half-clad in skins, sometimes naked, wild figures advanced to meet them; and with clenched fists and cries of vengeance, the Croisés heard from these stragglers a piteous tale of how they had been spared with the remnant of the Hermit's army, escaping from the general slaughter of the first expedition to the mountains.

At the sight of such wretched beings, the Croisés were penetrated with sorrow. Tears flowed down

many a bronzed cheek as these unhappy creatures described how, hidden in caves, and many of them wounded, they had escaped from the Infidels to battle with starvation, and subsist as they could on herbs and chance food. In confirmation of their tale, they pointed out heaps of white human bones strewn along the hill-sides and forest roads, and explained to the shuddering Croisés that they were human bodies, victims of Saracen brutality, the pilgrims of Gauthier's army, and who, perishing, were even denied interment, their skeletons attesting that such a tale was true. Listening with horror and grief, the pilgrims came to the camp where Gauthier had left the sick and women of his force. The ditches around it were still in existence, and broken lances and bows strewed the ground. Every here and there was an altar to which the hapless women and helpless aged had fled, vainly hoping to be saved, but pursued by barbarous Moslems, who either killed them, or reserved the women for a slavery worse than death.

The sight of such horrors, and the recital of such terrible tales, revived all the zeal of the Croisés for the deliverance of the Holy Land. Beneath those blue skies and those fair Asiatic scenes, the pilgrim army kneel down, praying with tears and cries of penitence for a happier fate, and for a blessing on their arms and cause.

Godfrey de Bouillon took advantage of so terrible a warning. He addressed his troops, and imposed stricter discipline on them, the result being much greater harmony throughout the Latin army, for a wise general knows how to turn such opportunities to account. Their spirits rose again as they approached Nice ; and hope and joy at their coming encounter with the hated Saracens animated every breast that beat beneath the red cross attached to their garments.

Well indeed might their enemies gaze with alarm and amazement at the immense army that was slowly advancing towards their capital. The army was composed of so many different nations that it is said nineteen languages were spoken in the Christian camp.

A force of chosen Turkish warriors were encamped on the heights overlooking Nicea, under the command of Kilij Arsan himself, son of Suleiman, the Sultan's cousin, and governor of the Room Empire, of which Nice, capital of Bithynia, was almost the centre. This province had been conquered from Alexius by the Turks ; and we shall see, later on, how the Emperor's policy all pointed to one end—their reconquest by himself.

Nice had been strongly fortified ; and, besides its immensely strong battlements, a lake on one side, communicating with the sea, added to its security,

as by that means the garrison could receive reinforcements of food and arms. Before the Greek Emperor compromised himself, by openly joining Godfrey's expedition, he sent private messengers to the besieged, instructing them to open secret negotiations for its surrender to himself, and with orders to work on the fears of the Moslems by painting all the cruelties they would have to expect if their town should fall into the hands of Godfrey's troops.

At that time the garrison hoped that relief from Kilij Arsan's army would arrive before the Croisé's army, and they rejected this treacherous plan.

Perhaps you may not remember that Nice is famous as having been the scene of a great council of three hundred and eighteen bishops, A.D. 315, who composed the creed that we call Nicene, and settled the time for holding Easter.

It was a beautiful city, in the middle of vast plains, watered by clear and lovely streams running down from the hills around it. When the pilgrim army at last encamped beneath its walls, the height and solidity of which astonished them, as much as their vast numbers had their enemies, they meditated trying to take it by assault, but, being met by clouds of poisoned arrows from the garrison, Godfrey de Bouillon and his princes, in a council of war, determined to besiege it instead, as soon as

Count Raymond de Toulouse, whose army had not arrived, should join their forces.

The garrison began to be alarmed at seeing such vast preparations for a long siege. Two spies were sent to the beleaguered city by Kilij Arsan, who was also called the 'Sword-Lion.' These Turks were artfully disguised as Croisés; but they never reached the Turkish city. One was shot on the lake, the other was taken prisoner by the Crusaders, and tortured till he confessed the message of which he was the bearer. From this Saracen the pilgrims found out that the Turkish prince had intended to surprise them by stratagem.

The Christian camp was vast in extent, and divided into various quarters under distinct leaders of different nations. The priests who had accompanied the Croisés from the West kept up the religious character of the expedition, by celebrating mass in the magnificent tents of the princes and chief knights.

The Christians could find no wood or stone to fortify this vast encampment; so they resorted to an expedient which shocks our natural reverence for the dead, for they used the bones of the victims in Gauthier's army (and which, as I told you before, were to be found strewn about in every direction) to make their barriers and entrenchments.

Godfrey de Bouillon was looked upon as supreme

head of all ; but the army was governed by a council of princes—a kind of holy republic, influenced by laws of honour, and united by religion. Indeed, at that time the whole crusading army seems to have been animated by the common love of God. They called themselves soldiers of Jesus Christ ; but, alas ! later on, the bloody scenes you will read of, and the cruelties practised by the pilgrims, mock indeed the meek image and lowly nature of the Lord, whose tomb they had come to deliver.

I have described to you before a Crusader's armour and dress ; but at this epoch in the first Crusade the Christians adopted, as fitting emblems on their different knightly banners, images and signs of the eastern land in which they fought. Many of the armorial bearings of the gentry of England in the present day, such as crosses, stars, or leopards and lions, and birds and beasts, have been handed down by their Crusader ancestors, who adopted them on their coats of arms in the East.

The clergy exerted themselves to maintain the order and discipline imposed on the Croisés by the Duke of Lorraine, who only waited for Count Raymond's presence to concert a regular attack on Nice.

Godfrey de Bouillon, the Count of Flanders, and Hugh of France encamped to the east of the city ; Bohemond and Tancred on the north ; and the

southern side was left vacant for Raymond and his Provençals.

Raymond had scarcely arrived with his troops, before the pilgrims had an encounter with their Infidel foe.

Kilij Arsan's wife and treasures were in the besieged city. Stimulated by their danger, the Sultan of Nice determined to make an attempt to relieve the besieged, and, at the head of a number of his bravest warriors, intended to surprise the Croisés. But Godfrey de Bouillon had intelligence of his intention, and met him with his troops, armed at all points. Ten thousand Saracens rushed down on the Provençal part of the army from the neighbouring hills. The air rang with different war-cries; the lances of the Christian knights, as, headed by the brave Bishop of Puy, they repulsed their foes, glanced brightly in the sunshine, amid clouds of poisoned arrows and javelins, the weapons of the Saracens. It was in vain that the Moslem 'Sword-Lion,' seeing his troops faltering, tried to revive their valour by advancing himself to the front line of battle. The Cross triumphed over the Crescent, and the Croisés were victorious, at the cost of two thousand of their troops, after a bloody battle, which lasted from sunrise to sunset.

The Turks, abandoning the remains of their slain, fled in confusion back to their mountains. Then

atrocities disgraceful to the pilgrims were permitted by their leaders, and such cruelties are revolting to our Christian ideas. After ill-treating and mutilating the Turkish wounded and slain, they cut off and attached their heads to their saddles, and carried such bloody trophies back to their tents. To terrify the garrison, they threw the heads (by means of machines) into the beleaguered city, to the horror of those shut up in its walls.

The siege was now vigorously carried on ; but all efforts to destroy its strong walls seemed ineffectual. The warlike machines of those far distant times were of course cumbrous and useless in comparison with our modern mode of making war. The Crusaders endeavoured to batter down a huge tower with a warlike machine called a Fox. It was, however, badly constructed, and the attempt ended in the destruction of the twenty men who were employed to work it ; and other machines were also vainly employed. One, a kind of covered gallery, which was attached to the battlements to shelter the sappers and miners, and enable them to approach more safely, was called a 'Chat's-chateil.' But this, as well as another, called a 'Mangonel,' employed by Count Raymond for hurling stones, all proved useless against the inexhaustible energy and ingenuity of their Turkish foes.

No sooner had a breach been made than it was

repaired ; and by means of long iron hooks, the Saracens retaliated on the Crusaders for the horrors practised on the bodies of their dead. Drawing up with those hooks the bodies of Croisés slain in action, they mangled their remains ; and then, with loud shouts of fiendish joy, threw them down to the Latins beneath their walls.

Amid many episodes of this siege, the conduct of one Saracen was worthy of a better cause. The Crusaders had remarked his gigantic stature on the battlements, as, with incomparable bravery, he never ceased to repel their attacks. In spite of the arrows flying around him, in return for which he hurled down huge stones on the pilgrims' heads, he discarded, as if in defiance of their attacks, his buckler and shield, and baring his huge chest, insolently and haughtily stood alone upon the walls. At last Duke Godfrey, seeing his Croisés were daunted by so brave an assailant, determined to try and vanquish him. Preceded by two squires who held up shields in front of him, to guard his person from the Saracens' arrows, Duke Godfrey advances within bow-shot of the redoubtable Turk, and, with well-practised eye, aims and shoots him dead through the heart.

The siege, after lasting as long as seven weeks, seemed so hopeless, that Godfrey sent to Alexius for his vessels, which soon arrived on the smooth

waters of Lake Ascanius, which was to one side of Nice.

At first the besieged fondly hoped that aid had arrived to them from their Sultan ; but their hopes were dispelled by the sight of Christian flags hoisted above the Grecian Emperor's fleet. Still they would not give in, and the siege seemed likely to last another seven weeks.

At last a Lombard succeeded in demolishing a huge tower that had resisted all Count Raymond's machines, and a breach was made in the walls. In the middle of the night the fortress fell in with terrific noise, startling alike to the besieged and besiegers ; but still, when daybreak came, the industry of the Turks was discovered to have mended the walls ; and the Latins' opportunity of entering the city was lost for want of enterprise, in not immediately following up the advantage gained by the destruction of the tower.

One day the army of the Latins, rising at daybreak to recommence the laborious siege, saw floating from the battlements of the city that they were besieging, the Greek standards. They scarcely believed the evidence of their own eyes ; but it was true. Alexius had made a secret treaty with the Turks through one of his agents, named Butumite, who had seized a favourable opportunity to secure, by bribes and stratagem, the possession of the capi-

tal for his master. Thus, just as in all probability Nice would have surrendered to the Latins, they were overreached by the Emperor's artful policy. The troops were indignant ; the more so, as they had looked forward to plundering the city and getting rich booty. Many of their leaders could not contain their indignation ; and the costly presents lavished on them when the Emperor had met them at Pelicanum, could not appease their wounded pride.

Several of the Latins, regarding Nice as an object of Christian veneration, wished to visit it ; but the Emperor forbade their doing so, except in small parties. He feared treachery ; for who is so distrustful of others as they who are incapable of acting honourably themselves ?

Seven weeks had thus been wasted in a fruitless siege. The Crusaders had lost many of their best soldiers, but their fate was considered glorious ; and all who fell in the war were looked upon as martyrs. For generations later, in France, processions, called 'Black Crosses,' were held in memory of those who perished in the East.


A year had elapsed since, full of religious ardour, the vast company of Croisés had left their different countries for the East. They left Nice one hot June day. After passing through great hardships, marching over mountains and through passes where they were often stopped by almost inaccessible

precipices, and plagued by insects as they encamped on the uncultivated and desert plains of Asia Minor, suffering from devouring thirst, with a scarcity of water, the Crusaders' leaders determined to separate into two divisions, fearing that their army might not find food enough for so large a force if they kept together. At the same time, the two divisions determined to remain as near as possible to each other.

The largest party was under Godfrey de Bouillon, Raymond, Hugh of France, and the Count of Flanders. Bohemond, Tancred, and the Duke of Normandy led their troops into a pleasant fertile valley, watered by a little river, which flowed into a vast plain, destined to be the scene of a battle that decided the fate of the first Crusade, the plain of Dorylæum.

The Sultan of Nice was determined to avenge on the Croisés the loss of his capital. He collected an army together, upwards of 3000 men, and, following the Christian army secretly, hoped to surprise and betray them. When, therefore, he found that they had separated, he determined to attack the smaller number, as being the easier to conquer.

Suddenly, while encamping in all security in the little valley which was called Gorgoni, the western warriors saw above their heads, swarming along the mountains above them, an Infidel army. For the moment they are stunned ; but Bohemond's



Norman spirit rises equal to the emergency. 'To arms! to arms!' he cries; and animating by his own example the troops, he led them to a portion of the valley where his position was defended on one side by the little river, on the other by a marshy piece of land.

His chivalrous spirit first secured the safety of his sick and the women accompanying the army, whom he placed in the middle of his camp. Placing his infantry at the best points of defence, his cavalry he stationed ready to dispute the passage of the river.

The brave Tancred and his brother William led one of the bodies of cavalry, the Duke of Normandy and Duke of Chartres the other, while, heading a party to be kept in reserve, Bohemond himself commanded every movement, and watched with straining eyes the savage attack the Turks made on his camp. At first the Norman knights repelled their Infidel foe; but while pursuing them up the mountain side, a Turkish multitude rushed down on the Christians' refuge for the women and children, and the shrieks of those helpless terrified pilgrims, massacred ruthlessly by the Saracens, were re-echoed back, as if in mockery of their woe, by the high crags and peaks of the hills around Gorgoni.

Bohemond hurried to their rescue. As he sees the slain strewing the ground in every direction,



even his stout heart fails him, for the massacre had spared none save the young and the beautiful, destined for slavery by their conquerors. He began to pray aloud to God to save the living and avenge the dead ; and with a cry of '*Dieu le veut !*' 'Normans to the rescue !' he seizes his white standard, embroidered in gold, from his squire, and, followed by his soldiers, repulses his Turkish foes from the camp.

His brave example rallies the Latin troops just when they were beginning to waver. As the poisoned arrows of the Saracens were powerless against the mailed armour of his knights, but killed their horses, and struck for the moment dismay among the Croisés, unaccustomed to such warfare, the prince's valour wrought miracles.


Order had left his army. The women, freed from their conquerors, and feeling the courage of despair, mingled in the fray, carrying aid and refreshment to the fallen. It was a scene of horrible carnage on both sides. Robert of Paris, the knight who had so insulted Alexius by seating himself on the throne, fell mortally wounded, as did also Tancred's brave brother William, whose personal beauty is recorded by history ; and had not his uncle's lance rescued him, Tancred's career had likewise ended in the valley of Gorgoni.

Just as, overpowered by fresh Turkish troops,

who poured down on them from the mountains, the Christian knights saw nothing before them but a glorious death, a loud shout was heard. It was Godfrey de Bouillon, who had received news of the attack, while two miles distant to the south of the valley.

Mounted on a rapid steed, Bohemond's messenger, the Duke of Normandy's chaplain, had hurriedly imparted his news. With shouts the Croisés hastened to the rescue of their comrades ; and, after five hours' of desperate combat, Bohemond's gallant army see Godfrey's forces marching along, and in a very short time the fortunes of the day are changed. Amid the joyful cries of the Croisés, the Turks were repulsed, Raymond and D'Ademar attacking them on another side ; and a scene of general carnage on the mountains as well as in the valley ensued.

The pursuit lasted till midnight, and a rich booty awaited the Croisés in the Sultan's camp. His treasures of gold and silver, his magnificent tents, his provisions (valuable to an army on the march), and a great many camels, all fell into their hands, besides a great number of chargers, which they took possession of to replace those slain in action. In the joy of their victory the Christians arrayed themselves in the rich garments of their fallen foes, and, seating themselves in the tents of the vanquished,



disgraced their triumph by scenes of carousing and drinking. They revelled in the costly food left behind by the foe; and that first day of July 1097 seemed to recompense the pilgrims for all their previous sufferings.

Their own victory, however, did not blind Godfrey de Bouillon and his princes to the risk that his expedition had incurred by separating into two parties; and he and his captains were just enough to admit the bravery of their foes.


‘Were the Turks but Christians,’ they declared, ‘they had been as brave and victorious as the Croisés.’

The Latins were indeed so impressed with the bravery of their foes, that they believed that the success of their own arms was attributable to a miracle, and affirmed that St. George and St. Demetrius had descended from the heavens to turn the tide in their favour. The Saracens, on the other hand, as with the small remnant of their vast army they retreated through Phrygia, burning and pillaging the Greek villages on their route, and laying waste whole tracts of country, declared that those of their nation who reproached Kilij Arsan with his flight, knew nothing of the courage of their Christian foes. ‘It was not human,’ they declared, ‘but supernatural and devilish.’

Great had been the sufferings of the Croisés on

their route from Nice to Gorgoni ; but when they set off again on their march to Antioch, far greater were the trials that were in store for them. Kilij Arsan and his soldiery had wasted the provinces through which their road to Syria lay. They had destroyed all the granaries, and taken care to waste what stores they could not consume, knowing that the Croisés would follow them. The heat of a Phrygian summer was too much for the strength of the soldiers of the Cross, and five hundred are said to have died in one day. The European dogs, brought to amuse their captains, were useless in the Asiatic forests ; so that they could not even procure food by killing prey in the woods, and all the use those poor faithful creatures could be put to was to carry the baggage, which was placed on their backs, many of the horses dying of heat.

At last, after a cruel and wretched journey of forty leagues, the pilgrims arrived at Antiochette, where they received a warm welcome from its inhabitants, who sent deputies to offer them assistance, and to declare allegiance to them ; for most of the population of the towns and cities of Asia Minor were Christian, and seeing that the Saracens fled at their approach, hailed their advent as a deliverance. The abundance of this fruitful region tempted the Latins to excess after their late hardships ; consequently many of them died from too



great an eagerness to quench their thirst and allay their hunger.

Baldwin, Godfrey de Lorraine's brother, and Tancred were sent forward to explore the neighbouring country, while the Christian army were reposing at Antiochette. At this epoch nothing could be better than the discipline of the pilgrims. They were united, harmonious, and only thought of fighting Christ's enemies ; but for a time two clouds arose on the horizon to overshadow their serenity. Count Raymond of Toulouse fell ill, and Godfrey de Bouillon was nearly losing his life by a contest with a bear.

The Duke and the other princes, attracted by the lovely region around them, one day strayed, a gallant company, into a wood adjoining their quarters. Passionately fond of hunting, Godfrey and his companions pursued various paths, their falcons on their wrists, in search of sport. The Duke's companions, with one or two exceptions, had wandered away from him, and Godfrey was pacing leisurely along, when he heard loud shrieks in a thicket close by. A poor pilgrim, who had gone to the forest to gather dry sticks for fuel, had met a huge savage bear, who was chasing him. Godfrey, like all brave knights, felt bound to spring to his rescue ; and the bear, seeing the Duke ready to attack him with a drawn sword, turned from the pilgrim and flew at Godfrey.

The Duke's horse fell the first victim to the animal's ferocity, and the prince jumped off, prepared to continue the fight on foot. He found the wild beast as savage a foe as an infidel Turk, for, opening his huge jaws, and showing his horrible teeth, he claws the Duke in his gripe, and throws him down, bent on devouring him. The Crusader, however, was his match ; for as he had still got his sword in his hand, he managed to plunge the blade up to its very hilt into the bear's body, and the brute fell mortally wounded, although in slaying it Godfrey was wounded in the leg. The warrior, exhausted by the combat, fell fainting on the ground from loss of blood, and the pilgrim whom he had saved ran for assistance. He was carried back on a litter to his tent, followed by a great number of his soldiery, weeping at the sight of their good captain wounded and suffering. About the same time Count Raymond de Toulouse fell dangerously ill ; but, tradition says, was cured by the intercession of his patron saint. The last sacraments had been administered to him by his faithful chaplain, when he revived, and his recovery was attributed to a miracle.

But even worse dangers than the loss of their illustrious leaders began to threaten the pilgrim army. As I have just told you, up to this time peace and harmony had reigned throughout the army. Suddenly discord arose between two of their

chiefs, Baldwin and Tancred, who had preceded the rest of the army to the town of Tarsus, celebrated as the birthplace of the Apostle Paul, and which lies at a short distance from the coast, in the middle of the lovely and fruitful region of Cilicia, of which it was the capital.

Tancred arrived sooner than Baldwin in front of Tarsus, and concluded a treaty with the Turkish garrison before Baldwin's army arrived. The Christian flags were floating from two of its towers, when the Latin army under Tancred discerned on a mountain pass overlooking the city, and the plain where they were encamped, a body of warriors, whom at first sight they believed to be Turks. The Moslem garrison shared in the same belief; but to their dismay saw the two armies meeting like long separated brothers, discard their arms, and embrace harmoniously. It was Baldwin and his soldiers, who had missed their road among the rocky passes of Mount Taurus, and had therefore been delayed in their arrival.

Unfortunately Baldwin's heart was not proof against that demon passion jealousy. When daylight came, and he saw Tancred's flag flowing over the walls, he arrogantly asserted his claim for supremacy, as being the captain of a more numerous force than Tancred commanded. Tancred refused his demands, on the plea that he had been the first to arrive before Tarsus.

With loud taunts Baldwin accused Tancred of belonging to a race of Norman adventurers; and after a long quarrel, the two Latin princes agreed to send deputies to the town and Christian population, leaving them to choose their king for themselves. Baldwin, in arrogant language, declared to the inhabitants that his brother, the Duke of Lorraine, was head of the army, and that if they dared resist his claims they should rue it; which assertion was not true. The ascendancy of Godfrey de Bouillon was from the respect inspired by his high-minded character and virtuous example; for the pilgrim army was governed by a council of war, the Count of Blois and Chartres being its president.

Although the population of Tarsus had sworn allegiance to Tancred, the superior numbers of Baldwin's army influenced them, and they displaced Tancred's banners for those of the former chief.

Irritated by such unworthy conduct, the gallant Tancred felt inclined to resent such an insult; but his noble spirit revolted against turning his sword on a Christian foe, and on those, too, who had once been his companions in arms; therefore he determined to retire to a town called Adana, which had fallen into the hands of a baron of Burgundy named Wolf, who had got accidentally detached from the main army with a small body of pilgrims,

and had obtained possession of the town from the Turks.

When Tancred found it was in the hands of Crusaders, he sent two messengers to ask for shelter that night for himself and his followers, as well as provisions for his men. This was granted him ; and the next day he marched to Mamistra, one of the finest towns of the province, which he took after a siege of some days. After putting all the Infidels in the city to death—for in those days to spare a Moslem was considered, even by such good Crusaders as Tancred, an offence against the holy cause,—he permitted the troops to plunder the town ; and the rich booty and treasures that they acquired by its spoliation, consoled them for the loss of Tarsus.

In the meantime Baldwin's conduct at that place was disgraced by an act of great treachery. One night three hundred of Bohemond's men arrived before its walls, tired and exhausted by a long march, and craving food from Baldwin's men. This was an opportunity, that prince reflected, of avenging himself on the Normans. He declared that he had passed his word to the Turks not to admit more Christians within the walls till the main army should arrive.

The soldiers of his army did not share the inhuman feelings of their leader, and let down food to Bohemond's men in baskets suspended by cords from

the walls ; and then the new-comers retired to rest, encamped on the plain outside the city. In the meantime the Turkish garrison, although they had surrendered to Baldwin, were secretly watching a means of leaving the city before the army should arrive ; and as they had arranged to leave Tarsus that very night, they came in their flight, with all their women, baggage, and slaves, upon the wearied and sleeping Crusaders, and put them all to death as they lay slumbering on the ground. When, next morning, the other Croisés, finding that the Turks had fled, went outside the walls to discover if they had left any traces of their route, they came upon the dead bodies of the Crusaders, and, furious at Baldwin's inhuman conduct, which had led to such a massacre, turned upon their leaders.

Fortunately Baldwin induced them to listen to him, or he had paid with his life for his treachery. Leaning on his sword, he protested, 'I am innocent of any share in this calamity. In refusing to allow Bohemond's men to enter the city, I only sought to keep my word with the inhabitants.' Happily for Baldwin, his plausible professions were supported by the other officers of his army ; and order being at length restored, the troops for two days rested tranquilly at Tarsus.

But soon another kind of temptation assailed Baldwin, in the form of the love of power. One

day, before they quitted Tarsus, his soldiers descried, about three miles distant, a small fleet approaching the city ; the soldiery rushed down to the sea-shore to see who it was that was approaching.

It turned out to be a body of pirates, commanded by a subject of the Duke of Lorraine, called Guinemer. The followers of Baldwin questioned them as to their intentions, and were told that they came from Flanders, Holland, and Friesland, and had been pirates for eight years, but that at last, repenting of their crimes, they were determined to go to Jerusalem to expiate their sins. The pilgrims, when they heard their story, allowed them to disembark and led them back to Tarsus.

Guinemer made friends with Baldwin, finding he was his sovereign's brother ; and as he was extremely rich, induced the latter to set off with him in search of conquest towards Mamistra, Guinemer taking five hundred of his men with him and abandoning his ships to their fate.

Baldwin's great foible was ambition ; and he was tempted by the prospect of independent conquest to forget not only the allegiance due to his brother, but the holy object with which he had come to the East.

Tancred was encamped in Mamistra, and was highly irritated at Baldwin's arrival. Sworn as he was not to fight against a Christian foe, his evil



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passions were roused by his relation, Richard of Salerno.

‘Of a truth,’ cried the Prince of Salerno, ‘thou art acting a poltroon’s part! Avenge thyself now on this unworthy Baldwin, who robbed thee of Tarsus. Bid all the men to arms! to arms!’

It is very difficult to be calm in the presence of unprovoked insult. Tancred yielded, and a bloody encounter between the two pilgrim forces ensued. Those who had so lately fought side by side now perished in a disgraceful fight; but happily night falling and interrupting the battle, calmer feelings returned with daybreak, and peace was again restored between Tancred and Baldwin’s troops.

Baldwin determined to rejoin the main army, for he had heard how ill his brother Godfrey was; and therefore, leaving the pirate body to join Tancred’s soldiers, he hastened to Marasia, for fear that, should his brother die, his absence might prevent his succeeding him in the sovereignty of his duchy. After his departure, Tancred traversed the whole of the province of Cilicia, and conquered the greater portion of it, winning great renown as a gallant and distinguished knight.

Baldwin received a very cold reception when he rejoined the main army. His brother Godfrey de Bouillon had almost recovered from his wound, and reproached him for his perfidious conduct to Bohe-

mond's followers, and for their unhappy fate, and made his brother express great penitence before he would admit him again into favour.

But the evil passion of jealousy again took possession of Baldwin's heart, when he heard of Tancred's conquests. He tried to persuade his former associates to join him in fresh enterprises ; but the general contempt to which his conduct at Tarsus had exposed him, induced most of the Croisés to refuse to join him. Indeed, it was only from Duke Godfrey's influence that he was shielded from Bohemond's vengeance.

The success of the Croisés in the East had attracted to their camp a number of soldiers of fortune, and among these was an Armenian prince named Pancratius. He had once, when younger, been ruler over a small province, but he had been chased away and banished, by his own subjects, to Constantinople.

When the Latins conquered Nice, he joined them, hoping by their influence to regain his dominions. He had attached himself to Baldwin, who was influenced by the specious pictures this man held up to his imagination, and weakly led away by his arguments.

Baldwin, however, knew that, alone and without troops, it were in vain to dream of conquests independent of the main army. In vain he painted to *the* various barons in his brother's army, with whom

he had once been on good terms, the pillage and treasures that they might acquire if they joined him. He was not sufficiently beloved by the army to induce many to give up their hopes of reaching Palestine, and a glorious fate, should they rescue the Holy Sepulchre ; and both they and the majority of the foot, whom he also endeavoured to persuade, turned away in disgust. A small number alone leant a willing ear to his request ; and although his best friends urged him to abandon so unworthy an enterprise, he left the camp one night in secret, with only about one thousand foot and two hundred knights as his companions and followers. However, as his little body of men advanced into Armenia, they were joined by several of the Christian inhabitants, who were frightened at finding their Turkish rulers defeated on every side, and therefore thought it the safer plan to join the Croisés.

Two towns, Tellbasher and Ravendan, were the first to submit to his arms, and these conquests were the means of dividing him from Pancratius. The crafty Armenian tried to obtain his own ends ; but Baldwin saw through his designs, and expelled him from his camp. Friendship, unless founded upon other motives than self-interest, is impossible between two men, each bent on his own selfish aims and purposes. Pancratius' fate is lost in obscurity after he separated from Baldwin.

Everywhere that the Lorraine prince turned his arms, success awaited him. His fame reached Edessa, which in 1086 had become subject to the Turks, but nevertheless owned a purely Christian population. An old man named Theodore was its governor ; but as the Turks in the neighbourhood were very oppressive and tyrannical, he sent messengers to Baldwin to beg the Croisés to save him and his town from the Infidel rule. Baldwin's ambition for fresh conquest made him turn an easy ear to this call, and he passed safely over the river Euphrates into the province of Edessa. The inhabitants, carrying huge branches of olive in their hands, and singing hymns, came out to meet him and his handful of warriors, while his entrance into the city was such a scene of triumph that the poor old governor began to think his visitors were more to be dreaded than the Moslems. He thought to bribe Baldwin ; but the haughty Crusader told him that he disdained the pay of any living man, and threatened to leave the town. The citizens on this assembled in crowds, and implored their lord and protector to remain. This end had doubtless been foreseen by Baldwin, and even the aged governor implored him to stay, offering to adopt him as his son and heir to the throne, which proposal the Norman formally accepted, celebrated in pomp, and ratified by Theodore and his queen.

Another Armenian prince, called Constantine, had come to the relief of Edessa, and he intrigued with the citizens to put the poor old governor to death, and put Baldwin in his place.

Theodore, who was detested by his subjects, and suspected of the greatest crimes, shut himself up in a fortress, and called the Latin prince to his aid ; showing him all his treasures, he implored his intercession. At first Baldwin took his part in good faith, but at length endeavoured to persuade him to save himself by flight.

With trembling hands, the old man fastened a rope to his turret window, hoping to escape in that way ; but before he got to the ground he was discovered, and pierced through and through with a thousand arrows, while his body was degraded by his infuriated subjects in the most public manner. Next day Baldwin was proclaimed governor in his stead, and very soon afterwards the neighbouring Turkish town Samosata was delivered up to him by its ruler Balduk, who went and lived as a private individual and good subject of Baldwin's, at Edessa.

The Latin prince became a prudent and excellent ruler over his numerous conquests, and he established a complete route of communication between Edessa and Antioch. In the meantime, Godfrey de Bouillon and the other Croisés were occupied with


the siege of Antioch, and we turn with relief from contemplating the career of such an interested character as Baldwin, to the more disinterested conquests of his brother and his colleagues, merely seeking fresh victories instead of a means of reaching Palestine.





CHAPTER III.

GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

ODFREY DE BOUILLON, and his brave Crusaders, 300,000 strong, after surmounting great difficulties, reached the fair city of Antioch—that place where first the followers of their Redeemer were called Christians.

They had journeyed over the steep mountain ranges of Mount Taurus and Amaums ; often had they been sorely harassed by hunger and thirst, and misled by the treachery of the deceitful eastern guides ; but Godfrey's legions still marched hopefully on. Their undaunted zeal was rewarded when, ten miles distant from the blue Mediterranean, they saw before their weary eyes, amid lovely hills, covered with low vineyards, a city with walls of such thickness, that it was said a chariot and four steeds could easily run along them. On the north side was a lake called Ofrunis, and to the west a strong castle that overlooked the broad waters of the majestic river Orontes.

The fair town had once been the capital of Syria ; but in the time of the Crusades was governed by Turks, under a governor called Baghi Seyan.

When news reached him of the march of the Croisés and the success of their arms, he sent his sons to beg all the princes of the Seljukian race to assist him in the defence of Antioch ; but receiving no promises of support, he was left to his own resources for fortifying the place. He managed to garrison it with 7000 horse and 15,000 foot ; and, as a means of preventing the Christians of Antioch from communicating with its invaders, he expelled all the men from the city, but kept their wives and children as hostages for their good conduct.

It was late in October 1097 when the Christian army came in sight of Antioch, and saw before them its towers of strength, which historians tell us were as many as 450 in number, and which greatly strengthened its fortifications. The first act of the leaders of the army was to call together a council of war. Some of the princes advised, on the plea that winter was at hand, that the siege should be put off till spring, when Alexius had engaged to send money and stores to assist them ; but Count Raymond of Toulouse rose and roused his companions to a nobler line of action.

‘God,’ he cried, ‘has given us victory hitherto. He will be our shield and our spear ; so, favoured

by Him, let us fear neither places, times, nor princes!’

These brave words, as well as the knowledge that a delay would not only seem cowardly to their enemies, but disorganize the pilgrim army, had the effect that the Count of Toulouse intended to produce when he uttered them. One by one, each prince and knight swore a solemn oath not to desist from its siege till Antioch surrendered, by force or stratagem, to their arms. The city was guarded by five gates; and in the fertile valleys that encompassed it, the Crusader army encamped before three of those entrances, leaving the other two open to the besieged.

The Infidels were totally silent as the Croisés drew near the walls; and they gazed with amazement from their towers on the armour and dress of the Franks, a great terror falling on them at the sight of their numbers. In the meantime, while Godfrey de Bouillon and his colleagues were planning the best mode of attack on the city, and it was decided that Bohemond, Count Hugh of Vermanmois, Godfrey, and other princes should encamp to the east, north, and south of Antioch, the troops were becoming riotous and disorderly. The rich fertile country was plundered in every direction; and the pilgrims, who had not very long before needed the merest necessities of life for existence

while on their long march, wasted stores that would have lasted them for months.

The improvidence of this conduct recoiled later on themselves, but it inspired their Turkish foes with fresh hopes, as they heard from the Greeks and Armenians of the town—whom, very craftily, they permitted to visit the camp—of the total want of order among the Christian soldiery ; and their courage revived, in hopes that famine and disease would soon thin the number of their foes.

Nor were they mistaken. After three months' siege, Antioch still defied all the courage and skill of the Crusaders, while the sallies of their enemies—a mode of warfare very harassing to the Franks—carried off numbers of their army. The clergy lost all their influence, and the profligacy of the army resulted at last in scenes that would have disgraced the days of heathenism, and which were totally inconsistent in soldiers of the Cross.

When winter set in, the distress in the camp became very great. The price of provisions rose in proportion ; and an ox, that in the beginning of the siege had been only worth fifteen shillings, increased to four pounds in value, a great sum of money in those days ; lambs and kids were valuable in like proportion ; unripe beans and thistles were looked on as delicacies, although, as wood was scarce, they could only be eaten unboiled ; the poor horses died

from want of provender, and disease followed in the wake of famine. The heavy rains of the winter season beat down on the position of the Croisés, and the gallant army of the Crusaders became greatly reduced in its numbers. Their fear of famine and death in the marshes about Antioch effected what the prospect of an encounter in the field of battle had failed to produce; the Crusaders lost heart, and deserted in numbers to the Christian settlements of Cilicia and Mesopotamia.


Godfrey de Bouillon was ill and harassed with such disasters; for among those who, despairing of ever leaving Antioch and seeing the Holy Land, deserted his standards and those of the Cross, were many whom he counted upon as his firmest supporters. Robert Duke of Normandy was among the deserters. He went to Laodicea, and had to be twice summoned before he remembered his vows and returned to the army.

The most extraordinary instance of cowardice and desertion at this sad time, and one which, says an old writer, 'was almost as astonishing as if the starry firmament had descended from heaven to the world below,' was that of Peter the Hermit. He fled from the camp secretly; but Tancred pursued him, and, bringing him back again, extorted from him a solemn oath not to desert the holy cause that he had once so ardently advocated. The priests,

shocked at the excesses and crimes of the camp, as a last resource made a solemn appeal to the soldiery. They declared that such disorders were impeding the success of their arms and Duke Godfrey's recovery from illness, and ordered fasting and prayer. At last their efforts were successful. Processions of Croisés, singing penitential hymns, replaced the drunken excesses of the disorganized army, and punishments of the severest nature were inflicted on the offenders.

Bohemond, finding that the Syrians were little better than spies in the camp, even when Christians by profession, hit on a horrible plan for alarming and exiling them from the army. He ordered his cooks to prepare huge fires, and roast all spies found in the camp; and gave out to any Greeks and Armenians bold enough, after such a sight, to visit his quarters, that they were 'being roasted for his evening repast.' This dreadful jest so worked on their fears, that ere long the Crusaders were left in peace, and their plans no longer divulged to their enemies.

The Bishop of Puy, who had been very conspicuous in exhorting the pilgrims to repentance, ordered all the corn-fields about Antioch to be ploughed up and sown with grain, in order that the besieged might not think the Crusaders had any intention of abandoning the siege. The prelate,



having succeeded in restoring order to the camp, took advantage of Godfrey's recovery to impress on the Croisés that their repentance had proved acceptable to God. When Godfrey reappeared, the joy of his soldiers knew no bounds, and they readily believed that the favour of God had restored their beloved chief to them in answer to their prayers.

Spring was advancing, and the milder weather rapidly diminished the number of the sick. Baldwin and the Armenian Christians sent them money and stores, and their spirits rapidly revived.

One day a long train of Egyptians visited their camp. It turned out to be an embassy from the Caliph of Egypt, who had heard of the distress of the Crusaders. The ambassadors came prepared to propose a treaty of peace, and to dictate terms, believing that their distress would induce them to listen to his offer. But the Latin princes had heard beforehand of the mission, and with great prudence made preparations for receiving the envoys in a very different manner to what they had been led to expect. Instead of a squalid camp, ready to succumb at once to the Caliph's propositions, which were, that if they would submit to him, they should receive his protection, the messengers were received with honour, and magnificently treated by the Crusaders.

Seated beneath gaily and richly embroidered tents, the Latin princes replied to such overtures by telling

the envoys that their religion had led them to wish to worship at the shrine of their Lord, and that they had not come to the East to form an alliance with Saracens. 'We,' cried they, amid loud murmurs of applause, 'are come as warriors, because we were ill-treated as pilgrims. We have not forgotten how the Egyptians, under Caliph Hakem, insulted the Holy Sepulchre ; and as certainly as we intend visiting Jerusalem, have we sworn to keep our vow of delivering our Lord's tomb from the Saracens.'

'Go, tell your master,' continued the spokesman of that noble assembly, 'we fear in this camp before Antioch, neither the Egyptians, his subjects, nor any other nations ; and we will form no alliances, save with nations believing, as we do, in the religion of Jesus Christ.'

The envoys retired, accompanied by two deputies from the Croisés, to bear this message to the Caliph ; and instead of telling their sovereign that the pilgrims were disheartened, they told him that the Crusaders were still hopeful and prosperous. The Crusaders also signified that their spirits were undaunted, by despatching on four camels the heads and bloody remains of two hundred Turks slain in combat just after the Egyptian envoys had left their camp, and this fearful offering arrived just as the Caliph's messengers were re-embarking for Cairo.

A fleet from Genoa and Pisa was seen one day

coming into the river Orontes. Joyful sight! it brought not only money and stores, but fresh troops of pilgrims from Europe. The Crusaders rushed down in large numbers to meet it, eager to hear tidings from the West, but they imprudently went unarmed.

Happily for the Croisés, the Duke of Lorraine had sent Bohemond and Raymond after them to escort them safely back, with a small number of armed troops. Just as the excited Crusaders were coming back, carrying provisions and arms, the Turks sprang out upon them in a defile where they had been placed in ambush, and not only cut down the greater number of the Christians, but daunted even the lion courage of the Prince of Tarentum, who fled back to the camp in dismay.

Godfrey, accompanied by his chiefs and Hugh of France, hurried to Raymond's assistance, and met him in retreat. Godfrey then intercepted the return of the Moslems to the city, and after acts of heroic courage, the Croisés vanquished the Moslems, and revived the hopes of the besiegers, who had been much disheartened.

Unfortunately this victory was not signalized by mercy as well as valour. The Christians were as cruel in their triumph as the Turks had been when victors over the Christians.

Godfrey de Bouillon was the bravest of the brave

in this battle. He cut one of his foes in half, and the tradition goes that the Moslem's charger galloped back into Antioch, carrying the lower members of the body of the slain man on its saddle, horrifying the Turks, whose women were on the ramparts exciting their male relations to resistance.


Count Raymond was not popular among the Croisés; but two acts of well-timed generosity at this time restored him to the favour of the pilgrim army. He gave a large sum of money to the chiefs commanding the army, to buy fresh horses for the soldiers who had lost their steeds in the fight, and he provided money for the works necessary to blockade the gate of St. George—a course decided on by the council of princes, Tancred being placed in command. His bravery and sagacity were so great, that very soon after the blockade commenced, the whole country about Antioch belonged to the Croisés. Tancred cut off all supplies from the besieged, who suffered much from famine.

Baldwin was meantime established as ruler at Edessa. His actions were looked on by almost all the Crusaders as treachery to the cause of the Cross; and to smooth down the murmurs at his conduct, Baldwin endeavoured to silence them (though he well knew he justly merited reproach) by giving the Croisés rich gifts. These costly presents conciliated many of the Christian leaders, but also produced a

great deal of jealousy—a base passion, only too common even in our own more enlightened times, but among men who were enthralled by the superstitious religion of those dark ages, a common incentive to deeds of violence.

An Armenian friend of Baldwin's sent Godfrey de Bouillon a present of a silken tent, which was waylaid by Pancrates, who gave it to the Prince of Tarentum, representing it as being an offering from himself ; and though the Duke of Lorraine had had fifty thousand pieces of gold given him, he strongly objected to letting Bohemond keep his fine tent, and a great deal of unpleasant feeling arose about it, which was only allayed by the mediation of his devoted friend Robert of Flanders, who insisted on Bohemond's giving it back to Godfrey. It seems very inconsistent with Godfrey de Bouillon's high-minded character to care so much about a piece of gay silk, and one cannot understand how one who had given up so much, should dispute about so trivial a matter ; but this quarrel lasted some time, and was a disagreeable episode in the story of the siege.

The Crusaders' hopes were greatly dashed by hearing that the Sultan of Persia was intending to go to the relief of the besieged, and by Count Stephen of Chartres' retirement from the army, owing to ill-health. Four thousand men followed this prince ;



so Godfrey determined to make stricter laws, to enforce discipline, and prevent desertion.

The Turks, shut up in Antioch, tried new schemes for disheartening the Croisés' army. They sent word that they wished a truce, and pretended that they thought of giving in. The gates were thrown open ; but in the face of the most solemn treaties, three days passed away, and the only use that the Infidels made of the respite allowed them from the horrors of war, was to ill-treat any Crusaders rash enough to venture into their power. Among the Crusaders whom they killed was a knight, whose fate was very sad. His name was Walo, and he had been wandering about among the lovely vineyards and groves around Antioch, enjoying the spring weather. The Moslems caught him, and treated him inhumanly ; when he was quite dead, they tore his body into pieces, and, says tradition, his wife Umberga was so miserable when she heard of his fate, that she 'stiffened like a marble statue.' As soon as she recovered consciousness her shrieks were so dreadful that the Croisés became more than ever determined to subdue 'the Moslem dogs,' as they called the Turks. What afflicted Umberga most was the thought that Walo had not died with his arms in his hand for Christ's service ; because, with the superstition of the age, she doubted whether otherwise he were sure to be saved, as to die in a

coat of mail, in God's service, was considered a means of certain salvation. Umberga consoled herself by remembering that he had died with the red cross on his breast.

Bohemond's ambitious designs were at last the means of ending this seven months' siege. He recollected Baldwin's successful accomplishment of empire and conquest. Although a Crusader's name was his, his ambitious heart led him to long for dominions in the East, and he aspired to Antioch.

Close to Antioch, near the gate of St. George, were three towers, guarded by three brothers, of noble Armenian race, but armour-makers by name and profession. The elder of the three brothers being more sordid by nature, deserted the faith of his tribe for money, and became a Moslem. The Turkish rulers advanced him to great command, both civil and military ; but he was as treacherous to his Infidel sovereign as he had been to his faith. He was ever ready to betray others for money. Bohemond having become friendly with him during the truce, made Phyrrius, which was his name, such magnificent offers, that at last he promised to give up Antioch to the Christians. As soon as Bohemond had made all his arrangements with this unworthy friend, he went to all the princes.


'Which of you,' he asked, 'can promise to throw open yonder gates in two days' time?' All the

Latin chiefs were silent, while Bohemond went on to draw an artful picture of the state of the army. He described how famine and bloodshed had thinned their numbers, and still Antioch remained unconquered.

Godfrey de Bouillon and most of the princes were anxious to have Antioch on any terms, except Count Raymond, who had always distrusted Bohemond. When Bohemond claimed for reward the sovereignty of Antioch, should he succeed in admitting the Latin army within its walls, he maintained that all the Croisés were brothers, and ought to share alike.

Darting a look of contempt and disdain at Bohemond, 'How unjust it is,' he cried, 'that *one* should gather the fruits of the labour of all! As to myself,' he continued, 'I have not come so far, and risked so much, wasting the blood of my loyal soldiers, for such an end.' His words turned the scale again against Bohemond's proposal, who pretended to smile, but quitted the council as much bent on his scheme as before, and secretly persuaded that he should effect his designs before long.

As soon as he got back to his own tent, he formed new plans of his own, and by means of secret emissaries he spread alarming reports throughout the camp that Kerboga, Prince of Mosul, was rapidly advancing to Antioch at the head of a large army. Bohemond was foremost in exaggerating the perils that seemed to menace the troops. Again the princes



met in council. While some were for meeting the Saracens and leaving a small number to guard the camp, others were for raising the siege.

With secret joy the wily Norman watched the faces of his brother princes, and at last he craved permission to say a few words to the council. 'Hear me patiently,' he cried. 'We are surrounded with difficulties. Time presses. To-morrow will be too late to act, and we may by that time, if we delay, lose all the fruits of our long siege. But no! I will not believe it! God, who has led us here, will still be on our side, and lead us safely to the Holy Sepulchre! Accept my terms, and to-morrow's sun shall shine on our standards floating from yonder towers, and we shall then march on in triumph to Jerusalem.'


At length, with the exception of Count Raymond, all the princes agreed to accept Bohemond's proposal, and urged him to delay no longer to put his plan into execution. Wild with joy, Bohemond hurried from the council, and sent trusty messengers to Phyrrius, and the two allies settled to carry out their plan that very night. It was agreed that, in order to mislead the besieged, the greater part of the Christian troops should leave the camp in marching order, and appear to be in readiness to meet Kerboga by a route in an opposite direction from the city gates.

At daybreak the bugles sounded, and the Croisés,

who were ordered to march out with colours flying, ostensibly set off to meet the Persians, but were led back in silence to a valley to the west of Antioch, nearest to the tower commanded by the treacherous Phyrrihus, where the army were told by their leaders the real design of the princes in bringing them to that lonely valley. There they waited patiently till nightfall. A great storm of wind swept along the vale, and the Croisés, waiting eagerly for a given signal, watched with the superstition of their age the flashes of lightning over Antioch, believing that Heaven was on their side, for the thunder was so loud that it deadened the noise of their tramp towards the town walls.

In the meantime the treachery of Phyrrihus had very nearly been found out in Antioch. Rumours of treason had arisen in the city. The Christian population were suspected, and the recent converts to the Infidel faith were all looked on as possible enemies to the Saracen cause.

The governor sent for Phyrrihus; but although sternly questioned, the latter contrived to impress on his master's mind that no one was so devoted to the safety of the city as he was; and, as the love of gain absorbs the mind of those base enough to listen to its suggestion, Phyrrihus, after satisfying the governor as to his loyalty, assassinated his own brother, whom he found out suspected him.




In the meantime, one of Bohemond's emissaries, favoured by the darkness of the night, scaled the city walls by means of a rope ladder. Phyrrius met him at the tower under his command, and, to prove his good faith, pointed to the body of his murdered brother. At that moment the Turkish captain arrived on his usual nightly rounds of inspection, and Phyrrius was obliged to conceal Bohemond's messenger, while he ran out to meet the officer, who praised him for being awake and so alert.

No sooner had the Moslems departed, than Phyrrius sent Bohemond's officer back to his master, begging him to lose no time in entering Antioch.

Unfortunately for the Crusaders, just as Bohemond had planted his rope ladder against the wall, it gave way, and the besiegers were taken with a sudden panic and fell back. The hopes that had been inspired by the idea that Heaven smiled on the attempt seemed suddenly to desert them, and the perilous nature of the plot struck dismay into their minds at the very instant that they ought to have carried it into execution. It was in vain Bohemond stormed, and Godfrey pleaded; the pilgrims were scared, and fell back from their leaders.

One gallant knight, named Covel, succeeded, however, in getting sixty men to follow Bohemond, and



led them up to the wall. Such courageous conduct turned the tide again, and the Latins began to think that cowardice was not becoming in soldiers of the Cross, while another sixty followed Covel's party; but, as if a fate was against the enterprise, the rope ladder again gave way. The calm manner of their leaders prevented a second time any fresh dismay, while Phyrrius threw another ladder over the wall. In a very short time the three towers were in the Latin princes' hands, and they were at length victors of Antioch.

The worthless Phyrrius feared that his other brother might betray him, and he calmly assassinated him in his sleep. The citizens of Antioch were slumbering peacefully in their beds, when they were awoke by loud cries of 'Dieu le veut!' 'Dieu le veut!' They knew then but too well that all hope of saving the city was over, for it was the well-known war-cry of the western troops.

The inhabitants—in many instances almost ignorant, in the darkness and confusion of a universal massacre, as to how they had been betrayed—were put to death. No mercy was shown them by the pilgrims. When the sun rose in the east at day-break, and shone over the towers of Antioch, from which Bohemond's red Norman flag floated in the morning's breeze, the summer's morn was marked by the shrieks of the wounded and dying, for this

victory obtained by means of treachery and artifice was signalized by a horrible carnage.

Long before the termination of the siege, the Moslems shut up in Antioch had implored the assistance of all the Moslem powers.

Among the Turkish inhabitants who had saved themselves at the taking of Antioch, was an aged prince named Beghi Seyan, who fled from the city, leaving his family to perish. When he got some way off, his conscience reproached him for his cowardice. His emotion was so great that he fainted, and was left for dead on the highway. He was murdered by some Syrian woodcutters, and his head exposed in triumph on the gates of Damascus.

The Latin cruelties were reported at Kerboga's camp. Animated by feelings of revenge, and followed by an immense army, he advanced to Antioch, three days after its capture by the Latins, June 3, 1098. Antioch had resisted for seven long months. One portion, however, still held out against the Crusaders, and that was the citadel.

When at length the Croisés were sated with plunder and carnage, and order had been in some measure restored in Antioch, the princes led their forces up the high mountain on which it stood ; but its natural strength, they soon found, rendered it im-

pregnable, and they gave up any idea of gaining it except the garrison could be starved out. A trench was dug round it and troops placed to prevent the sallies of the Turks ; but succour arrived to the beleaguered with Kerboga's approach. It was the day following the taking of the city.

A brave knight, named Roger de Barneville, pacing the walls, was the first to discern a small body of Turkish soldiery approach the Christian outposts. At first, in common with other knights placed in command on the battlements, he hoped that the glittering arms and sounds of war advancing along the plain betokened the arrival of Alexius, that crafty monarch having promised to come to their aid. He was soon undeceived ; for, going out followed by fifteen men, a small body of Turkish horse waylaid that gallant warrior, and put him to death, cutting off his head, and cruelly mangling his body. His companions, flying, managed to convey his remains back to Antioch, where they were buried with the honours due to a brave knight. In the meantime, Kerboga's army was so vast that the pilgrims shut up in Antioch could not tell its number as it pitched its tents along the side of the mountains outside Antioch, or close to the river. The prince of Mosul encamped round Antioch from east to west, and sent messengers to Shems-ed-dowlah, Baghi Seyan's son, who with his bravest

warriors had taken refuge in the citadel when the town fell into Bohemond's hands, to demand that it should be given up to him, which demand of course the Turks complied with. Kerboga's object was to keep the communication between his army and the city open ; and he planted his troops so that he could best effect that end. He attacked the works and trenches erected by Bohemond, but he was repulsed ; and the bravery of the Crusaders surprised him, for he had despised their exploits, but found their discipline and bravery was greater than he imagined.

The poor pilgrims found themselves encompassed outside the city by Kerboga's vast army, and harassed within its walls by the sallies of the Turkish garrison shut up in its citadel. Their provisions were beginning to run short. Famine began to make its appearance, followed by sickness and despondency. Many of the Christians felt inclined to envy the happier fate of knights like Roger de Barneville, who had perished in combat ; for with gloomy faces they looked around them, and anticipated death for want of the food they had wasted but a few short months before.

When the Moslem army had totally encircled Antioch, despair seized the western troops. Many, forgetting their vows, escaped over the walls by means of baskets let down with ropes. Food failed

them wholly ; even vermin were eaten ; and knights of the noblest families, exhausted by hunger, did not hesitate to accept Godfrey de Bouillon's bounty, and dine at his table.

Bohemond and the other princes did all in their power to stop these desertions, but in vain. Those who fled often fell into the hands of Kerboga's soldiers, a few only succeeding, by means of the vessels anchoring in the harbour, in escaping from famine and death. The highest knights were among the fugitives ; and among those who fled to Alexandretta was Bohemond's own brother-in-law.

Bohemond now assumed the government of Antioch ; and he did all that was possible to reanimate the hopes of the pilgrims. Alexius, at the head of a large army, was at length advancing to their assistance.

One day a small body of Crusaders arrived at the Emperor's camp, and demanded audience of Alexius, who readily granted it. Their leader was Count Stephens of Blois. In the gloomiest colours he depicted the state of the Latin troops. He described how, wasted by famine, the army was day after day disorganized by fearful difficulties ; and he implored Alexius to hasten to their assistance.

Bohemond's young brother, Guy, was among the number who listened to the Count de Blois's gloomy history. He covered his face with his hands and

wept as he heard of such a tragic end to the high hopes of those who had left the West so full of zeal and ardour. He and several other Christians were attached to Alexius' army, and advancing with it to join Godfrey. 'O God !' he cried, 'where is thy justice and thy power ? Are we not thy children and thy servants ? If Thou desertest those who fight for Thee, who will henceforward fight beneath thy banners ?'

Alexius, alarmed at all he heard, heartlessly arrested the march of his army to their assistance. The Croisés were shut up in Antioch, famished and disheartened ; and a gloomy despair, worse even than the cries and sighs that had first arisen, reigned in the Crusaders' ranks. The bravery of the army, and the zeal of the barons and their leaders, seemed things of the past ; and those who had so gladly sold their lands to enlist against the enemies of their God, were loud in impious complaints against his mercy, and that He had left them to die of famine and disease.

Even they who were too high-minded or religious to join in such impious cries, could not remember without regret their castles and lands, and the fair wives they had left behind them when they had taken up the cause of the Cross ; while Kerboga, outside the walls, heard of their distress, and exulted at the thoughts of entirely subduing the vast host who had dared to defy his power.

It became absolutely necessary to revive the fallen hopes of the Crusaders, and the priests invented legend after legend to effect that end. One Lombard priest declared our Saviour had appeared to him in a vision, in company with the Virgin Mary, and, with details that seem very irreverent to us, described how the Lord had promised to deliver the Latins from the horrors of Antioch.

The Croisés' hopes revived as their priests held out hopes of aid from heaven ; while Tancred swore a solemn oath, that as long as a handful of his ' lances ' and men would fight by his side, *he*, at least, would never resign the hope of rescuing his Saviour's tomb. With anxious faces, but lofty undaunted courage, his example was followed in the presence of the army by Godfrey, Hugh of France, Count Raymond, and the two Roberts.

In the city where the Apostles Paul and Barnabas had preached, no efforts were left untried, by bringing before the pilgrims the high rewards that would await them hereafter if they persevered, in order to sustain their hopes of reaching Jerusalem. But it was a difficult task, and it needed all the aids that priestcraft could exert to prevent the abandonment of the whole Crusade.


One day some pilgrim fugitives fell into Kerboga's hands. The prince smiled scornfully, as, poor and miserable, with torn garments and soiled arms, and

trembling at the possible slavery or death in store for them, the Crusaders came into his magnificent tent and presence.

‘Are these the warriors,’ he scornfully asked, ‘who have come to conquer foreign lands? Miserable beggars, needing food and arms! Chain these men!’ he exclaimed, turning to his oriental attendants, ‘and take them to my master the Sultan, and let him judge for himself if we need care for such enemies. I will destroy them like dogs before many months have elapsed, and exterminate their race, so that their very name shall perish from the face of the earth.’


Kerboga's insolent contempt was soon put to flight; and before long he learnt to speak in a very different manner of the Crusaders' valour. The priests attached to Godfrey's army did not relax in their endeavours to sustain the pilgrims by means of pretended visions and revelations from heaven. The most prominent of all those legends was one that has been named in history the ‘Invention of the Holy Lance.’

Attached to the Croisés' army was a humble priest, a Provençal by birth, called Peter Bartholomæus. He pretended to have seen St. Ambrose in a vision. The good saint three times appeared to him, and bid him hurry to the princes to tell them that the lance that had pierced our Saviour's



side on the cross was hidden in the church of St. Peter at Antioch. The saint gave him minute directions as to where he should find it, and threatening him in a very unholy manner should he hesitate to go to the princes ; for Peter, being only a lowly priest, was afraid his story would not be believed. At first his story was laughed at when he recounted it to the Provençal princes, but probably they thought it might be turned to good account, and after a time feigned a belief in its truth. The legend was repeated, and its fame spread throughout the camp. To the ardent faith of the Croisés, who believed that their mission was given them direct from God, it did not seem so impossible that Heaven had interposed to revive their drooping spirits. The princes determined to join solemnly in the search for the holy lance, and the soldiers fasted three days, that they might be considered worthy to discover it.

It was a hot June day when the priest, accompanied by Count Raymond, repaired to the church, followed by a small number of men to dig near the high altar. Silence reigned as they worked away, the doors of the church being closed to keep out the immense crowds of soldiers who knelt outside to await with pious expectation the result of their labours. They dug away ; but all in vain. The impatience of the multitude increased, and all longed to see the glittering head of that heaven-sent weapon.



At length, wearied out, the princes and their companions retired to repose. In the middle of the night Peter determined to make another attempt. The hole was already twelve feet deep. He jumped into it, and reappeared, holding up the sacred emblem in his hand. The kneeling clergy, who were praying round the hole, cried out joyfully, and their glad shouts being heard by the army outside, were the signal for universal thanksgiving throughout the camp; for no superstition in those benighted ages was too gross to be believed, and the whole army credited the assertions of their priests that the celestial lance was a certain sign of God's favour. The spirits of the Croisés revived, and they who had not long before contemplated returning home, demanded eagerly to be led to meet the Saracens.

Their leaders wisely turned their enthusiasm to account, and despatched Peter the Hermit and another Croisé, a knight named Herluin, to Kerboga's camp, to negotiate either for a general encounter, or a single combat between champions who were to be selected by the two sides to decide the matter.

A truce was proclaimed, and the two envoys presented themselves before the insolent Kerboga, whom they found seated in his tent, surrounded by his generals and courtiers.

The Hermit, although small of stature and slightly

formed, was not wanting in courage. Seeing that Kerboga was not disposed to receive him and his companion courteously, he went forward and fearlessly accosted the oriental tyrant in the following manner :

‘I come,’ he began, ‘from an assembly of princes dedicated by oath to the service of God, and who are sworn to compel you to renounce your siege of Antioch, a city given into their hands by special providence. It is a place the more precious in their eyes, from St. Paul having there preached the gospel to the heathen, and by his eloquence converted many to the Christian faith. Unjustly you possessed it ; but God gave it back to us. We are determined to guard the precious gift, and therefore you may choose between two things now laid before you by me, the chosen messenger of those princes.’

The Hermit’s eyes sparkled, and his voice became more and more earnest as he uttered these haughty words. He was not dazzled by the oriental splendour before him. He who had knelt at the Redeemer’s tomb feared not to speak before those whose race had desecrated the Holy City. One can imagine that he spoke with the same enthusiasm that he had done when preaching the Crusades ; but his eloquence was ineffectual in this instance, for Kerboga rejected his negotiations scornfully. He bade the Hermit tell the princes that they were no longer

free to negotiate, and that he destined one and all to slavery or death.

The envoys were met at the city gates, when they reached Antioch, by crowds of Crusaders anxious to know the Saracen's answer. Peter, with the imprudence of his disposition, was ready to impart to the numbers crowding around him the result of his mission ; but Godfrey de Bouillon led him aside, and begged the Hermit to say but little of the vast army of the Infidel foe, for fear the Croisés should be further dismayed and disheartened.


‘Tell them,’ he said, ‘that it is war between them and us.’ The Hermit obeyed the Duke's commands, and amid glad shouts told the heralds to announce that at daybreak next day each faithful soldier of the Cross would be called upon to follow their leaders to meet the Turks in battle.

Early next day the Christian camp presented an animated scene. The Crusaders forgot all the misery they had endured, and looked forward to nothing but a glorious victory. After confessing to their priests, and assisting at solemn prayers offered up for the enterprise, their horses, if they had any, were led forth and made ready ; their shields, swords, armour and helmets burnished ; and famine, disappointment, and bodily ailments were forgotten in their eagerness for battle. The priests, holding aloft their crucifixes, held out high hopes of heavenly reward

to these intrepid warriors going to fight in the cause of religion.

In twelve different corps the Crusader princes ranged their different followers in battle array. Godfrey de Bouillon led one corps, accompanied by his brother Eustace, while the chivalrous Tancred and the brave Bohemond led two others. It would be tedious to tell you the names of all the generals, for most of the leaders of the Crusades were there, except the Count of Toulouse. He had been very ill, so he was left behind, undertaking to guard the city in the absence of the army, and protect the lives of the old, and feeble women and children in the town, should the Infidels, who were shut up in the citadel, attempt to sally forth while it was undefended.

The army marched out of Antioch on the morning of the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. The western nobles and princes rode at the head of their several divisions, while the Bishop of Puy, in full canonicals, but also armed—for in those ages war and religion were strangely united,—accompanied his chaplain, who carried the holy lance, though many of the princes did not believe in the miracle related by the Provençal priest, and thought it an imposture. Doubtless many who affected to reverence it from motives of policy, secretly agreed with the incredulous; but as the priest who bore it preceded the



bishop to the bridge over the Orontes, loud shouts of 'Dieu le veut !' 'Dieu le veut !' again rent the air, for the prelate addressed the army and invoked a blessing on their arms ; and their shouts, which resounded along the plain, were answered by the aged men and women who had crowded on the walls to see their departure.

The horses of the Crusaders had almost all died of starvation, so that most of the knights marched on foot, though some were fortunate enough to get camels or asses, Godfrey himself riding a steed which he had borrowed from the Count of Toulouse.

The haughty Infidel, Kerboga, was playing at chess when his attendants told him the Croisés had dispersed a body of his men guarding one of the bridges leading into Antioch. So little did he believe the tale, that he cut off a messenger's head when he hurried into his presence to report the disaster. He could not believe that the Christian army would be mad enough to attack him ; but he was soon forced to credit a tale so displeasing to the pride that had despised the half-starved Croisés. He sent a portion of his army to meet them ; but a sudden panic seized him at the last moment, and a presentiment of defeat took possession of his mind. He endeavoured to treat with the Christian princes, and offered at the eleventh hour to allow the fate of Antioch to be decided by an encounter between a

chosen number from each side. The artful Infidel pretended that his motive was a wish to prevent unnecessary bloodshed ; but the generals of the Christian army dared not propose further delay to an army burning for battle.

As they marched out of Antioch, a light refreshing shower fell. This the pilgrims believed was dew from Heaven, sent by God to invigorate them. Nearer the mountains a violent wind arose that impeded the progress of their enemies, but aided theirs.

Their priests assured them that the elements were summoned to their aid ; and full of ardour, but in good order, the Croisés at length met the Saracens in battle.

At first the Christians were repulsed by the Saracen lances, and were at one moment in danger of defeat from an unforeseen assault on Bohemond's corps of reserve, stationed close to the river Orontes, which was attacked by the Saracens under the Emirs of Damascus and Aleppo ; but the battle terminated in the total repulse of the haughty Kerboga's immense army, and he fled towards the Euphrates, accompanied only by a handful of faithful attendants.

The loss on both sides was immense ; but the Croisés consoled themselves for losing four thousand of their number by the thought that all who

had perished fighting the Saracens were martyrs, whose eternal welfare was secured by having fallen fighting for the holy cause.

The generals and princes all distinguished themselves greatly in this battle ; but Tancred, whose personal bravery was remarkable, pursued the flying Kerboga till nightfall.

This victory was the triumph of enthusiasm and courage over numbers ; for, compared to the Infidels, the Croisés were a mere handful of men ; but they trusted in all that the priests told them, and fought, believing God himself was on their side.

The horses that the Saracens left behind them were of the greatest value to the pilgrims, whose steeds had all died from want of forage. Those unhappy Turks who could not save their lives by flight, were put to the sword. Kerboga's feelings must have been terrible when he saw, from a hill where he watched the battle-field, his immense army destroyed. The Croisés found plenty to recompense them for all their sufferings, in the rich booty that the enemy's camp offered. Not only were the richest treasures awaiting them, such as the rarest gems, gold and silver, rich garments, but the loveliest cups, all moulded by oriental artisans, in the loveliest shapes ; and there was so much booty, that to the pilgrims it was almost a work of difficulty to carry it all back to Antioch.

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The women and slaves belonging to the Turkish forces were all left behind, and led in triumph to Antioch. The tents composing Kerboga's camp were also kept, and were of the greatest magnificence. That of Kerboga's was costly in the extreme. It was so large that two hundred men could easily shelter under its rich hangings. It was made of the richest and gayest silk, with towers and minarets like a real house, and surrounded by regular walls that fortified it exteriorly. Inside it was divided into long apartments, all furnished gorgeously. The dazzled pilgrims could scarcely make use of such magnificence ; but all the treasure was gladly taken to procure means for continuing the Crusade.

It was not long before the banners of the Christians were to be seen floating from the citadel of Antioch, for the garrison, seeing that Kerboga's defeat shut out any further hope for them, surrendered on the return of the victors, on condition that their lives were to be saved.

Antioch was at last subdued, and another point gained towards reaching the Holy City ; and all the pilgrims eagerly demanded fresh conquests. Plenty reigned in a place where, before the victory, nothing was to be seen but scenes of famine and distress.

In token of gratitude to Heaven for their victory, the Crusaders determined to restore to their ancient

dignity in Antioch the churches and priesthood of the Christian inhabitants. That ancient city, built three hundred years before the Christian era, had suffered much from Turkish sway. The very walls of all the sacred edifices had been defaced and demolished, and the good Bishop of Puy pointed out to the Crusaders that nothing would show their gratitude more than in giving up as much of the booty found in Kerboga's camp, as would be necessary to rebuild the churches. The Christian patriarch was solemnly reinstated, and the rich silks and garments that had belonged to the Saracens were turned into vestments and altar-cloths.


Bohemond claimed and obtained the right of governing the city, and but one of the princes refused his consent. That was Count Raymond of Toulouse. He had always disliked and distrusted the Norman prince; and, after a violent quarrel, Raymond persisted in keeping possession of a portion of the city, hitherto guarded by his Provençals, and would not allow the Norman flag to float from his towers. However, as we shall see later on, he was ultimately forced to give in to the general voice.

In vain the pilgrims urged their leaders to lead them on at once to Jerusalem; the princes determined to put off their departure till the autumn—for Antioch fell in the month of June,—fearing long marches in the hot season of the year. The chiefs

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soon bitterly regretted their decision, for a terrible scourge fell on the Crusaders in the form of a pestilence, so fatal in its effects, that in a very short time fifty thousand pilgrims, it is said, died of it. Among them was the Pope's legate, the good Bishop of Puy, who was a great loss to the army, for, by his energy and goodness, he had more than once saved the Crusaders from complete demoralization. He was universally mourned, and buried in great pomp in St. Peter's Church at Antioch. This sickness attacked women more than men, and was said to have arisen from the number of unburied bodies of horses and animals that had died of starvation.

Bowed down by such a fearful visitation, the pilgrims renewed their entreaties to their leaders to lead them on to Jerusalem. Again a council of princes was convened, to deliberate on the question ; but they separated determined to keep to their previous resolution. They feared that all the army might perish, if a long march was undertaken at a time when illness and famine had thinned their ranks, and while those who survived were not fully rested, and unprovided with horses. They therefore proposed to rest till October, but to separate into different forces, and to scour the neighbouring country. Before long the Croisés had planted their victorious standards in most of the cities of Syria ; for the Saracens had learnt to dread the cry of



'Dieu le veut,' and believing that the pilgrims were invincible, fled from every city they approached. Each day was signalized by deeds of heroism and courage on the part of the Croisés.

While fighting the Saracens, the nobles of the West did not forget the enjoyment ~~that~~, in happier times, they had reaped from hunting the forests of their native lands. The wild beasts in the forests about Antioch presented good sport, and an anecdote is told of a knight named Geoffrey de la Tour.

He was hunting one day, and heard a lion in the thicket moaning in pain. He went up to it, and found that the cause of its distress was owing to the pain caused from the fangs of a poisonous serpent. The reptile had fastened himself on to the lion's hide. Geoffrey was so touched with the poor lion's distress that he killed the snake with a blow from his sabre. The rest of the story seems fabulous ; for the chronicler declares that, from that day forward, the lion attached himself to his deliverer, as if he had been his master, and followed him to Jerusalem.

When Geoffrey de la Tour embarked to return to Europe, after the first Crusade was over, he could not take his lion with him on board ship. The fidelity of the savage beast was a rebuke to his master, for when the boat put off from the shore, rather than remain behind, the lion plunged into the sea and was drowned.

The various princes of the western army employed the interval between the taking of Antioch and their departure for Jerusalem, in making expeditions with a view to conquest and booty. A great many of the Croisés joined Baldwin at Edessa, and the fate of a knight named Fulcher of Bouillon led to overtures of friendship from an Emir of Hazar.

Fulcher de Bouillon had been killed by the Turks under the governor's rule, as he was journeying towards the Euphrates. His wife was a very lovely woman, and one of the Emir's officers fell in love with her and married her. The Christian lady appears to have become reconciled to her fate, and her Infidel husband was anxious, for her sake, to avoid fighting the Croisés; but being a good subject, made war on the Prince of Aleppo's territory, in the governor of Hazar's behalf. The Prince of Aleppo, who was named Rodvan, made war in retaliation, and then the Christian lady persuaded her husband to advise the governor to make an alliance with Godfrey de Bouillon. At first the Turkish Emir hesitated; but his scruples were put to flight when he heard that Rodvan was coming to besiege Hazar with a large force. He sent a messenger to the Duke of Lorraine, with offers of treasure and rich presents, and promises of future aid and friendship, if he would help and protect him.

The Duke of Lorraine received his deputation very graciously ; but before pledging himself, demanded the Emir's son as a hostage. A treaty was then signed, and Godfrey obtained the assistance of his brother Baldwin, and that of the Count of Toulouse and Bohemond. At the head of 30,000 men, they marched to Hazar, and Rodvan retired from the siege at their approach.

The governor was so grateful to the Duke of Lorraine and the other Croisés princes who had rescued his capital, that he and three hundred of his court met them outside the city walls, bowed themselves to the ground at their approach, and swore never to forget their obligations to the Duke of Lorraine. The Emir's son died of the plague at Antioch. Godfrey de Bouillon sent his corpse back to Hazar, bidding the envoys tell the father that he mourned for the young Mahomet as much as if he had been his own brother.

Godfrey de Bouillon yielded to Baldwin's entreaties ; and before the latter returned to Edessa, after the relief of Hazar, promised not to go back to Antioch. The plague still raged there, and Godfrey dreaded it, having once suffered from a similar pestilence at Rome. He established himself at Tell-basher and Ravendan, places in Edessa given him by Baldwin, till the first of November, when he went back to Antioch.

The main portion of the pilgrims were weary of waiting for their promised departure to Jerusalem, and fresh obstacles seemed likely to arise to delay it still longer. Dissensions had arisen between Count Raymond and Bohemond. The latter claimed Antioch ; and Count Raymond, under pretence of fealty to the Emperor, would gladly have lingered at Antioch, to avoid giving in to the Norman prince's claims. The pilgrims, however, were so clamorous to be led to Jerusalem, that the princes were obliged to give in ; and on the 24th of November the Crusaders left Antioch and marched to a town called Marra. The Count of Toulouse reached it first, followed by the Counts of Flanders and Normandy. The Saracen inhabitants, afraid of sharing the fate of the citizens of Antioch, determined to make an obstinate resistance, while the sight of a rich town inflamed the cupidity of the Latin soldiers. The besieged kept the pilgrims at bay for a long time, by throwing hot lime, stones, and hives full of bees that stung them, on their heads ; but at last the pilgrims were victorious, and almost all the Turkish inhabitants were massacred. The barbarity of such conduct recoiled on the head of the conquerors, as they could not get sufficient food to eat when they who cultivated the land were dead. Horrible outrages and acts of cannibalism are said to have disgraced the Christian army ; and in the midst of

such scenes Count Raymond and Bohemond renewed their old quarrel about Antioch. Bohemond claimed as his right part of the province of Marra, but offered to renounce it if the Count of Toulouse would recognise him as ruler of Antioch. News came that the Egyptians had taken Jerusalem; and the pilgrims, weary of such continued disputes and quarrels, clamoured more loudly than ever to be led to the Holy Land without further delay, and they threatened to abandon their chiefs if they continued to betray the sacred cause of the Crusade for plunder and ambition. The priests supported the mass of the pilgrims in their resistance to their leaders; and, to avoid further discussion about Marra, they made up their minds to burn it to the ground.

Raymond would have remonstrated had he dared; but seeing that the army were determined to linger no longer, he had the prudence to disguise his real sentiments, and to feign equal anxiety to reach the Holy City. Bohemond returned to Antioch. The Crusaders began to destroy Marra. The ardour of the Croisés was so great that even the aged and sick aided in the work of destruction; and Raymond, seeing that he ran a risk of alienating the affection of his Provençals unless he feigned an equal enthusiasm, confessed in the presence of the troops that, led by the dictates of ambition, he had been tempted to forget his duty to God.

With bare feet and head, the haughty noble received absolution, and renewed his vow of rescuing without delay the desecrated city of his Redeemer's tomb.

In the meantime, the princes who had remained behind at Antioch were in no hurry to set off. Even Godfrey de Bouillon lingered, although, on his return from Baldwin's dominions, loud murmurs and even threats had been addressed to him by his own followers.

'Did we not,' they pleaded, 'linger long enough in Antioch, a place that has proved the tomb of two hundred thousand soldiers of the Cross who succumbed to disease and famine? As each conquest seems to put fresh obstacles in the way of our departure, let us choose chiefs who, like ourselves, have no other ambition than to rescue our Saviour's tomb, or let us return to our own country.'

At last, yielding to such murmurs, the princes set off to Laodicea, a city of Phrygia, never visited by St. Paul, but mentioned in Holy Scripture as a place whose inhabitants were lukewarm in the cause of Christ. Bohemond, afraid of losing his city of Antioch, only went as far as Laodicea with Godfrey.

The Crusaders were now fairly on the road to the Holy City ; but out of the vast numbers who had quitted Europe, how few were left ! Many had died,

and how many had fallen in battle, or fruitless enterprises undertaken to feed the ambition of their leaders ! The army thus was reduced ; but fresh vigour had been infused into its ranks by reinforcements from Edessa and Cilicia that had joined it at Laodicea. There, too, came a handful of noble English knights of Saxon lineage. Their country had been conquered by the Normans. Banished from their hearths, they had come to fight beneath the sacred standards ; and having no longer any country of their own to deliver, for hope was dead within their breasts, they had taken the vows incumbent on soldiers of the Cross, and were bent on seeking a glorious name or death in so holy a cause. Raymond meantime had waited for no one ; but, followed by Tancred and the Duke of Normandy, had set off, and on the 13th of January 1099, departed from Marra, and reached Arca, a place near Tripolis and the coast.

The Moslem population of the districts they traversed offered no resistance ; for they believed that the sunburnt, careworn warriors who marched along so resolutely were invincible. In return for the provisions and assistance that the Croisés received from friendly Emirs, the Crusaders promised protection from other Latin princes, and planted their flags on the walls of any city they came to, as a sign to other Crusaders not to attack it ; for where

a banner belonging to a Frank was to be seen, safety from other pilgrims was insured.

Arca was built on high rocks, and appeared totally inaccessible. Count Raymond determined to attack it, and would have done so had not the enemy fled in the night and abandoned the town to him without a struggle; but a great many Croisés fell victims to the fatigue of the long marches. Among the number of those who died in sight of Arca was a young knight named Anselmo de Ribaumont, Count de Bouchain, and he was said to have been a model of piety and bravery. The day before his death he was sitting in his tent, when he saw a young man named Angelram, son to Count St. Paul, enter his tent. This Angelram he thought had been killed at the siege of Marra. Anselmo, astonished at seeing a person alive whom he had thought slain, demanded how it was that he was living.

‘You must know,’ replied Angelram, ‘that they who fight for Jesus Christ never die.’

‘But,’ asked Anselmo, ‘whence comes the light that encircles you?’

Angelram bid Anselmo look up to the skies, where he saw a shining crystal palace made of precious stones and diamonds. ‘Look up,’ cried he; ‘the light you see comes from that palace; it is my house; and another just as beautiful is to be

your abode. Farewell! We shall meet again to-morrow.'

Anselmo was so certain that this vision portended his own death, that he imparted his convictions to several holy men. He then confessed and received absolution, and, although in robust health, took leave of all his friends, telling them he was about to depart this life.

A few hours later the enemy sallied out; and he was instantly killed by a stone thrown on his head. The superstitious pilgrims fully believed these legends, and their clergy confidently asserted that Anselmo was carried straight up to heaven.

The priests did all they could, by inventing such fables, to excite religious enthusiasm among the pilgrims, which was, they knew, the safest way of keeping up their influence over the minds of the soldiers; but just about the time of the siege of Arca, the pilgrims were divided into two factions, one headed by the Duke of Normandy's chaplain Arnulf, and the other by the Provençal priest, Peter, about the holy lance.

Arnulf was a very clever, although a very dissolute man, and he maintained the impossibility of the lance that was discovered at Antioch being the one that had pierced our Saviour's side, and produced authorities from history to prove that it was at Calvary, and not at Antioch, that the holy lance

should have been found. Peter was indignant at his story being doubted, and being probably self-deluded, and a victim to his own imagination, offered to go through any ordeal the pilgrims might name to prove the truth of his tale.

Raymond took the Provençal priest's part with great ardour, and, in common with all who were on his side, maintained that the lance had been revealed by God to console and encourage the Croisés. The scoffers, who were a numerous party, openly affirmed that it was a trick of Count Raymond's, and that poor Peter, who was soon to pay dearly for his credulity, was his tool.

It was evident that the doubts first set on foot by Arnulf were gaining ground, so those pilgrims who were on Peter's side were eager for the ordeal: while the champion of the holy lance had fresh visions to attest the truth of the discovery; for St. Mark, the Virgin Mary, and even the Bishop of Puy, who had died of the plague, appeared to accuse—so Peter declared—the other party of provoking the vengeance of Heaven by their infidelity.

On Good Friday, the whole army, great and small, assembled together to see the ordeal carried out. The fire was made in the middle of a vast plain, and composed of branches of olive trees, with a very narrow path through it, that was to be traversed by Peter. A solemn procession of white-

robed priests led him up to the scene of so terrible a trial. He was but a simple, unlearned priest ; but he bore himself with dignity becoming a worthier cause, as, wrapped in a long friar's habit, he carried in his hand the holy lance, enveloped in rich silk.

A silence fell on all around, as Peter, with a calm face turned upwards to heaven, listened to Count Raymond's chaplain, who said, solemnly pointing to the fire, 'If you have really seen our Redeemer Jesus Christ face to face, and if you have really had the holy lance revealed to you by the Apostle St. Andrew, pass safely and unharmed through yonder flames ; but if guilty of imposture and falsehood, may you burn, with the lance in your hand !' As he finished speaking, those around him bowed down to the ground, reverently responding, 'God's will be done !'

A moment's pause took place. Peter speaks. He affirms before God that he has spoken the truth, grasps the holy lance closer to his breast, and walks straight through the fire, unscathed, to the other side.

The pilgrims were silent for one moment as Peter emerged unharmed ; and then cries of triumph broke out, and the poor priest was surrounded by all the Croisés, who, no longer doubting the genuineness of the sacred lance, pressed forward to kiss it, and to touch a man whom they were now prepared to look upon as a saint. He was almost killed by the

pressure of the vast crowd ; his holy habit was torn off his back, and he was rescued with difficulty by his friends.

Alas, poor Peter ! he had escaped only for a few hours. He died next day ; and while the scoffers declared that he had really been injured by the flames, the majority of the army were positive that he perished from being too rudely handled by the crowd. He was buried in the same spot over which he had passed when going through the fiery elements ; but his death was a rude shock to the believers in the holy lance. The priests found it difficult to arouse enthusiasm again in so doubtful a relic, and it passed into obscurity, though many churches even in our own times declare that the genuine lance is in their possession.

Of course we cannot do otherwise than look upon the whole legend as a gross piece of superstition ; but the episode was a leading feature in the story of this period of the first Crusade.

Very soon afterwards the Caliph of Egypt sent an embassy to the princes. The messengers reached Arca about the same time as another embassy from Alexius, who urged the Croisés to delay their departure to Jerusalem till the July following. He promised to join them then with a numerous army ; but the pilgrims no longer trusted Alexius, and replied that they should proceed at once.

The embassy from Egypt came charged with a haughty message. They were told to bid the pilgrims worship peacefully, if they chose, at the holy places ; but to refrain from marching in arms to Jerusalem, which had then passed into Egyptian hands. The Caliph was as insincere as Alexius, and hated the Christians quite as much as he did the Turks, although he had kept friends with the former while fortune favoured their side. He had wrested Palestine from the Turks, and trembled for the safety of his new dominions.

The Egyptians had brought rich presents to the princes ; but their gifts were spurned and their message looked on only as an insult. 'Tell your sovereign,' they replied to the ambassadors, 'that we shall not march peacefully to Jerusalem, but with our whole army ; and we shall drive your master out of the Holy City.'

The Egyptians returned back again. They had taken advantage of the complete ruin of the Turkish army, after the battle of Antioch, to wrest the greater part of the Ottoman dominions from them. Jerusalem, that had been taken from the Egyptians thirty-eight years before, again fell into their hands, and the Turks had fled from the sacred city.

The Caliph's messengers had escorted back to the Croisés' camp, when they brought their message, some envoys from the pilgrims who had been sent

by the princes the year before into Egypt. They had never returned, and had been looked upon as dead and lost to their friends.

These men detailed to the army all their sufferings in Egypt ; and related that their pretended friend the Caliph had sent them to the gates of Jerusalem to show the Turks that he was friends with the Christians, and how at sight of the Latins the Turks had believed him and fled in consternation.

After having conquered the Emir of Tripolis in a bloody battle, and forced him to capitulate, and pay tribute to their chiefs, the Crusaders at last marched onwards to Palestine.

Three hundred thousand Croisés had fought beneath the walls of Antioch, and out of that large force two hundred thousand had succumbed under the misery and disappointments of the holy war ; and while a great part had died or fallen in battle, a large number had returned home, or settled at Edessa or Antioch, or in the Syrian cities delivered from Infidel rule. But even with such diminished numbers at their command, the princes were all resolute to delay no longer ; and with their army of tried warriors, no longer embarrassed by a train of useless pilgrims, and with a reputation terrible to their enemies, the western warriors at last marched towards the longed-for city of Jerusalem.



CHAPTER IV.

JERUSALEM AND ITS SIEGE—END OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

THE diminished band of warriors who now set resolutely off for Palestine, had three routes open to them by which they could reach Jerusalem. One was over a plain land by Damascus; the other was across Mount Lebanon, which was a very tedious route for heavy baggage; the third was along the sea-coast. The princes chose the latter road, feeling that to separate themselves entirely from their fleet, which had been greatly increased by ships from Italy, Greece, and England, would be unwise. The province of Phœnicia, through which the route that they had chosen led the Croisés, lay along the Mediterranean. Its principal cities, Tyre, Sidon, and Ptolemais, were visited by St. Paul in several of his journeys.

As the pilgrims advanced through the province, they saw for the first time the palm, so sacred in their eyes, growing amid orange, pomegranate, and

olive trees ; and the whole country, seen in that loveliest month of the year, May, appeared to their eyes, parched up with the burning heat of Asia, indeed a land 'flowing with milk and honey.'

Their religious enthusiasm revived at the sight of the distant ranges of Libanus, and they looked around for the famous cedars that they had read of in holy Scripture. They no longer thought with regret of their forsaken homes and possessions in the West ; for here, before their eyes, with their feet treading its lovely flowers and pastures, was Palestine—the land that they had journeyed so far to see, and suffered so much to deliver. Great order now reigned among the pilgrims, and obedience and discipline had displaced the discord and irregularities of former days.

The standard-bearers rode first, and the large crosses on the banners fluttered before the eyes of every pilgrim in the expedition. Then marched the various corps, each headed by its own chief, followed by the baggage ; while the clergy, and such pilgrims as were too aged or ill to fight, and the women and children, closed the rear.

The priests exhorted these chosen warriors, as they looked upon themselves, to be brave, patient, sober, and charitable, and held out glowing hopes of salvation to all who reached Jerusalem, should they deliver the Holy Sepulchre.

The army's march was slow, because it was thought desirable that they should keep together, and the shrill blast of their trumpets seemed scarcely ever to cease. Although their route lay over defiles, often so narrow that even a hundred Saracens might have repulsed the whole of the Crusaders' army, the fame of their conquests seemed to clear the road for them; and no Moslem opponents contested their progress as they descended into the plain.

There was an abundance of water, fruits, and provisions of all kinds, to prevent any renewal of the scarcity of food suffered from before; and we read of one article of nourishment that the Crusaders met with, that we ourselves still use and enjoy—the sugar cane. This plant was cultivated in many parts of Syria, and particularly in Tripolis, where the inhabitants had found out its sweet qualities, and lived much on it. The Croisés themselves, during the scarcity of provisions at the siege of Marra and Arca, had eaten of it with enjoyment and gratitude. It is now chiefly grown in the East and West Indies; but it was known to the Jews before the Crusades, was used by the ancients as a medicine, and a small quantity was brought into Europe from Asia as early as A.D. 625. When the first Crusade terminated, the pilgrims introduced it again into the West, and the Italians tried to grow

it in Italy. They did not succeed well in cultivating it. In 1510 the Spanish ships carried it to America, where it is still, as we all know, largely grown. The Crusaders were astonished at the large quantities that they saw, and eagerly gathered its tall canes, which resemble reeds common to morasses, except that they are soft and spongy in substance, growing as high as five or six feet.

They marched down into the plain by Byblus and Maus to the ancient city of Tyre, a seaport twenty miles south of Sidon, and a place mentioned in the New Testament, when our Lord reproves the Jews for unbelief. The Moslem inhabitants of the cities they came to, supplied the Crusaders with provisions out of fear, only entreating them to spare their lovely country from destruction. No one resisted, or seemed even to contemplate resistance, such was the terror that their victories had inspired throughout the oriental world.

Their march was, however, not devoid of hardships; for, when resting at night, they were often bitten, and badly too, by venomous reptiles and snakes. The quarrels among the chiefs of the Crusades entirely ceased as they drew nearer to Jerusalem; and as a proof of the humility many practised, several consented to receive money from the Count of Toulouse, whom no one loved, in order to provide for their troops; for half of their

number were ruined by the expenses of so costly a war.

Following the coast, they reached Acre, which submitted to them ; but the treachery of its governor, an Egyptian Emir, was exposed by a singular accident. A pigeon fell at the Duke of Lorraine's feet as the pilgrim army were resting 'near the Lake of Cæsarea. Under its wing was a note from the Emir to the Governor of Cæsarea, begging him to do all that lay in his power to harass the Christian army as it marched through his province. The Latin princes thought it more prudent to take no notice of the deception practised by the Emir, but took advantage of the circumstance to point out to the army through the priests, that even the birds of heaven favoured their Crusade. 'God,' they said, 'has sent this very pigeon to put us on our guard.' The Croisés re-echoed back the speech with shouts of joy, their enthusiasm increasing with every fresh mark of such favours from heaven, or at what they considered were so.

Carrier-pigeons differ from others of their tribe in a broad mark of naked white skin round their eyes, and have been used as messengers for centuries. In these days of telegraphs and rapid posts, we can scarcely realize how valuable were those little birds. They are so attached to *home*, that, no matter to how great a distance they are taken, the moment


that they are set free (the letter being tied under their wings), they take flight in a direct line back to their native place! The ancients made great use of these little couriers, and they are still used in modern times; the most noted are the pigeons of Aleppo that fly between Alexandretta and Bagdad.

The pilgrims, now leaving the coast, proceeded inland. It would be too long a narrative to tell you in detail about all the cities that these warriors of the Christian faith visited and took. At Lidda, the scene of the martyrdom of their peculiar saint, St. George, they gave a tenth of all the booty that they had taken from the Moslems, and left behind a bishop for its church. Such was the superstition of those days, that the Croisés believed a heavenly legion often came to their aid when fighting the Saracens, commanded by St. George. The pilgrims then went on to Ramla, a place not named in Scripture. The Croisés found it totally deserted by all its inhabitants. Here the princes held a council of war. Strange to say, while within ten leagues of Jerusalem, a sudden fear of their ultimate success in storming the Holy City fell on them. This was owing to seeing the diminished force of their army. The vast numbers who had besieged Antioch and Nicæa were no longer in existence, and only a small body of Crusaders had, out of all that great army, reached Judæa. All the dangers and perils

of the enterprise seemed to strike their minds at the very moment of reaching the Promised Land.

Some of the chiefs proposed that Egypt should be conquered before Jerusalem was taken, to make the Christian dominion in the East more lasting ; but hope reviving once more in their hearts, it was finally resolved to proceed at once to the Holy City. Then, at last, the Crusaders felt that their long pilgrimage was about to end. And, in the meantime, the Saracens were not inactive in fortifying Jerusalem, for they had concentrated all their forces in the capital. The valleys and plains of Palestine were all deserted by their Moslem inhabitants, some flying to Jerusalem to seek a safe refuge for their families, others, sword in hand, sought to add to the number of the defenders of the capital.

The Christian population of Palestine were ill-treated by the Moslems from revenge on the religion that had prompted the western warriors to invade their country ; the Latin churches and oratories were pillaged and burnt down, and every effort was made for the defence of the Holy City, its walls resounding with the tumult of war. The districts through which the Croisés passed, and that were immediately around Zion, presented a picture of desolation ; for the villages were deserted in every direction, and the produce of the fields destroyed, in order that



the Crusaders might find it difficult to procure food for their army.

Jerusalem had but lately passed from Turkish to Egyptian rule. The Emir was determined to defend his new possessions to the utmost, and he had ordered the forts and walls to be instantly repaired, as soon as the tidings that the Christian army had left Antioch reached him. He saw the necessity of conciliating the citizens of the city. As one means of doing so, he reduced the taxes, and out of his own treasures paid those who assisted his troops in fortifying the town. Consequently all the inhabitants from neighbouring cities repaired to his aid.


The population of Jerusalem was composed of Jews (the most despised portion), Moslems, and Christians. The Jews belonged to three sects—Essenes, who believed, and Sadducees, who disbelieved, in the immortality of the soul; and Samaritans, who thought no part of the Bible holy except the books of Moses. The Moslems were principally Mohammedans. Mohammed was a successful impostor, who lived in the seventh century. He asserted that the Koran, which is a rhapsody of three thousand verses, was directly revealed to him by the angel Gabriel during a period of twenty-three years.

The Koran admitted the divine mission of our Lord, but exacted obedience to Mohammed as a

prophet. Its one aim was to unite an idolatrous belief to that of the Jews and Christians. Mohammed declared himself to be immortal, but died of poison, A.D. 631.

But the Moslems in Jerusalem were from all nations ; for there were Turks, Arabs, and Saracens. The Arabs were but indifferent Moslems ; what they chiefly *believed in* was plundering—an art still common to their race. They respected the property of neither Turk, Saracen, Jew, nor Gentile. Lastly, there were Christians, differing in creeds, but all believing in the Saviour, whose holy tomb was desecrated by the Moslem rule in Jerusalem.

Some merchants of Melphis, trading to the Levant, had obtained leave from the Caliph of Egypt, in the year 1048, to build a house for pilgrims visiting the Holy City. Attached to this refuge was a monastery dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whose abbot and monks made it their especial duty to entertain pilgrims. As the number increased, a new 'hospital' or refuge was built, supported by the alms of Christians visiting the Holy City, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist. A Provençal named Gerhard was at this time the head of the refuge, and the Moslem citizens, fearing that he would turn against their cause, ill-treated him cruelly. They not only put him in prison and in chains, but they tortured him till he almost lost the use of his limbs.



The Moslems, mistrusting the Christians, contemplated putting them all to death, and pulling down their churches and monasteries ; and they even thought of destroying the Holy Sepulchre itself, in hopes that the Croisés would then give up the scheme of besieging Jerusalem when no traces of their Saviour's grave were left ; but they feared to irritate their invaders, so contented themselves with taking all the possessions of the poor Christians.

After resting at Ramla, the princes left a small body of men to guard it, and marched on to Nicopolis. There the army rested, and found plenty of good water and provisions ; but in the middle of the night a small band of Christians from Bethlehem came to beseech the Crusaders' aid, for they feared that the numerous bodies of Saracens, on their road to Jerusalem from other places, would stop and destroy their church, which was new and handsome. Bethlehem is six miles south of Jerusalem, and dear to all Christians as our Saviour's birthplace.

The Duke received the deputation with pious tenderness, and sent a hundred knights under the brave Tancred to defend that city. He set off at once, and was received by all the community with great rejoicing. Planting the banner of the Cross on its church, amid songs and hymns chanted by its clergy, Tancred and his companions visited the scene of our Saviour's birth before returning to the

army. In the meantime, those whom they had left behind never closed their eyes ; and long and weary seemed the night to pilgrims who had journeyed so far, and were longing for the dawn to gaze on that Holy City, now within so short a distance of their camp.

The stars were watched, to see if any meteors of an extraordinary nature were visible, when suddenly the whole camp was overshadowed by the densest darkness. The excited pilgrims were cast down with fear till the clouds rolled away, revealing the moon and stars shining in all their brightness ; and the priestly astronomers who were in the army reassured them. 'An eclipse of the sun,' said they, 'would have been fatal to the Christians ; but that of the moon, alone portended destruction to their enemies.' It needed no false assertions to excite the enthusiasm now at its height among the pilgrims.

In the middle of the night a small number of Crusaders, disobeying the orders of their generals, which were that no one should leave the camp, set off in a body towards the Holy City. One of the knights was named Gaston de Beziers, a very brave soldier. He and thirty of his companions got separated from their companions, and at daybreak found themselves close to Jerusalem, and near some cattle grazing on the pasture outside the walls. Taking

the cattle by main force from the terrified herdsmen watching them, the Croisés were carrying off their booty, when some of the soldiers on guard pursued them. Gaston imagined that the Saracens were more formidable in numbers than they really were, so he abandoned the cattle, and turned aside up a valley leading from Bethlehem, where, to his great joy, he met Tancred hurrying back to the camp.

When that brave knight heard what had happened, and that Gaston had deserted his booty, he retraced his way, and, in company with the other Croisés, pursued the party of Saracens, and after a sharp attack succeeded in recovering the cattle and dispersing and killing the Moslems.

As the knights, driving the cattle before them, reached the camp, they were met by numbers of the rest of the army, eagerly asking them where they had got the cattle. 'From the land around Jerusalem,' replied Gaston.

At that name, and on hearing that some of their companions had really seen the walls of that city, for which they had suffered so much, the Croisés could not contain their joy and emotion, and many, shedding tears, threw themselves down on their knees, crying, 'Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Dieu le veut!' and praising God who had allowed them to reach the object of their Crusade.

Tancred had gone farther than his companions,

for he longed to gaze from the Mount of Olives on the town itself. At sunset, the day before, he had crossed the valley of Jehoshaphat, and with all a pilgrim's devotion had gazed down on the city. He was so absorbed in thought that he scarcely saw, till they were close to him, five Saracens, who, seeing him all alone, hastened to attack him. Tancred was too brave to shun any combat, however unequal, and three out of the five Moslems fell mortally wounded, the other two flying back towards the walls. He was just thinking of returning when he was accosted by a hermit, who approached him, and offered to point out to him the objects of pious interest that were to be seen from the sacred mount.

When they were separating, the hermit begged to know the knight's name. 'I am called Tancred, and I am a Norman,' replied the Croisé; 'and I am descended from Robert Guiscard.'


'I cease, then,' replied the hermit, 'to wonder at the bravery with which you attacked the Saracens, for I once trembled before that name in Greece.'

The hermit had fought against Tancred's race. Next morning at last the order was given, and the Croisés, so overjoyed that order was impossible, marched onwards to Jerusalem. Then noble knights dismounted and walked forwards barefooted, determined to go as the humblest pilgrim to the Holy City; many knelt down in the dust, and,

with the deepest devotion, kissed that soil once honoured by the tread of the world's Saviour.

Though they were near a deadly foe, the pilgrims seemed to forget that a great earthly struggle lay before them, and that their Saviour's tomb could only be won by the sword. They now wept over the sins that had been the cause of his death, and shouted with joy till Mount Zion and the Mount of Olives re-echoed back their cries. Touching the red cross that was attached to every Croisé's armour, the pilgrims again solemnly swore to rescue their Saviour's tomb from the hated Moslem.

At the time of the Crusades, Jerusalem, which lies upon four hills, presented a desolate appearance. Its site was by nature very strong ; but its walls and towers had been destroyed and only imperfectly restored. The Saracens, who had attempted to repair them, had only partially succeeded. Had Jerusalem then been as inaccessible as it once was, the Croisés would never have gained it with their small force, which was scarcely large enough to surround the city, its circumference being about two English miles and a half. The four hills were Moriah, where Solomon's Temple had been replaced by a mosque, Acra, Bezetha, and Calvary. Mount Zion forms the south-west portion of the town, which is surrounded by hills on all sides except to the north. The city had then three gates, those of St. Stephen, David,



and Mount Olivet ; but it hardly needed artificial defences, for nature had amply fortified it.

On the site of Solomon's Temple was a mosque, built by Omar, from whose minarets the Moslems were summoned to prayer. Every step the Crusaders took recalled to their ardent minds some passage of Holy Scripture ; yet they wept to see how low Jerusalem had sunk. They looked in vain for its pleasant gardens and shady groves of olive trees ; the country around the Holy City was parched, uncultivated, and sterile ; and it was only here and there that the Latins saw any traces of the cypress and aloe trees that they had pictured as belonging to Palestine. The Saracens had devastated the land, and it was like a city of mourning.

The Crusaders laid aside all their gay armour and knightly pride, that they might approach Jerusalem with the scrip and wallet of pilgrims. Silently they looked at each other ; and not a Croisé's heart but beat with longing to deliver from a bondage so terrible the scenes and city in which their Saviour had lived and moved while on earth ! Again and again they renewed their Crusader vows !

Several Christian fugitives, who had been persecuted by the Moslems, met them as they drew nearer Jerusalem, and urged them to lose no time in assaulting the city. The pilgrims, who had no means of

carrying on a siege, were yet so blinded to their true position, that believing their boldness and swords were, in so righteous a cause, all that was needed to repulse the Saracens and gain the place, they implored their leaders not to delay ; and their princes, having seen such wonders of valour performed at Antioch by their soldiers, fondly imagined miracles would be worked in their favour, and did not hesitate to grant the petition, giving the signal to advance.

Their assault was to be directed against the northern and western sides ; Godfrey de Bouillon erecting his standard on Mount Calvary ; Tancred, with the two Roberts, encamping close by ; Count Raymond pitching his tent on Mount Zion.

The Egyptian garrison was forty thousand strong, and the inhabitants twenty thousand ; yet against such a force the Crusaders madly imagined that they could take the city without ladders to scale its walls, or batteries to destroy them.

Jerusalem's stony soil is almost without water. The city was supplied by cisterns and aqueducts ; but, on the approach of the Franks, the Moslem governor ordered all the springs that conducted water outside the walls to be poisoned, so that the besiegers soon began to suffer fearfully from thirst.

The fifth day after their arrival before the walls, the Crusaders made an assault on the city. The month was July 1099. The pilgrims actually carried

the outer wall, after an obstinate resistance on the part of the besieged, who threw down boiling oil, great stones, and weights upon the heads of the invaders ; but their bravery could not carry the inner wall. They had only one ladder. It was planted against the ramparts,—a hundred brave knights, Tanned among them, striving for the honour of mounting it ; but his life was too valuable to be risked. He was torn off the ladder, and to calm his impetuosity, his sword was even taken from him. A few of the Crusaders reached the top of the wall ; but the besieged rallying from the first assault, repulsed and killed most of their party, and the leaders were then forced to sound the retreat to their camp.

The besiegers returned terribly disheartened. They had expected supernatural assistance, and this repulse taught them that they must construct batteries and ladders. Detachments of pilgrims were sent to find wood, which was difficult in a country so destitute of trees. However, it was quite impossible to construct batteries without timber. Some large beams were fortunately found in a cave near Sichem. Neither houses nor churches were spared that would supply materials for batteries ; though the Saracens having completely devastated the country, but few dwellings had been left standing.

The heat was intense, for the pilgrims reached

Palestine in the height of the summer. The Latins, beneath a burning sun, and encamped in the midst of sand and dust, had now added to their other troubles that of want of water ; for the cisterns and aqueducts were dry as well as poisoned, the springs were dried up, and the Pool of Siloam was insufficient for the use of all the Crusaders.

The unhappy pilgrims did all that was possible to allay their terrible thirst ; they would dig holes in the ground and lie naked in them, nay, even lick up blood ; but hundreds perished from so great a scourge. The result was, that even in the sight of Jerusalem some turned back and escaped to Joppa, first trying to kiss the sacred walls before they turned away from their foe for ever, being often killed by the Moslems while making the attempt.

Most of the horses and mules died, and their dead bodies encumbered the ground in every direction ; even the war-steeds lost their spirit, and no longer neighed at the sound of their masters' voices, but languished and died for want of a little water or rain, for which all pined and languished. 'Oh, for one drop of water !' would sigh many a stalwart warrior who had braved all the cold and winter of Antioch's campaign.

Still the heroic spirit never deserted the mass of the pilgrims. Had the Saracens attacked them at this time, they might perhaps have totally extermi-

nated the little band. Their enthusiasm remained as fresh as ever. Some few fled ; but the majority never knew what it was to *regret* having chosen the Cross for their standard, and the Holy Land for their Crusade.

All sought to die rather than surrender ; often grey-haired knights, emaciated and worn, would sob out passionate entreaties to God to let them die as long as 'Jerusalem had their last gaze,' or 'that their bones might repose in the holy soil where lay their blessed Saviour.'

Their enemies wondered at the heroism that knew despair but never *fear* ; but the besieged, still believing these 'heroes of the Cross' to be invincible, abstained from attacking them. The Crusaders were thus saved ; for had the Moslems at that time fought them, most certainly not one pilgrim could have escaped, so enfeebled were they from suffering. But in a moment the scene changed ; help came from an unexpected quarter. A Genoese fleet, not only laden with all kinds of wine and provisions, but carrying carpenters and workmen skilled in constructing batteries, had arrived in Joppa.

The pilgrims revived at such good news ; and, after some little deliberation, the Duke of Lorraine and the other chiefs decided to send three hundred Croisés to escort the Genoese men to Jerusalem. Although the Saracens three times attacked their

escort, and burnt the little fleet, the new arrivals saved most of their cargo and reached Jerusalem safely. The pilgrims attributed their coming to a miracle ; and the Latins separated into small parties to get wood to make batteries. Tancred himself led one party, who found a wood of oak trees, that they hewed down, and gave them timber enough to begin with. Their camels drew it to the camp. Then every pilgrim set to the task of constructing the covered galleries and towers used in those times for purposes of attack. From Godfrey himself to the meanest pilgrim, all worked ; for was it not to gain Jerusalem, that dear and holy place, that all aspired to win ? The work progressed day by day, while meantime the clergy exhorted the soldiers to harmony and penitence, for anxiety and misery had soured their minds, and angry quarrels had been frequent, even among their leaders. Persuaded that God would reward all who delivered their Saviour's tomb, the pilgrims listened with patience, differences were made up, enemies were reconciled, and a solemn procession to the Mount of Olives decided on. When the pilgrims, with bare feet and uncovered heads, led by their priests, chanting hymns, reached the summit of that sacred hill from which our Lord looked on Jerusalem and wept, the Duke of Burgundy's chaplain, Arnulf, again addressed them. As he ceased speaking, after bidding

them love each other as brethren, the whole army knelt down and embraced, and gave themselves up to transports of ardent devotion. Their Moslem enemies could not at first imagine what was meant by the solemn procession that they viewed from the city walls; but seeing that the Croisés carried crosses in their hands and on their arms, they fetched large crucifixes taken from the Christians of the city, and holding them up, derided and mocked that holy emblem, in order to insult the pilgrims to the utmost of their power.

Suddenly a thin spare figure advanced to the foremost ranks of the heroic pilgrim band. His bare sandalled feet and long monk's dress proclaimed that he belonged to the priesthood. His clear voice rang through the air, and his dark earnest eyes lighted up, and he pointed to the Holy City.

Well might he, of all the clergy, speak on that solemn occasion; it was Peter the Hermit, whose earnestness and enthusiasm had aroused the feelings that brought about the first Crusade. 'Listen!' cried the Hermit; 'hear you not the Infidels blaspheming? Swear again to defend the faith of Christ!' The Hermit then, in an eloquent address, painted the present state of Jerusalem, and what he hoped it would be if the Crusaders possessed it.

Amid sobs from men excited by scenes that spoke to them so vividly of that Saviour whose

tomb they were bent on delivering, he wound up by saying, 'Those mosques, desecrated now by the worship of idolaters, shall ere long ring with the praises of our God!'

The Croisés, deeply touched after listening to such words, returned to their camp. It was evening; and as they marched back, they reverently gazed from that sacred mountain on David's tomb, passing, on their road, the Pool of Siloam, and other places dear to all Christian hearts; but their enemies never ceased to aim their darts at the little procession, and not a few of the pilgrims fell dead in the midst of the cavalcade, mortally wounded by the Saracens' poisoned arrows.

Amid showers of arrows and stones the work of the besiegers still went on, and at the end of three days, on the 14th of July 1099, the heralds announced, and the shrill blast of trumpets resounding through the Latin camp proclaimed, that by dint of energy, perseverance, and patience, their batteries were ready for the siege.

The enthusiasm of the army was unbounded; and the Duke of Lorraine finding it necessary to change the position of his camp, his soldiers transported all the machinery of war in a single night. Tancred remained to the north-west of the town, near the Bethlehem gate, and the other princes occupied stations partly surrounding the town.

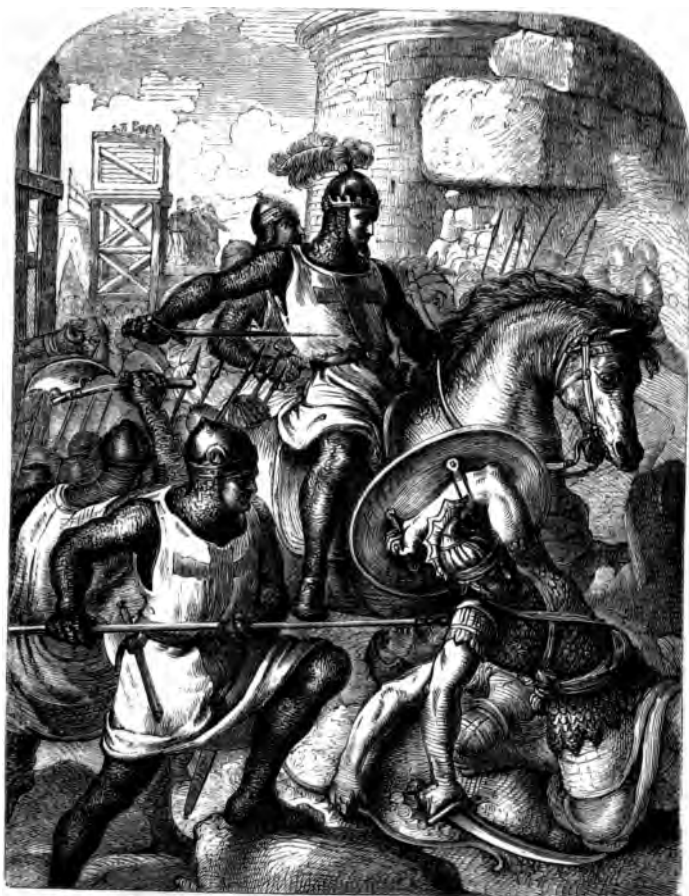
Under an eastern sun, the Croisés fought like lions. All their batteries and towers were put in motion together, and heroes, risking death rather than defeat, planted ladders on the walls, though only protected by their shields and armour; while Godfrey, from whose tower shone a small gold cross, stood on its highest point, sending arrows among his enemies; and his brave example was followed by his soldiers and the princes.

In spite of such determined valour, night came, and yet the siege had made no progress. The Saracens had sallied out, and burning some of the machines, had carried disorder into the camp. After a battle lasting twelve hours, the pilgrims, disheartened, and believing that God did not yet deem them worthy to possess the Holy City, retreated to their camp. The weary pilgrims spent the whole of the night in expectation of an attack from their enemies; but morning came and found the Saracens still shut up in Jerusalem, occupied in repairing their walls; and again the Croisés advanced to the assault. Then ensued all the horrors of war. Godfrey, animating his men, exposed himself fearlessly to arrows that seemed to dart in clouds on his devoted troops; and although the Saracens defended the walls with bravery that equalled that of the pilgrims, a breach was made, and Jerusalem gained at last; the Infidels flying in every direction, followed by the

Crusaders, who filled the Holy City with cries of 'Jerusalem!' and 'Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!'

The Emir of Jerusalem took refuge in the fortress of David; but victory did not make the Croisés merciful, and they seemed determined not to leave a single living Moslem in the Holy City, so universal was the carnage. The priests even joined in the slaughter. One of the incidents of the siege was said to be the presence of an armed warrior, who appeared on the Mount of Olives, waving his shield to encourage the Croisés to enter Jerusalem, just as they had faltered for a time. It was asserted that the knight was St. George. Another fiction alleged that those Crusaders who had died in the earlier part of the war reappeared alive, with the Bishop of Puy at their head, animating the Count of Toulouse and his troops, who experienced a great deal of resistance as they tried to enter the city, when the Moslem shrieks and the cries of the Crusaders told them that at last Jerusalem was delivered, and the banners of the Cross were planted by Godfrey de Bouillon on the towers of Jerusalem.

It was three o'clock on a Friday that Jerusalem passed into the Crusaders' victorious hands, and the priests exhorted them to recollect that it was the very day of the week and hour that our Saviour had been crucified; but the remembrance of that



Capture of Jerusalem.—Page 164.

solemn scene did not stop the horrible slaughter that took place. In vain the Moslems took refuge in their mosques; the Crusaders, sword in hand, pursued and slew them all. No quarter was given, and even the mild Godfrey de Bouillon and Tancred permitted and encouraged such carnage.

Then came a moment of calm. The chiefs, without laying down their arms, hastily met in council, and measures were taken to keep the city, in case any attempt without the walls were made by the Egyptian army to retake it. Guards were placed on each tower and at the gates; then, with bare feet and heads, the whole of the pilgrims went and worshipped at the Holy Sepulchre. The Christian population of Jerusalem had taken refuge in their church, and were singing psalms and hymns when the city was taken. When Peter the Hermit met them, with the Crusaders who accompanied him, the Christians recognised in him that simple hermit who had promised to deliver them. They ran to him, kissed his hands and feet, calling him their deliverer, telling him all that they had suffered since he left them. Carrying aloft in the air images of saints, and that holy cross that had been so much despised by the Infidels, the native Christians led the Crusaders into the church, and pointed out to them how desecrated had been the holy scenes of Christ's life.

Soon the whole army were on their knees, praying and crying with joy at having been permitted to reach Jerusalem. Cries of joyful thankfulness succeeded the shrill sounds of war and the shrieks of dying Moslems, while the pilgrims gave themselves up to pious works and offices. When these were ended, the town was cleansed, and the various princes were lodged by their servants in houses that had been occupied by the richer Saracen residents. The citizens were forced to assist at the work of clearing away the dead bodies, and the poorer pilgrims were paid to help in the task. Water, that had once been so terribly needed, was plentiful, as well as provisions of all kinds, and the plunder was immense.

It was agreed that the booty should belong to those who first took it ; and Tancred was fortunate enough to be able to appropriate the rich contents of Omar's mosque, though later he was forced to give a tenth to the Latin clergy, and half to Godfrey de Bouillon. The small band of Moslems who had taken refuge in David's fortress were spared by the Count of Toulouse with difficulty—the only instance of mercy shown during that week's bloodshed.

Ten days later, the Croisés, who had had up to this period no commander-in-chief, met to elect a king. The Count of Flanders, in solemn language, enjoined them to choose one ' most able to keep and

extend the honour of the Croisés' arms, and the cause of Jesus Christ.'

Then the other chiefs praised the Count's speech, and agreed in all that he had said, and would have offered him the throne, but he refused it; all that he aspired to, he said, was to return to Europe, having delivered Jerusalem, and merited the name of a 'faithful son of St. George.'

The choice then lay between Godfrey, Raymond, Robert of Normandy, and Tancred; but the last-named knight considered the title of a simple Crusader honour enough, and refused that his name should even be mentioned as king. Robert was too indolent to accept the throne of Jerusalem, while all dreaded the ambition of the Count of Toulouse.

The clergy demanded that a spiritual head should be chosen for the Holy City before an earthly king were named. Solemn fasts and prayers were enjoined, so that the deliberations of the council might fall on the most worthy; and at last, after the most scrupulous inquiry into the characters of each candidate, Godfrey was elected. He was said by his attendants to have no faults, beyond an ardent piety, and too great a desire to attend to his religious duties, so that 'the dishes they prepared often got cold when they were waiting for him,' as he would linger long over contemplating the

images and pictures when attending to his prayers in churches.

The choice of Godfrey as king gave universal satisfaction to the whole army of pilgrims. His good and pious character had endeared him to all ; for in those days, as in our own, real goodness is ever appreciated, and the unselfish and self-sacrificing are recognised with respect even by the opposite in character. His humility was great, and he preferred being called 'Defender or Baron of the Holy Sepulchre' to assuming the title of King of Jerusalem ; nor would he wear a golden crown in a city where Christ had worn one of thorns. The Croisés led him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and there, amid great pomp and state, he vowed to be true to the laws of honour and justice.

The Latin clergy now turned their thoughts to the spiritual affairs of the Holy City ; but unfortunately for the Christians of Jerusalem, the head chosen for the church was not so good a one as that for the state. The Duke of Normandy's chaplain, Arnulf—a very grasping, ambitious man—was made patriarch, in place of the Greek priest Simeon, who fortunately died at that time, which enabled the Roman priest to take his place with decency.

Arnulf's first act was to bid Tancred restore to the clergy the immense booty and plunder taken

from Omar's mosque. Tancred positively refused to do so, and Arnulf summoned him to give a reason for such conduct before the assembled princes. Arnulf concluded a long speech, in which he referred to all that he had done at the several sieges, by reproaching Tancred.

Then that gallant knight stood up and answered him. 'Princes,' said he, 'you well know I am more learned in the use of my sword or my lance, than ready in my speech, and I disdain to argue with an adversary, whose weapon is his tongue, which is his venomous sting. I am accused of robbing the church. Have I kept the treasure for myself? Have I not given it away to the poor? You all decided, before Jerusalem was taken, that the spoil should be his who first found it. Did Arnulf fight as I did, for glory? What right has he to the prize of victory?'

Tancred was, however, ordered by the council to give seven hundred marks of silver to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, for Godfrey's first act had been to restore its altars, and to appoint twenty priests to do service in the holy edifice.

Far and near came pilgrims to worship there; free at last were they to kneel unmolested at their Saviour's tomb, for the fame of the conquest of the Holy City by the Crusaders had spread throughout Syria and the East.

Great had been the dismay among the Egyptians ; but they rose up again, and the Turks, who had been at variance with the Caliph, as a last recourse allied themselves to him, and hastened to join a large army of Moslems, who were marching towards Ascalon.

One evening a messenger hurried into the Holy City, bearing news sent by Tancred and the Count of Flanders, to Godfrey de Bouillon, which was that the Infidels would be at Jerusalem in a few days. The Duke of Lorraine had sent those knights to take possession of some adjoining countries.

Godfrey ordered the heralds to blow their trumpets, and to proclaim to all the Croisés that he wished them to assemble the following day at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and to offer up prayers for success, before going out to meet their foes. The next morning, Godfrey led his whole army, after they had all heard mass, to meet the Saracens. The priests went before them, carrying the wood of the true cross, which, to their great delight, the pilgrims had found in the Holy City ; while Peter the Hermit remained behind, consoling the women and children, and the aged and infirm among the Crusaders, and leading processions to all the holy places, that by their prayers they might aid, if they could not join in actual resistance to the Infidels.

Two eminent Crusaders refused to obey Godfrey's commands, and to follow him. One was the indolent Duke of Normandy, who said that he had fulfilled his vow by taking Jerusalem, and the other was Raymond, who did not believe that the Moslems were advancing; but both at length joined, when they found that all their companions in arms expected it from them.

The Christian army met the Infidels in a valley called Sorek. A mountain torrent poured down the hill side from the neighbouring heights, and near this part of the valley the Infidels artfully left a great many asses, buffaloes, mules, and camels, which were a temptation to the Christian soldiers. Godfrey, however, ordered them on no account to stop to plunder, as he suspected that it might be a trap laid by the Infidels. The prisoners taken by the Croisés told them that the Infidel army were encamped in the plain of Ascalon. The Christians, who no longer feared their foes, passed the whole night under arms.

Next morning, still headed by Arnulf carrying the true cross, the western warriors set off to meet their enemies. They marched along so joyously that the Emir of Ramla, who was an ally of the pilgrims, and accompanied the forces, expressed his surprise to Godfrey, 'They trust in the Saviour who died on that cross,' replied the Duke. 'Then I, too, will belong to that religion,' replied the Emir.

On streamed the pilgrim army. The harvest was ripe for the sickle, as they marched through a land of olive, fig, sycamore, and palm trees, till they reached the plain of Ascalon, which is surrounded by low hills. The cattle taken by the pilgrims as they marched along, increased the clouds of sand that blew from the north-west and southern sides of the plain, which lay nearest to the coast ; and with war-cries from the Croisés, the two armies met, and without loss of time began the deadly encounter.

The Duke rode to the gates of the town of Ascalon, with a hundred knights in his train. This movement was to prevent a sally of the enemy from the city. Raymond and his Provençal warriors, Tancred, and the two Roberts, regardless of the shrill din of the Saracen kettledrums, or of the javelins which were levelled at their soldiers, rushed into their ranks. In spite of great bravery on the part of the Infidels, once more victory belonged to the army of the Cross, and the Moslems were slain and dispersed, those who fled to the sea being taken, or put to death. The Egyptian general, in despair, cursed Jerusalem, as the cause of so much shame and defeat, while gazing from the ramparts of Ascalon on the destruction of his army. He quitted the town by means of the ships in the harbour, which soon set sail. The story of this last battle is almost the same as every preceding one. There was the same carnage,

and the same plunder for the victorious Crusaders. They found plenty of water and provisions in the Moslem camp, while the Infidels were completely routed, in a battle which was the last of the first Crusade.

Once more quarrels arose among the Crusaders. Raymond had sent a knight to demand the surrender of the town of Ascalon, and planting his standard on the walls, claimed it as his by right of conquest, Godfrey asserting that it ought to belong to his kingdom. Raymond was so angry that he deserted Godfrey, who was compelled to retreat, for most of the Croisés preferred to march after Raymond's banners.

The Count not only spread rumours that the town of Arsouf—a place on the coast he had besieged on his road back, but could not take—had nothing to fear from Godfrey and his Croisés, but he did all he could to wean the affections of the army from their new king. Incensed at such black treachery, Godfrey determined to have recourse to violence to revenge himself; but the two Roberts and Tancred threw themselves between the rivals as they were ready to meet in hostility. After long debates, peace was restored, and a reconciliation took place before the whole army.

‘Forget,’ cried Godfrey to his soldiers, ‘the dissensions between Count Raymond and myself, for

we are all brothers, and have delivered our Saviour's tomb, and must now unite to defend the kingdom of Jerusalem.'

After another victorious entry into the Holy City, their vow being accomplished, the greater number of the princes determined to return to Europe. Already they pictured those distant homes that they had quitted, and where they had in many instances been looked upon as dead, for long had they been parted from families and friends.

Carrying palms in their hands, and leaving the Duke of Lorraine to defend his new kingdom with only the aid of Tancred's trusty sword and three hundred knights by his side, they took leave of the Holy Land. Their hearts were heavy as, after kissing the holy walls and carrying away relics of Jerusalem in their hands, they turned with tears in their eyes to bid the little band that they were leaving, farewell; all knew it must be eternal, as far as this world was concerned.

'Forget us not,' cried Godfrey and his companions in arms. 'Do not forget those you leave behind you exiled for ever from their native land! Send us warriors from Europe to aid us to keep the Holy City that we have gained by our arms; and tell pilgrims to resort fearlessly to worship at Jerusalem!'

Raymond having vowed never to leave the East, retired to Constantinople, where Alexius gave him

the principality of Laodicea to govern. Peter the Hermit, his mission ended, retired to a monastery in Europe, and died there, regretted as a saint after he had lived sixteen more years in the odour of sanctity. The Holy City had been delivered ; and with the departure of these warriors for Europe ends the story of the First Crusade.





CHAPTER V.

THE NEW KINGDOM AND ITS KINGS.

GODFREY DE BOUILLON found himself king over a kingdom needing constant vigilance to defend it, yet only able to keep three hundred knights and two thousand foot soldiers by his side out of all the Crusaders' army. His little principality consisted of the Holy City, and about twenty towns in the neighbouring provinces, separated from Jerusalem by places still held by the Moslems ; yet such was his fame, and so dreaded was the Christian name in Palestine, that we shall hear how his friendship was sought by even powerful Emirs.

Palestine now became the common name by which Godfrey's kingdom was called, having been originally so named by the eastern Jews. In Godfrey's time it was so barren a land, and had been so ruined by war and revolution, that the new king's dominions, which were bounded on the south by the

desert between Egypt and Judæa, by Arabia to the east, the Mediterranean to the west, and Libanus to the north, seemed more like a country cursed by Heaven than a kingdom to fight for ; but barren and uncultivated, wild and desolate as it was, Godfrey and his gallant companions determined to hold it against the Moslems, even were death to be their portion for doing so.

The Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians all made war upon Godfrey ; and as Godfrey's great object was to keep near him his little remnant of followers, and to encourage other Christians to resort to his camp and capital, he promised all Franks full possession of any houses or lands, taken and held for *a whole year and a day* ; so that, before long, the standard of a Croisés knight might be seen floating near that of a Saracen neighbour ; and you can fancy that, in order to keep houses so acquired, knights had not a very easy time of it. The Duke of Lorraine sent Tancred into Galilee, in order to fortify the frontier lands ; he succeeded in reducing that province, which as a reward was given him, and made into a separate principality.

One of the cities of the new kingdom refused to submit to Godfrey. This was a small town on the coast named Arsur. Its Emir had promised to pay tribute, but had rebelled against Godfrey, although the Duke had sent a hostage in return for others

from the Saracens, as a sign of good faith. The Egyptian hostages escaped ; so Godfrey determined to besiege the town, and marched to it from Jerusalem at the head of a thousand men.

The huge machines used in those days were already erected opposite the ramparts of Arsur, and Godfrey and his knights were preparing to send their arrows and stones into the town, when to their horror they saw a tall figure in a knight's armour and garb, with the Croisés red cross attached to his breast, hanging from a large beam of wood, and so placed that the darts of the assailants *must* pierce his heart. It was their unhappy hostage, Gerard d'Avesnes. The Moslem Emir thought that his companions in arms would not attack a city that took such a novel mode of defence.

Godfrey's heart was torn by the sight of the knight he loved so well, and who was quite near enough the Latins to make himself heard ; for he implored Godfrey to save him from what seemed inevitable death.

The Duke hesitated only one moment ; but his firmness did not desert him.

'I cannot save you, Gerard d'Avesnes,' he replied, with deep sorrow ; 'but resign yourself to your fate, and merit, by your resignation, a martyr's crown ! Were it my own brother Eustace in your place, I could not save him ! Die as a true knight and

Christian hero! Die for your brethren and for Christ; better one should perish than that whole bodies of pilgrims journeying this road should be put to death, if these accursed Saracens keep the town.'

His words were so firm that Gerard's courage returned.

'Let me die, then!' he cried; he only implored his companions below to offer his war-horse and arms at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, and to say masses for his soul.

The signal was then given, and the siege began; but the Croisés had to mourn over Gerard's fate without gaining the town. It held out, and Godfrey returned to Jerusalem dispirited at defeat and the loss of many men.

At the end of a week, however, a stately knight, clad in rich armour, and riding a lovely palfrey, presented himself in Jerusalem. It was Gerard d'Avesnes in the body, although the Croisés believed that their arrows had killed him. His heroic courage and resignation had touched even the Infidel defenders of Arsur. They had saved him at the eleventh hour, and sent him to Ascalon. The Emir of that city sent him to Godfrey, who threw himself on Gerard's neck with great rejoicing, and gave him lands in Palestine to reward his constancy.

During that same siege another incident occurred

that illustrates Godfrey de Bouillon's character, so true and yet so humble-minded, like all brave men. The Emirs of some villages in the mountains wished to be friends with the new king. They rode down with a flag of truce, and a long train of oriental attendants, and expected to find the Duke surrounded by a brilliant court, richly clad, and sitting on his throne. They brought presents of dried fruits, and found him, to their great surprise, humbly dressed, sitting on a straw sack that served him for bed at night as well as a seat by day. The Emirs expressed their surprise at finding so great a prince thus alone : he whose conquests had startled the East, sitting on the ground, and without even a simple cushion or carpet for his feet !

‘ The earth whence we came,’ replied Godfrey, ‘ and the dust to which we all of us must return, ought it not to be a good enough seat for us in this world ? ’

The Orientals left him, astonished that so wise a prince was also so humble ; and, amazed with all they saw, departed, believing that Godfrey was befriended by supernatural powers, and craved his friendship the more from that belief. The Saracens were thoroughly disheartened or repulsed ; otherwise, had they all united at this period, they might easily have crushed the infant kingdom ; for soon provisions began to fail Godfrey's little army, the land around the Holy City being wholly uncultivated. Unless

the Crusaders had had recourse to plunder, they must have starved.

A long train of pilgrims were, in the meantime, journeying to Jerusalem, numbering as many as 25,000, headed by Bohemond and Baldwin. This new party consisted of knights and soldiers who had been left behind to guard conquered lands. The two princes were anxious to repair to the Holy Sepulchre, for they had taken no part in the conquest of Jerusalem, and their train was swelled by immense crowds of pilgrims from Italy and all parts of Europe. The princes had met on the road ; and though their sufferings had been great, owing to the intense cold, all was joyfully forgotten as Godfrey met them outside the walls of Jerusalem, 'right glad to see his brother Baldwin.' When the princes had visited all the holy places, they returned to their different dominions, after first appointing a patriarch in Arnulf's place. Their choice fell on an Italian, Daimbert Archbishop of Pisa, who had come in the two princes' trains. This priest was no sooner appointed, than he declared that the new king ought to share his honours with the Church. He claimed Joppa, and that part of Jerusalem called the quarter of the Holy Sepulchre. Godfrey was so devoted a son to the Church that he actually gave in to so greedy a demand, besides bequeathing to the Church the whole sovereignty, in case he died without heirs.

Godfrey's power was but limited ; for his new subjects, who were of mixed races from all parts of the world, were principally pilgrims and foreigners. After they had visited Jerusalem, they returned after a certain time to their own countries. Those who had acquired lands at Godfrey's hands would scarcely recognise his authority, maintaining that Jerusalem had been won by their swords ; and the priests kept them up to such disobedience, they on their side claiming all the merit as having been due *to their prayers*. Yet Godfrey's fame as a renowned warrior was very great. He was so expert with his sword, that tradition declares he could cut off, with one thrust of that trusty friend (which was preserved in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre after his death), the head of a large camel.

An Emir had heard of such wonderful prowess, and wanted to see for himself a warrior able to fight beasts as well as Infidels. Godfrey gratified the Emir's curiosity by cutting off a camel's head before him ; and as the Saracen seemed to believe that there must be some kind of enchantment in *the sword itself*, Godfrey craved the loan of the Oriental's weapon, with which he chopped off another head. I do not pretend to say whether the anecdote be true. As it was absolutely necessary to make laws for regulating so disorderly a kingdom, the wise Godfrey

took advantage of the visit of Prince Bohemond and Baldwin to summon a council of learned Franks together, who were charged to frame a code. These new laws, which were called 'The Assize of Jerusalem,' were drawn up and deposited in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They were said to be framed in the most perfect manner, and were founded on the manners and customs of Latin nations, modified to suit the oriental countries in which they were to be exercised. It is not difficult to imagine that, in the fourteenth century, the feudal system regulated Godfrey's laws.

Godfrey de Bouillon found himself, after the princes' departure, master of the Holy Land, but almost alone in a city in ruins, and with subjects so extremely poor that they had no energy left to cultivate the land around the capital; yet such was the Duke's wisdom, which has been compared to that of Solomon, that the Latins who still remained behind, blessed his reign, and even forgot their native country, so happy were they under his rule. Tancred, who often required his aid when at war with the Emirs of Galilee, assisted Godfrey to conquer territories beyond Libanus. As their warlike incursions always resulted in getting booty from their captives in the shape of camels and horses, such exploits were absolutely necessary, as the Latins lived on their plunder. The king was so

poor, he had often not enough money to pay his faithful soldiers. The Infidels, however, feared his power, and dreaded the Latin name ; so that though Ascalon, Cæsarea, and Ptolemais were all better fortified than Jerusalem, their Emirs sent tribute to Godfrey with abject messages.

This good soldier's end, however, was at hand. The Duke had been on an excursion into the country beyond the river Jordan, when he was taken ill at Joppa. The Emir of Cæsarea, one of those who had submitted to his power, met him near the coast with presents of figs and dried fruit ; but Godfrey could not eat any of them, nor keep upright on his horse. His faithful knights supported their beloved chief, rubbing his feet, and warming them with their hands, all dreading his death, so far away from his capital.

A Genoese fleet had previously arrived in the port of Joppa with their bishop and Doge on board. Godfrey, still so eager to conquer further portions of Palestine, accepted the offer they made him of helping his soldiers by means of their ships to subdue the seaport towns along the coast, and had begun fresh preparations for war. There was one enemy, however, approaching whom he could not overcome or defeat, and that was Death. He grew worse and worse, and was carried back towards the Holy City in a litter, the Christian population weeping and

praying for his recovery as his true knights bore him along. He lay ill for five weeks, but attended to the affairs of the Holy Land to the last ; and, lying on his deathbed, heard with joy the news that a seaport town had fallen,—that being his last victory, for he died on the 18th of July 1100, after a brief reign of one year. He was buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in great state, and on his tomb may still be read an epitaph on one of the wisest warriors of the first Crusade, the pious and just Godfrey de Bouillon : ‘Here lies the renowned Duke Godfrey of Bouillon, who won all this land to Christianity.’

As soon as the breath had left Godfrey’s body, the throne became the subject of fresh quarrelling among the Croisés still in the East. Werner of Greis, a trusted friend and relation of Godfrey’s, took possession of the tower of David and the fortifications of Jerusalem ; and as Godfrey had expressed a wish on his deathbed that his brother should succeed to the throne, they sent to Edessa to beg Baldwin to come and take his new kingdom into his own hands. If you remember, the Archbishop of Pisa, Daimbert, when made patriarch, had laid claim to the throne, and Godfrey, whose devotion to the Church was extreme, had consented to his claims. Daimbert now renewed them. The knights, however, sent word to Daimbert that a

defender as well as a king was needed for the Holy City, and that they would not give up the fortress to him. On this Daimbert sent to Tancred and Bohemond, who were favourable to his cause. He wrote a letter to the latter prince, reminding him that his father, Robert Guiscard, had delivered the Pope from impious hands, and bidding him prevent Baldwin from ever going to Jerusalem.

Bohemond never got this letter, because he had been taken prisoner by the Turks while aiding the Armenian prince of Melitene. He had sent a lock of his hair to Baldwin, entreating him to assist him ; but the Count of Edessa was unable to accomplish the liberation of his friend, and on his return to his capital, found the deputation from Jerusalem waiting for him. Baldwin, after shedding a few tears for his brother's death (but consoled by the reflection that he was nominated his successor to the throne), set off for Jerusalem without loss of time. Of course he could not leave his own state without a sovereign, so that he appointed his nephew, Baldwin de Bourg, to succeed him.

He and his knights had a perilous journey; but, defeating the Turks under the Emirs of Damascus and Emesa, he fought his way to the Holy City, where he found Daimbert had been forced by his rival, Arnulf, to take refuge on Mount Zion. The clergy and knights who were on his side met

Baldwin, and led him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where he was proclaimed king with great rejoicing and solemnity.

The knights, who were delighted to feel that the good Godfrey was succeeded by a king able to defend them, urged Baldwin to perform some signal deed to show his enemies that the government would be firmly upheld ; so, summoning around him some seven hundred warriors that he had brought with him from Edessa, and the little army of Jerusalem, he started for Ascalon ; but the inhabitants defending themselves vigorously, Baldwin retreated, glad to raise the siege without further loss.

In the mountains of Judæa a horde of robbers had for some time lurked, and taken refuge in the caverns of rocky places between Ramla and Jerusalem. They were Arabs ; and as poor pilgrims journeyed from the West, to pay their devotions at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, the lawless tribe were wont to descend, robbing and often murdering the holy palmers.

When Baldwin and his warriors arrived in that part of Judæa, the robbers retired to their caves ; and the new king employed a stratagem to get them out which hardly agrees with the idea one forms of a knight's code of honour in the days of chivalry. *He passed his word* to them that if they surrendered their lives would be spared ; but, by setting fire to

the entrance of their dens, he succeeded in getting them out, and they were put to death without mercy.

Baldwin and his companions then continued their road, in search of conquest and plunder, to Hebron, and, passing through the valley where once stood Sodom and Gomorrah, they arrived at a place called Jursum, which they found well stocked with all kinds of provisions, but totally deserted. With the exception of a few negroes, whom the Franks despised so much that they would not even speak to them, the place was emptied of all living people. They then went on beyond Jursum, and, traversing mountains white with snow, endured great hardships, for very often they had no other shelter than caverns, nor food, except such as they could procure themselves by killing wild beasts and eating them, or gathering dates, which grow wild in those eastern regions ; but at last Baldwin, leading his faithful warriors back by Hebron and Bethlehem, reached Jerusalem, where he was crowned king by the patriarch.

At the time of his coronation, Baldwin was in the prime of life, and more fitted than any other of the Latin chiefs to succeed Godfrey. In person he was very handsome, large, and dignified, and with a stately bearing and presence. He had been intended for the priesthood, so that his education had been more extended than that of the majority of

princes; but early in life he had renounced a life in a cloister, and taken instead to the profession of arms. His first wife was an Englishwoman, named Godehilda, of noble and illustrious family, who, happily for herself, died at Marrah, soon after the beginning of the first Crusade. I say happily for herself, because Baldwin was a very unfaithful husband. His second wife rejoiced in the curious name of Tafrok, and belonged to a powerful Armenian family, who had great wealth and possessions on Mount Taurus. Baldwin managed, by a very grave exterior, to impose on those around him the idea that he was a moral man; but even in those days his conduct appears to have provoked censure, probably because in those respects he was so unlike his brother the 'good Duke Godfrey.'

Godfrey de Bouillon had refused to wear a golden crown in the Holy City; but Baldwin had no such scruples, and he was crowned at Bethlehem on Christmas day.

The new king began his reign with active measures; seated daily on his throne in Solomon's palace at Jerusalem, he enforced the code of laws made by Godfrey, and would not allow any who were wronged to go without redress.

Almost the first quarrel that Baldwin was called on to arbitrate about was one that had arisen between Tancred and William le Charpentier, Vis-

count de Melun. When Godfrey was dying, he had bestowed the town of Kaifa on the latter ; but Tancred, who had not forgotten an ancient quarrel with Baldwin, refused to abide by the king's decision, and denied his right to the prize. Baldwin, however, tried to conciliate Tancred. 'Brother Crusaders,' he wrote, 'should not expose the cause of the Cross to the derision of the Moslems by private quarrels.' Tancred yielded at last, but would not go to the Holy City. The two knights were, however, reconciled ; and, as Tancred was obliged to assume the sovereignty of Antioch during Bohemond's absence, of which I shall tell you more later, it ended by his finally giving up all claim to the town of Kaifa in favour of the Viscount de Melun.

Baldwin's endeavours for the maintenance of the laws did not prevent his making frequent expeditions against the Arabs. The tribes against whom he was compelled to levy war, in order to protect pious pilgrims as they journeyed to the Holy City, were lawless and powerful. Baldwin was aided in his excursions by Knights Templars, whose order was so famous, that I must stop my story of Baldwin's life to tell you something about them.

The Knights Hospitallers were a different order, and vowed to tend the sick and wounded ; but the Templars took another vow, which was to protect to the death all pious pilgrims visiting the Holy Land,

and to fight for the defence of the Holy City if required. At first the Templars were only nine in number, and their order, which was instituted A.D. 1118, limited to a few generous and devoted knights, but became, in the course of time, one of the greatest orders of Europe and Asia. Their name was at first simply 'Knights of the Temple,' or 'Templars;' sometimes in old papers they are called 'Soldiers of Christ;' and though in later times they were a rich order, in Baldwin's reign they were so poor as to be forced to use one horse for the service of two Templars, and were thankful for old garments and alms, if offered by the rich. The installation of the first nine Templars took place in Baldwin's presence in the king's palace, which was near the Temple, and where they were lodged. The principal dignitary was grand master, and, clothed all in white, they wore a plain red cross on their breast.

A knight was received as a Templar in the following manner: Their chapters or meetings were generally held at night in their church. The candidate remained outside the door, and was three times asked, by messengers from the grand master, if he wished to be made a 'Templar.' When he had answered, he was formally brought in.

'The rules of our order,' the grand master would say, 'are strict, and you are beginning a life of endurance, and not one of ease; one of danger, and

one of self-denial. You will have to watch, when perhaps you will be sighing for sleep ; to endure fatigue, when you would fain rest ; to be hungry and thirsty, when you are longing to eat and to drink ; and to leave one country for another without a moment's hesitation, if your vow requires it. Do you really wish to be a Templar ? Are you in good health ? Are you betrothed or married ? Are you in debt, and cannot pay ? Do you belong to any other order ?

If the candidate was able to give satisfactory replies to all those searching questions, the vow of the order was administered to him. It consisted of three things—'poverty, chastity, and obedience,' and was in these words : 'I swear to defend with my life, my strength, and my speech, the holy doctrines of the Trinity and the Catholic faith ; I promise to be obedient and submissive to the grand master ; and to travel by sea or by land if need be, to defend my brother Christians against the Infidels. My right hand and sword shall be dedicated to the service of the king and church against the Moslems ; and I swear never to shun a combat with any miscreants if only three in number. I will fight them in single combat, and never fly from an enemy.'

The principal duty of a Templar was to fight Infidels ; and three seemed their especial number, as they were enjoined to communicate *three* times

a year ; to hear mass and eat meat *three* times a week ; and if they failed in doing their duty, they were flogged *three* times in the presence of the whole chapter. If a Templar failed in his especial duty of fighting the Moslems, he was banished for ever from the order.

At first they enjoyed a great reputation. Brave knights, weary of the world, gladly took a vow of poverty, to join a community who were described by St. Bernard as follows : ' They lead lives of self-denial, with nothing of their own, not even their will ; simply clad, often dust-stained, and with faces sun-burnt from a parching climate. When called on to fight, a Templar, armed with his trusty weapons, takes faith with him as his buckler, and fearing neither numbers nor force in his foes, fights well, putting all his confidence in God ; and combating for his glory, he is ever ready for victory or a holy and honourable death. Oh,' adds the saint, ' what a happy kind of life, to be ever ready for death, nay even to long for it, and to meet it with firmness ! ' Such was the character of the Templars in the reign of Baldwin. Later, corruptions crept into their order, which grew very rich, and was finally suppressed in 1340.

The black and white cloth, of which their banners were made, was called 'Bauseant,' and that word

was their war-cry. A long white mantle, with a red cross on the left shoulder, over a short surcoat and mailed armour, was their costume. Another cross was appended to their lance; and their motto was, 'Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be glory!' A Knight Templar could not become one under thirteen years of age, nor could he enter the order unless he was of knightly family.

When Baldwin returned to Jerusalem, he concluded a treaty with a Genoese fleet that had arrived at Joppa. As even pious pilgrims, with a papal legate on board their ships, would not aid Baldwin for nothing, the king said, if they would help him, they should have a third of the spoil in every town they took. He proposed that they should solemnize this treaty by renewing their promises at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre at that holy season, for it was close to Easter.

The Genoese arrived in Jerusalem on Easter Eve, but found the Holy City in a state of consternation, for the usual miracle of lighting the lamps by fire from heaven had not been performed. All day long, the priests, both of the Latin and Greek Churches, had remained praying at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre; the Patriarch had knelt at the holy tomb, while solemn 'Kyrie eleisons' were thundered forth; but no light appeared, and the

church remained in total obscurity—the lamp in the sepulchre was also dim. In vain tearing their clothes and hair, the Christian believers (who were taught to believe in what was of course only a trick of their priests) waited all night long in the building. Easter came and went, and the lamps remained unlighted.

The superstitious Christians cried out ‘that Heaven had deserted them;’ and as if by sudden inspiration, a procession to the Mount of Olives, headed by the king and his princes, and consisting of almost the entire population of Jerusalem, was formed. While that band of faithful believers repaired, with bare feet and heads, to the holy mount, the Greeks and Syrians, who remained behind (for the persons who composed the procession were principally Latins), still continued to tear their hair and gash their faces in token of penitence, for the absence of the divine fire appeared to them a direct sign of Heaven’s wrath.


The Latins were coming slowly back when they saw all the church windows illuminated with a red light. It was the sacred fire. Hurriedly the Patriarch opened the sepulchre, and saw a light burning on the tomb; and the joy of the faithful became as vehement as had been their grief. They clapped their hands, tears of happiness rolled down their

cheeks, the trumpets sounded, melodious airs were heard, the priests chanted psalms of joy, and they believed that this 'revival' of divine favour was awarded as a proof that the expeditions then in prospect would be successful.

Baldwin summoned his followers, and the Genoese returned to their fleet. The first town that they besieged was Arsoof, and that capitulated immediately. Cæsarea, a very rich and flourishing mercantile town, was next attacked. The inhabitants were not inclined, like those at Arsoof, to give in, although negotiations were set on foot before the siege began. The Moslems sent deputies to Baldwin. The Patriarch and chiefs were asked by the Infidel messengers, 'Why they, who pretended to be Christians, should pillage their towns, and massacre their inhabitants?' Daimbert stood forward, taking upon himself to frame an answer—a task which, I should think, he found rather difficult : 'We do not wish to plunder your town,' he said. 'But it is not yours ; for it belongs to us. Nor do we wish to kill you ; but we are instruments chosen by God to punish all who are his enemies.' After this answer hostilities recommenced, and after a siege of five days Cæsarea was taken, and cruelties, too horrible to describe, took place, as well as a dreadful massacre of all the inhabitants by Baldwin's troops.


The Italians took their third of the rich plunder, and among their spoil boasted that they had got the cup that our Saviour used at the last supper. As it was richly chased and set with precious stones, historians discredit the assertion, and believe it was more probably a cup that had been used by the Roman Emperor, and kept in a mosque by the Infidels. Before the Genoese left Baldwin to return to Italy, they made a poor priest, who had accompanied the first Crusaders to the East, Archbishop of the fallen city. As he was very poor, he had hit on a singular method for defraying the expenses of his pilgrimage. He cut a large cross on his forehead, and kept it open by the use of certain herbs that fed the wound. As he journeyed along, he pointed to the cross, and assured all from whom he craved an alms that it had come by a miracle! As in those benighted days nothing was too absurd to be believed by the Croisés, he obtained, you may be sure, as much money as he needed, and a reputation that led to his being made Archbishop of Cæsarea.

In spite of the return of the Italians, who left Baldwin to defend his little kingdom with a mere handful of knights and soldiers, the renown of the Latin warriors, and the dread inspired by their name, still sufficed to daunt the Egyptians and



Turks. Their Caliph in vain ordered his Emirs at Ascalon to fight 'those vagabond and beggarly people,' and bring them prisoners before him loaded with chains; the Infidels preferred the shelter of their well-fortified town, and hesitated, but were at last forced to obey his commands. They met the Christians in the neighbourhood of Ramla, and were ten times as numerous as the Latins, for Baldwin had only been able to collect, when he heard of their approach, a little army of two hundred and eighty knights, and nine hundred soldiers. Baldwin was, however, too brave to be dismayed. 'Fellow-soldiers of the Cross,' he cried, as he waved a white flag attached to his lance, 'let us fight for Christ's glory. If there be cowards among us, who fear yonder vast herd of Moslem dogs, let them remember before they fly, that Palestine has no refuge for us if we are conquered, and that *France is very far off.*'

In silence the soldiers heard their king; the venerable Gerhard meantime displaying the true cross, and reminding them 'that they must conquer or die!' The Egyptians, who were from all parts of the East, Saracens, Ethiopians, Turks, and Arabs, shouted with exultation, and confident in their numbers, rushed on to battle. The impetuosity with which they encountered the Croisés was great, and the first



Latin ranks fled. Baldwin sent reinforcements to the foremost place ; but the Moslems were winning the day. With his white pennon flying everywhere, as he rallied his soldiers, and his purple coat blood-stained and torn, Baldwin in vain tried to turn the tide. The priest who bore the true cross, approaching the king, told him that the defeat of his troops must be ascribed to the quarrel that still existed between him and the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Alighting from his war-horse 'Gazelle' (so called from its swiftness), the king threw himself down before the true cross. 'The judgment-day is near us,' he cried to Gerhard. 'We are surrounded on all sides. I know, if Heaven be against me, I cannot conquer ; so I implore its protection, and I promise to be reconciled to the Patriarch.' He then received absolution. He placed the true cross under the protection of ten of his mosty trusty knights, and once more threw himself into the thickest of the fight. The fortunes of the day were changed by his intrepid valour, while after him rode the ten knights, escorting Gerhard carrying the sacred relic. His army pursued the enemy to the gates of Ascalon, and the Croisés ascribed their victory to the presence of the precious wood.

In the meantime there was bitter weeping at Jerusalem. Those Croisés who had first fled

perished in their flight ; and the crafty Moslems, putting on their armour and clothes, presented themselves before the walls of Joppa, announcing that Baldwin and his army had totally perished. The inhabitants, believing them to be Croisés, were deceived. The Queen of Jerusalem, who was at Jaffa, sent off a messenger imploring Tancred to fly to the aid of the faithful in Jerusalem. In the meantime the Saracens, after deceiving the inhabitants of Jaffa, returned to Ascalon, and met the Latin army on the road. When the Croisés saw them in the clothes of their companions, and carrying plunder, they were so indignant that no mercy or pity was shown them.

In the meantime all was not sunshine to the Christian cause in Syria. Out of a large new army who had set off from Europe bound for the Holy Land, all, except a few noble knights, had perished in Asia Minor. The remnant who escaped were escorted by Baldwin to the Holy City, as he met them at Beyrouth in order to conduct them to Jerusalem. It was very melancholy to see the little train arrive, many of them noble and highly born princes, without servants, horses, and with scarcely food. After staying some months in Palestine, they were on the point of returning to Europe by sea, when more news of fresh inroads by the Infidels on Jidda

and Ramla reached them. Then in haste Baldwin summoned to his aid all who would follow him to fight the Moslems ; but his little troop were only two hundred in number. Still they were 'gallant knights and true ;' and when they found their enemies were twenty thousand strong, never hesitated, but, as became soldiers of the Cross, rushed to meet them, although they had no hope but to meet a glorious death. Many a gallant knight lay dead before Baldwin took to flight, which at last he did, hiding among the low bushes of the plain, and narrowly escaping suffocation, for the Infidels set fire to them ; but he managed to get refuge at Ramla.

The Moslems took Count Harpin of Bourges prisoner, among others who fell into their hands. That same Count had advised Baldwin before the battle not to risk an encounter with such unequal numbers. 'Harpin,' replied the king, 'if you are afraid, retire, and be off back again to Bourges.' Baldwin was a prey to great apprehension all night. Ramla was totally without fortifications, and had no means for defence. Fifty knights had followed him there. In the middle of the night, a stranger arrived wearing an Arab's garb.

'Lead me,' he said to the Christian sentinel, 'to the King of Jerusalem.' It was the husband of an

Arab woman to whom Baldwin had been kind, and whose life he had spared. 'I come,' said the Emir, 'led by gratitude. You were good to a wife I love, and restored her to me after saving her life. I come to repay a debt of honour. This town is surrounded by the Moslems, and to-morrow's sun will set and leave no Latin living in the place. If you will follow me, I can conduct you safely out, and save your life.'

Baldwin hesitated, grieving to leave his companions behind him, but they pressed him to go. 'Live,' they cried, 'for the good of your subjects. Go and leave us to die. We can expect nothing else now, save to win those martyrs' crowns that we came to the Holy Land to gain!' Favoured by a dark night, Baldwin reached Jaffa in safety after encountering the greatest perils both by land and sea.

It is pleasant, after all these battles, to read of seven months' peace. Baldwin's army had been reinforced by numerous Crusaders from the West. Count Raymond of Toulouse had accompanied a body of pilgrims to the Holy City. That ambitious prince still clung to the idea of creating for himself an eastern kingdom. He had already conquered Tortosa, a sea-coast city, and wanted to add Tiberias to his dominions. By the aid of the Italian fleet, he succeeded in subduing that place, and then

set his heart on acquiring Tripolis, which would open to him the whole region of the Lebanon.

Making an alliance with the Genoese, he besieged Tripolis with only four hundred men. His first step was to cut off the supply of water from the town. He built a castle or fort on a hill near the town, and called it 'the Pilgrim's Mount.' He did all he could to annoy the inhabitants from that point ; but finding his numbers too inconsiderable to take the place, went to beg the Emperor Alexius' aid, and even tried to tempt him with the offer of the holy lance. Not receiving any assistance, he returned from Constantinople, but only to die at Tripolis. The Emir of Tripolis was throwing fire into the Pilgrim's Mount ; the smoke affected Raymond's breathing, and he was carried ill to his bed, and died a few days afterwards, in the month of February 1105. His death took place just as he was on the point of acquiring his long-sighed-for possessions in the East. He had taken a vow, when he left Provence, never to quit the Holy Land ; and he certainly gave up more than any other Latin prince when he took a Crusader's cross and appended it to his shoulder. His province was the loveliest in Europe, and he was a rich and wealthy Duke in his own country. His career in Syria, and the ardour with which he gave up all to keep his vow, proves how strong

was the influence exercised throughout Europe by the hatred to the Moslems that prompted the Crusade.

In the meantime, while fortune smiled on the Holy City, and after a series of victories won by the Christians, and Baldwin was enjoying a little repose, evil days had fallen on Antioch and the province of Edessa.

Bohemond had been released from captivity by the influence of the daughter of the Turkish Emir who held him captive ; the prince engaged to pay a ransom, and the Moslem to form an alliance with him.

When he returned to Antioch, in May 1104, he was pleased with Tancred's care of his province in his absence ; his kingdom had been greatly increased by the latter's conquests, which included Laodicea, Tancred having conquered that place by an ingenious trick.

He placed an enormous pine-tree before his camp, which supported a vast tent. The Infidels of Laodicea never suspected his design. One day Tancred and a number of soldiers took up their places in the tent, and the remainder of his army went off into the adjoining country. The Laodiceans thinking, from the silence in Tancred's camp, that all had departed, fell into the snare, and, coming out of

their city, were all either slaughtered or taken prisoners, and the town surrendered.

In the days of the Crusade, no trick that could entrap or lead to the defeat of the Moslems was thought unworthy of the knightly character. Such also was the way in which Bohemond returned to Europe. He went with Tancred to Baldwin du Bourg's assistance, who had succeeded his uncle in the province of Edessa. In a bloody conflict with the Turks, Baldwin du Bourg, and his friend and relation, Joscelin de Courtenay, were both taken prisoners. Bohemond and Tancred were in the same action, but were victorious, till the Turks fell on them from an ambush, and they were compelled to fly back to Edessa.

Emboldened by their success, the Turks besieged Edessa, and Antioch was threatened. Then Bohemond, seeing that his kingdom and power in the East would very likely vanish away from his grasp, should he have no assistance from Europe, told Tancred that he was determined to go and negotiate for aid himself. In vain Tancred besought him not to leave his principality in a time of peril. Tancred was a true knight, and he scorned the very idea of shunning danger.

‘Let me go in your place,’ he said earnestly to his uncle. ‘I will sue for aid at every Christian court !

The soles of my feet shall know no rest till I have accomplished my mission! I will taste no wine,' he added, 'nor rest two nights under the same roof, till I have got you both money and men.'

But Bohemond, not from fear, but from a belief in his greater powers of persuasion, was still determined to go. Nothing that Tancred said could dissuade him. He determined to elude the Greeks and Infidels, and to cheat them by giving out that he was dead. Hidden in a coffin, his attendants weeping and crying whenever they passed any city or fleet hostile to his cause, the artful Norman reached Corfu. There he threw off his disguise, and proudly sent word to Alexius that he was living and able to defy him; for he had accused the Greek Emperor of deserting the Christian cause. He then hurried to Italy, and, throwing himself at the Pope's feet, complained to him of Alexius, and poured out a history of all that he had gone through in the East.

The Pope received him as if he were a martyr as well as a hero. 'Go,' he said, as he handed him the flag of St. Peter, 'and raise, with this standard of your Pope, an army able to defend the Christian name and kingdom in the East.'

The Pontiff sent his legate with Bohemond to France. Philip I. then reigned there. He received

Bohemond with the greatest honour ; for the fame of the Crusaders was widely spread, and all who had fought for the Holy Sepulchre were revered and honoured in the West, whether they came home ruined, as but too many did, and carrying merely a few palm leaves to show that they had knelt at their Saviour's tomb, or like Bohemond, craving arms, money, and men for the Crusade against the Infidels. His appeal was heartily answered. His eloquence touched all hearts ; and his prowess in tournaments, and handsome appearance, made so great an impression on Philip, that he gave him his daughter Constance as a wife. She had been divorced from her first husband on the plea of too near a relationship.

It must have been a strange scene that of his wedding. It took place at Chartres. He had displayed his powers at all the court fêtes ; one moment he could shine in the light of a hero in a gay tournament, and then, with burning eloquence, turn into an orator, capable of pleading with moving words the cause of the eastern Christians. All their misfortunes Bohemond attributed to Alexius, whom he had always hated, and on whom he burned to avenge his long captivity, from which the Greek Emperor had made no effort to release him. He deposited on the altar at Chartres some rich golden chains

that he had vowed to offer up to St. Leonard while he was in prison. There was a large assemblage of knights and fair dames. While Bohemond pictured the cruelty of the Turks, the perfidy of the Greeks, and the glory of making war for the Cross, the ladies wept, and the knights, rising to their feet, cried 'Death to the Saracens!' 'Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!' Thousands agreed to follow him to the East, and throughout France a general enthusiasm reigned to belong to the 'militia of Christ.'

Bohemond's success was equally great in Spain and Italy; and at last, actuated by ambition as well as love for the Crusade, he landed on Greek soil. The Emperor having been informed of what was taking place, had written to the Pope justifying himself, and sent a fleet to guard his coast.

Fortune, however, suddenly deserted the Prince of Antioch. Alexius had learnt his arrival in his dominions with eastern dignity. A messenger met him as he and his courtiers were coming home to dinner from hunting.

'Bohemond has landed!' ran from one courtier to the other.

'Let us eat first, and then speak of Bohemond,' said Alexius calmly.

Bohemond, even when Durazzo, to which he laid siege, resisted his efforts to take it, still exercised

a wonderful influence on his numerous followers. To some he represented the Greeks as enemies to the Christian religion, to others he painted in glowing language the rich spoil that the campaign must bring if successful. The wily Norman, however, knew better than to trust only to his own eloquence ; he burnt the ships that had brought him and his followers to Greece, that no one might leave him. But a famine visited his camp, and Alexius triumphed. Bohemond was forced to conclude a treaty. Even then his proud spirit strove for mastery.

The Emperor despatched envoys to treat. Bohemond demanded that the Emperor should meet him as a fellow-prince. When the deputies hesitated, a knight standing by exclaimed, 'We have not tried a battle yet ; that will decide it sooner than words.' After ratifying the treaty in the most solemn manner, Bohemond returned to Syria. He did not long survive the downfall of the lofty hopes that had led him to the East, but died in 1110, leaving one little son by his wife Constance of France. Such was the end of another hero of the first Crusade.

When Bohemond died, his nephew Tancred assumed the government of Antioch. Although his knights and people were generally victorious against barbarous tribes, who left them no peace in those

warlike times, he was often compelled to summon Baldwin to his aid. The two knights, Baldwin du Bourg and Joscelin de Courtenay, languished five years in captivity. When at last Baldwin was set free, and returned to Edessa, he was so poor that he could not pay his soldiers, without his father-in-law the Prince of Melitene's aid. When he returned to his dominions, Tancred, who had governed them during his captivity, refused him entrance into his own capital. Reverses of fortune had not taught the Crusaders to be more peaceable among themselves. Baldwin du Bourg and Joscelin were so indignant that they made war on Tancred ; and at length the quarrel was referred to Baldwin, King of Jerusalem. He heard the complaints of Tancred, who alleged that Baldwin du Bourg owed him tribute for keeping his dominions in his absence. 'Nay,' replied the king, 'your demand is unjust. You ought to be reconciled to the Count of Edessa ; and if you do not become friends with him, I can no longer look upon you in the light of a brother.' Tancred, who had a generous heart, was so touched that the quarrel was made up.

About this time, 1109, Baldwin had other quarrels to adjust between the Crusaders. When Count Bertram, son of Count Raymond of Toulouse, arrived in Syria after his father's death, Tancred

received him kindly at Antioch, till he claimed a portion of Antioch, as having been taken by his father. Then Tancred, in haughty language, bid him begone; for in those days it was seldom easy to recover possessions when once given up. He appealed to the king, who summoned Tancred to Tripolis with other quarrelsome knights, and effected an arrangement, settling all disputes amicably.

Tripolis and Berytus were besieged and taken in 1110, and the following year a fruitless attack was made on Tyre, and in 1112 Tancred died.

He has always been considered the *beau ideal* of a chivalrous knight; for he was pious, valiant, and noble, and shone in that age of unscrupulous deeds as one of the *justest* of the heroes of the first Crusade. His principal fault was a love of power, that led him to appear grasping and unjust; but he was not really so, for there are few characters so disinterested as Tancred in the history of any period. When he was dying he sent for his wife to his bedside. He had always tenderly loved the wife chosen for him by Bohemond, the Princess Cecilia of France. He also called his old adversary Bertram's son, a young boy (called Count de Tripolis, Baldwin having given his father that province before Count Bertram died the year before), to his bedside. He made his wife promise to marry

the youth whenever he was old enough. Pontius, the lad's name, was only twelve years of age, and Cecilia must have been much older ; but, I suppose, Tancred thought it would be for his kingdom's good to unite the two ; and the marriage actually took place some time later. He begged them solemnly to govern Antioch well, but to deliver it over to Bohemond's young son if ever he should return from Italy to claim it. Tancred was buried in Antioch Cathedral. His subjects lamented him greatly, for he was adored by them all. During the famine, he had shared all the privations that they went through ; and he used to say of his soldiers, ' They are my fortune and my glory. Let them have all the gain of warfare, and I will keep all the care, perils, fatigue, and anxiety for my share ! '

The rest of Baldwin's reign was nothing but perpetual warfare. Three years before he died he chose a rich wife, divorcing the Armenian princess that he married before he became King of Jerusalem. His choice fell on the widow of Roger Count of Sicily, the Countess Adelaide ; and when she arrived, richly dowered with gold and silver, splendid raiment, and wine, oil, and corn, Baldwin received her at Acre in the greatest pomp. However, the splendour of her reception did not prevent her from being divorced later, which was a great mortification to the rich



'Why do you weep like women?' —Page 213.

leave his body in a Moslem country. The knights looked at each other. Doubtless the idea that they were asked to carry a corpse through the hot desert, and countries filled with enemies, staggered even the fidelity of those heroic days. Baldwin, however, persisted in his demand, entreating that, as soon as the breath had quitted his body, it might be embalmed and taken to Jerusalem, and interred near the mortal remains of his brother Godfrey. As he gave the same injunctions to all, and *his cook*, his friends were obliged to promise to accede to his request. After he had thus laid his last commands on his followers about a body he had so often exposed to danger, and leaving his kingdom to his cousin Baldwin du Bourg, Count of Edessa, provided that his brother Eustace of Bouillon would not take it, he breathed his last sigh.

After his death, embalming his corpse, and burying his entrails at Al-arish, the knights returned to the Holy City. Day and night those true knights marched along, carrying their king's body through Hebron, across the mountains, till they reached the valley of Jehoshaphat.

It was Palm Sunday, and as the travel-worn knights and soldiers marched up the valley, they came upon a peaceful procession of priests, headed by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and followed by the

whole Latin and Greek population of the Holy City. Strange contrast to the grim warriors were the happy Christians, as, descending from a pilgrimage to Mount Zion, and carrying palm branches in their hands, they met the mortal remains of their king.

The joyous hymns that they had been singing, turned into gloomy dirges, and every one wept. Just as the pilgrims were entering Jerusalem, Baldwin du Bourg, whom he had nominated, was going into the Holy City. His only object had been to celebrate Easter with his fellow-Christians. Hearing with deep grief whom they were mourning, he alighted from his horse, and followed the coffin, containing his lord and cousin's body, to Mount Calvary, where it was laid near that of Duke Godfrey. A monument of white marble was raised to his memory.

After paying this tribute to their late king, the Latins proceeded to elect a new one; and some of the pilgrims were inclined to send for Eustace de Bouillon, Baldwin's brother. The majority, however, thought it would be dangerous to delay, in order to send for Eustace; so Baldwin du Bourg was chosen on the 2d of April 1118. To the surprise of every one, Joscelin de Courtenay urged vehemently Baldwin du Bourg's claims. 'What more worthy knight can you choose?' he exclaimed.

Joscelin and Baldwin du Bourg had been once

friends, and quarrelled. Baldwin had sent Joscelin out of Edessa in disgrace, accusing him of ingratitude ; and the latter had taken refuge in Jerusalem. After Joscelin had thus taken his part, Baldwin and he were reconciled, and the latter made him Count of Edessa, to succeed himself in that principality. Baldwin II. was middle-aged, but an active man in his habits, when he was elected king. He had fair hair, was tall of stature, a skilful horseman, and an accomplished soldier. Joined to such useful qualities, an old writer describes him as being so 'devout in praying that his knees and hands were covered with sores from the constant penance he underwent.'

After making Joscelin king of Edessa in his place, Baldwin sent for his wife and daughters. The new Queen of Jerusalem was Greek by birth, and daughter of a prince named Gabriel. While Baldwin was prince at Edessa, he had had no money to pay his soldiers, so he at once hit on a scheme for making his father-in-law pay his debts. Baldwin had a very fine long beard, which he himself not only thought highly ornamental, but which Prince Gabriel also greatly admired.

He set off one day to pay his wife's family a visit. The prince received him magnificently, and entertained him splendidly. One day their friendly

conversation was rudely interrupted by Baldwin's followers rushing in and addressing their master angrily. Prince Gabriel, not understanding French, begged his son-in-law to explain. Blushing deeply, the Count du Bourg begged to be excused. However, the prince was not to be put off, and he *would* know. At last one of Baldwin's knights explained to the prince that his lord was 'in difficulties,' and had given his word to his soldiers that by that day he would pay them. 'Moreover,' added the knight, 'the Count of Edessa has given a pledge.'

Prince Gabriel, whose oriental ideas of etiquette had been sadly shocked by the rude behaviour of the knights, begged to know *what* pledge he had given, when it turned out that he was to have his handsome beard shaved off if he didn't pay up by a certain day. As the Orientals have the greatest veneration for the beard, the Prince was much alarmed. He lent Baldwin money to pay his men, but begged him never to run such a risk again! The knights and Baldwin had tricked, and of course only invented the story to extort money, which was, after all, a very unknighly act, although an amusing anecdote.

Baldwin II. ascended the throne in 1118, and reigned twelve years, during which period he was

generally conqueror in the battles that took place between the Saracens and Christians; till a new and terrible enemy took the field against the Franks, whose name was Balak, who made war on Joscelin at Edessa, and threw him into prison in Mesopotamia. Baldwin set off to rescue the captive and protect Joscelin's province; but venturing out one day without a large enough escort, the king was surprised by Balak's soldiers, and carried off a prisoner to the very same castle where his cousin Joscelin lay captive. Joscelin was liberated through the devotion of fifty Armenians, who got into the fortress disguised. They mastered the garrison, and liberated both him and Baldwin; but the latter would not leave the castle, relying on the assistance of the Christian army. Joscelin, more prudent, escaped; but before he could return to the king's assistance, he heard that the latter was again a prisoner at Harran, having been retaken by Balak, and that the faithful Armenians were all put to death. In the meantime, Baldwin was shut up in close confinement, where he languished till 1125, when he was released, after some signal victories over the Infidels by Joscelin, and the death of Balak.

The Latin warriors at that time were at war with the Egyptians, who had been much weakened as a nation by the reverses of war; out of all their

many conquests on the Syrian coast, Ascalon only remained still theirs. Tyre, Tripolis, and Ptolemais had been taken from them ; but they had still a large fleet, which prevented the Crusaders from receiving assistance from Europe. Then there were the Turks, who were ever ready to unite against the Christians, although often at war among themselves, and of different tribes and nations. To the Mohammedan aid, the Arabs wandered about, constantly harassing the Christians by their sallies ; but their principal aim was ever plunder, more than any devotion to the cause of Mohammedanism ; and they were divided into two classes—traders and agriculturists.

The Christian inhabitants of Syria at this period were as divided into races as the Turcomans and Moslems. The original Christians spoke Arabic, and had adopted several of the customs of the natives. These were called Syrians, and were a degraded race. The Armenians, who lived to the north of Antioch, were the most respectable. The worst class of Latin Christians were the *Pullani*, who were descendants of the first Crusaders. The *Pullani* shut up their women like Orientals, and were almost devoid of religious feeling, dreading the outbreak of war with the Moslems, as it disturbed their enjoyments and ease. At this period few English pil-

care of poor pilgrims was too lowly for the 'brethren of St. John's Hospital;' while there were priests who attended to their spiritual wants. Many old English families of gentle birth still bear with pride the cross of the order in their coats of arms. In 1229 the knights of the hospital received permission to wear a red habit, with the cross and arms of the order on their weapons, distinguishing them from those who were only simple brethren. This red garment was considered so honourable, that flight from combat or battle while wearing it was equivalent to giving up the privilege of wearing the arms of their order. In 1259 ladies were admitted, who were called the 'Sisters of St. John,' and dedicated to the service of the sick. Their dress was red cloth, with a black cloak, and a white eight-pointed or Maltese cross on it. The services rendered to Christianity by the Hospitallers were very great, as you will hear later on in the story of the Crusades. After the Crusades it grew into a great and rich society, which still exists in the Knights of Malta.

King Baldwin got his liberty through the good offices of an emir; but though he made a great many promises, he broke them all. His last expedition was directed against Damascus. He summoned to his aid all the heads of the different Latin colonies in Syria. There was the Prince of

Antioch, Bohemond II., a brave handsome prince, who, having been carefully educated in Italy by his mother Constance, had assumed the government of his principality, and married Baldwin's daughter Eliza; and, beside the Counts of Edessa and Tripolis, several noble pilgrims, who had just come from Europe, for the passion for joining the Crusades, far from dying out, had increased, and warriors from all nations fought together under the banners of the Cross. *Honour* was the motive that served to unite so vast and so different a crowd. Although their language might be different, the principles actuating a knight were the same, and often two Crusaders from different countries would stand side by side in those close ranks of armed resolute men so terrible to the Saracens, when, drawn up against them in battle, their battalions were dispersed by the shock of their lances and war-horses, and by the rapidity of their movements. Influenced by those knightly notions of honour that led them to recognise the claims of chivalry as imperatively as the laws of their land, the Crusaders considered that to abandon a companion, or fly before a Saracen in battle, was to disgrace it. The numerous knights who kept emigrating to the Holy Land from Europe were spread over the whole of Syria, so at Baldwin's call a large army flocked to his standard. Among

the number was Count Fulk of Anjou. Grief for the death of a beloved wife had led him to the Holy Land, and he had kept a body of about a hundred men for a year at his own expense, leading them wherever duty called for their aid. He was very pious as well as brave, and Baldwin, having no heir, offered him his daughter, the Princess Melisenda, in marriage, and the heirship to the throne. In spite of his grief for his first wife, old historians tell us he joyfully accepted a second.

The Christians set off on the expedition against Damascus in December, but met with an obstacle in the violent rains and storms that fell just as war had commenced. The soldiers of the Cross, as they saw their tents, baggage, and arms swept off by the storm, fled before it, and calling out that it was sent as a punishment for their sins, returned to the shores of Jordan, thankful that they had escaped a second deluge. Baldwin died soon after, in 1131, and Fulk became King of Jerusalem. Baldwin, who was a man of good principles and elevated soul, influenced by religion in all his actions, was much regretted by his subjects. They looked on him as the last of Godfrey de Bouillon's companions. He was eighteen years Prince of Edessa, and twelve King of Jerusalem.

Although his reign had been signalized by con-

quests and victories in which he had no share, he was a good and just king in the administration of his laws. His religion led him to attempt a reformation of the corruptions of his Latin subjects. The early years of his reign were marked by a singular plague of *rats*. These terrible animals were the scourge of the land, and Baldwin made up his mind to convoke a solemn assembly to consider what iniquities had drawn down such a plague. Though he made various new laws, it is to be feared that the morals of the day were not much improved by them.

Fulk succeeded Baldwin, and was crowned king, and found his kingdom menaced with serious disturbances. Joscelin Count of Edessa had attacked the territories belonging to Bohemond II. of Antioch. Bohemond had died in 1131 in battle in Cilicia. His subjects had sent to Baldwin when their young king died ; but his widow, Eliza, being ambitious, and despairing of being made queen by the Latins, sent to Zenghi, the Prince of Mosul, to beg him to seat her on the throne. The bribe that she offered Zenghi, was 'a white palfrey, silver shod, with a bridle of silver, and a *housing* of blue satin.'

Baldwin had met her messenger on his road to Antioch, and was very angry with his daughter.

He had repressed her schemes ; but at his death, all her old ambition broke out again. She hated her own daughter, Constance ; and enlisted for a time Pontius Count of Tripolis on her side. Fulk twice left his own dominions to settle the affairs of Antioch ; so at last he determined to find Bohemond's young daughter a husband able to defend her rights. As he could not find a suitable match in Syria, he sent to Europe to find the youthful Constance a husband, and he chose Raymond Count of Poitou. He was very young, very tall, and very handsome, and had a great many noble qualities, but was very impetuous and careless. However, all the princes that Fulk consulted commending him, he was sent for, and reached the Holy Land in 1136. He was compelled to travel as a poor pilgrim, in order to reach Antioch safely. The Patriarch Arnulf let him into the city, and formed an alliance with Raymond, the latter consenting to hold his kingdom as a fief from the Patriarch. Eliza was well punished. When she heard of Raymond's arrival, she made up her mind that he had come to woo herself. The Patriarch deluded her ; and she was only undeceived when she saw Raymond lead her young daughter, to whom he was ever after a devoted husband, to the altar. I dare say her woman's vanity, as well as her ambition, was disappointed. In a rage she

fled to Laodicea, which had been part of her dowry.

That Zenghi with whom Eliza had formed an alliance was the son of a Turkish Emir. His name signified a 'Pillar of Religion.' He grew up so clever and able, that he was made governor of the country west of the Tigris by the Sultan. He was a most just, upright, and conscientious ruler over his own subjects, but a most bitter foe to the Christian religion.

When Fulk, having settled the affairs of Antioch, returned to Jerusalem, he found a great deal of dissatisfaction going on there. Among other matters was a quarrel that had arisen between Count Hugh of Puiset, a knight who had come to Palestine in Baldwin's reign, and Hugh's stepson, Walter of Cæsarea, whom Baldwin had made Count of Joppa. Hugh was not in good favour with either Fulk or his nobles, because he was not only very proud and haughty, but was carrying on an intrigue with Queen Melisenda. As he was a very handsome knight, the king Baldwin had been very jealous, and had instigated his stepson to accuse him of high treason. Hugh was tried, and adjudged to appear on a certain day to decide matters by single combat with his accuser. As he never went, he was declared guilty by all the laws of honour; but when he

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heard that he was condemned unheard, he flew into a tremendous rage, for he was very hasty. He instantly rushed off to Ascalon to entreat the Infidels to help him. As the Moslems were always glad to see dissensions among the Latins, they responded to his call, and ravaged the whole of the country as far as Arsoof. He then shut himself up in Joppa.

Feelings of revenge animated both Fulk and Hugh; but, by the mediation of the clergy, the latter submitted to the king, and Fulk pardoned him on condition of his leaving the Holy Land for three years. While waiting at Jerusalem for a ship to carry him to Europe, a Breton knight quarrelled with him, and stabbed Count Hugh over a game of dice. At first Fulk himself was suspected of having instigated the act; but he judged and condemned the assassin to death, giving Hugh, who recovered, possessions in Sicily, where he died before the three years had expired.

Melisenda never forgave those who had sent her lover away; and did all that she could to plague the king, who was tormented by her constant reproaches and intrigues. Count Pontius of Tripolis was dead, and his son Raymond had succeeded him.

In 1137, Zenghi laid siege to a portion of Count Raymond's territory; and Fulk, flying to his assis-

tance at the head of six thousand men, very nearly lost his life, as the guides of his army led it into mountain passes exposed to Zenghi's attacks. He was compelled to shut himself, and a few knights with him, up in a fortress called Monsferrandas, and to capitulate to Zenghi, not knowing that the Patriarch of Jerusalem, fearing that the kingdom might be attacked in Fulk's absence, had, aided with four ships full of pilgrims who arrived opportunely, raised a body to march to his assistance, headed by Arnulf himself, bearing the true cross. At this epoch the Emperor John, who had succeeded Alexius in the empire in 1118, was reasserting the old Greek claims to Cilicia and Antioch. This was in 1137. At the head of a large army, he threatened Antioch. Count Raymond entreated the King of Jerusalem to march to his aid to repulse the Greeks; but the king said he was too much occupied in repulsing the Moslems from his own territory, and bid Raymond make peace with John, adding, 'Who is at least a Christian.' Raymond adopted Fulk's advice, and took an oath of allegiance to John, who kept the treaty between himself and Raymond secret from Zenghi.

In the spring of 1138, while Raymond was attacking and imprisoning some merchants at Aleppo, the inhabitants of Antioch implored Zenghi to go to

their aid. The Emperor would have been successful, had not his Latin allies, instead of aiding him, neglected their opportunities ; and John was compelled to conclude a truce with Zenghi.

The Emperor resolved to enter and rest his troops at Antioch, but he was compelled to leave it, Raymond and Joscelin de Courtenai raising a seditious movement among the inhabitants in order to force the Emperor to leave. As he meant to make war on the Turks, the Emperor had asked for Antioch, as a good place of resort for his troops. The two princes replied, they must have time, as the feudal laws required that they should consult their barons. The wily princes spread a report that the barons had sold Antioch to John, and that the Latin inhabitants would be expelled the city. John, who, unlike his father, was trustful and noble-minded, agreed to leave Antioch, and departed.

Fulk died in 1143, after obtaining a victory, in 1139, over the Moslems near Damascus. The king's mind and memory were weakened during the latter years of his life, and he was neither active nor strong enough for the office of King of Jerusalem. His virtues are, however, much praised by the historians of those times. It is amusing to find that King Fulk is *reproached* with having had red hair, which we now think so beautiful.

He died of a fall from his horse while hunting a hare near Acre. Unfortunately his virtues did not make him a good king. When he ascended the throne, the Latin kingdom was at its greatest prosperity ; when he died, it was progressing towards its fall. He left only two young children to succeed him ; Queen Melisenda immediately assuming the reins of power, by declaring herself regent during the minority of her young son Baldwin, who, although only fourteen years old, was crowned king on Christmas day 1143, the same year that Fulk died. Baldwin's younger brother was only seven when his father died.

Baldwin III., although such a mere lad, was much beloved by his subjects, for he had a fine generous nature and most elegant manners, probably the inheritance of French blood. He loved anecdotes of good kings or noble actions, the sure proof of a pure mind ; for the bad shrink from hearing of what is excellent. At one time the young king was led away by the dissolute manners of his time ; but as years went on, he corrected all his faults, and improved his good qualities. The queen was a good regent ; but she did not like giving up the royal authority when Baldwin came of age.

Zenghi attacked and captured Edessa from Count Joscelin on the 14th of November 1144, in spite of a

most gallant resistance by its inhabitants, who defended it in their lord's absence. The loss of Edessa was a great blow to the Christian power in the Holy Land ; for the kingdom of Jerusalem had two barriers against the Moslems, Edessa and Antioch. At the time Edessa was taken it was governed by Joscelin de Courtenai, son of the first Joscelin, who was just dead.

Joscelin (the father) had been crushed by the fall of a tower in a town he was besieging. While dying, he learned that the Turks were going to besiege one of his cities. He sent for his son, and bid him meet the Moslems in battle. The younger Joscelin hesitated, on the plea that the troops were too few.

'Raise me,' cried the dying knight ; and he had himself carried in a litter at the head of his soldiers. The Turks fled at his approach ; Joscelin, that ancient hero, to whom fear of Turk or Infidel was unknown, when told of their retreat, 'thanked God.' He expired shortly afterwards.

His son was totally the reverse in character to the old soldier of the Cross ; and, by abandoning himself at Tellbasher to a life of sensual pleasures, lost the province that had been won by the first Crusaders with so much bloodshed. Zenghi, whose character has been lauded by even Christian historians, did

not long enjoy his glory, for he was assassinated by one of his own slaves. When Joscelin heard of Zenghi's death, he tried to regain Edessa. Zenghi, before his death, looking with admiration on that noble city, had tried to repeople it by allowing the Armenians and Christians to return to their homes. Joscelin, at the head of a band of desperate armed warriors, regained Edessa ; and he implored all the Christian princes in Palestine to hurry to his aid, so that he might keep it. But before any could come to his rescue, Noor-ed-deen, Zenghi's second son, retook Edessa, besieging it with ten thousand troops.

The citadel had remained in Turkish possession. Hemmed in, on the one hand by the garrison, and on the other by Noor-ed-deen, the hapless Christians resolved to fly, but were ruthlessly slaughtered in the attempt. Thirty thousand Christians were, it is said, slain during those two captures of Edessa, sixty thousand were made prisoners, and ended their days in slavery and misery. Noor-ed-deen did not spare the city ; he pulled down all its fine towers and churches, and expelled all the Christians. It was a great triumph to the Moslems, and encouraged them to hope for the reconquest of Jerusalem. With the sad fate of Edessa ends the story of the first Crusade. Lamentation reigned in Jerusalem among the

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Latins ; Melisenda's troops, unable to reach Joscelyn in time, trembled for the future of the Holy City, and apprehension filled every Christian's heart in Palestine.

We have seen in this, the first Crusade, how the bravery of the first Crusaders triumphed over every obstacle ; but its early leaders were dead. Divided among themselves, dissolute in manners, corrupted by contact with oriental life, the glory of the Latins had waned in the East.

At that time forty-five years had passed by since the conquest of Jerusalem ; but, as we shall see, the cause of the Cross still influenced the West ; and when Europe heard the news of Edessa's fall, another Crusade was begun, while the eloquence of a humble priest bid the great and the small 'To arms ! to arms !' and again and again crowds assemble, and, amid cries of 'Dieu le veut !' bind the red cross on their breast.





CHAPTER VI.

LEWIS VII. AND ST. BERNARD—THE SECOND CRUSADE.

WHILE the knights of old, during the Crusades, occupied themselves with deeds of valour, or set off to fight the Infidels in the Holy Land, the education of their children was left entirely to the women and ladies ; and therefore, while Sir Tecelin, a noble of Burgundian family, was busy fighting, his clever and gentle wife Aletta (who was a daughter of the Lord of Mont-Barron) had to bring up his sons and daughters. Unfortunately for one of them, Bernard, she died while he was a boy ; but the influence of a good mother never fades away, and the hero of this chapter never forgot her, or the lessons of piety and virtue that she had taught him. Bernard was one of seven sons, all dedicated from their birth to the service of the Church ; for those were lawless times, and there was no medium between a course of rude warfare

and the seclusion of a monastic life. Bernard was Sir Tecelin and Aletta's third son, and was born at Fontaines, near Dijon, in the year 1091. His brothers were called Guido, Gerard, Andrew, Bartholomew, Nivard, and Hombeline. From the gentle Aletta they learnt not only lessons of virtue, but saw them practised; for, retired during her husband's absence from the world's gay pleasures, she delighted in visiting the sick and poor, carrying them food and medicine with her own hand, and not allowing her servants to help her in what she thought was only her duty. As Bernard was destined for the cloister, Aletta sent him to a monastery called Chatillon, whose school was famous; there he learnt the dead languages, and attained a perfect knowledge of the Scriptures. In him Aletta took an especial interest, having had a very curious dream at his birth. She dreamt that she 'bare a barking white dog with a reddish back!' It was, I should think, a little difficult to make out what such a dream could mean; but a monk, whom Aletta consulted, at once explained that the dream signified that the child would prove 'a stedfast pillar of the Church.'


At that time the barbarism of the tenth century was passing away, and education was becoming, especially in France, as highly esteemed as the arts

of war. With more enlightened times the monasteries had greatly improved, although they had greatly increased in number. The rough usages of war, and the coarse manners of a corrupt age, had also induced many holy and good men to fly from the world, and (building huts and cells for themselves in lonely places) to seek for peace in high mountains, caves, or thick forest glades, undisturbed by human visitors, where they prayed and worked in utter silence. We, of course, think they were mistaken in choosing lives of solitude; but it was the natural result of very lawless times. This predilection for solitary pilgrimages and hermitages had greatly increased at the epoch of the Crusades. There lived in France an Abbé named Bernard (not St. Bernard) about this time. He collected followers of every profession, and led them to a deeply secluded spot called Tiron; but would not allow them to be idle. They were compelled to work, and build their own monastery; and while one toiled as a carpenter, another as a mason or painter, those who knew no trade were set to hew wood, and clear away the thickets and brambles; but it was all done in silence—not a word was to be said, nothing was to be uttered but praises of God, and prayers to their Maker.

Another Abbé, named Serlo, led his followers


into a forest. 'Here,' said he, 'is our cloister;' and they slept beneath trees in the forest till they had constructed huts to live in. At least those self-immolated men learnt *self-denial*, which was the great lesson taught by the life of the cloister. It was an age of great luxury, and the Pope had been compelled to limit the extravagance and luxury of the monasteries and their inmates, while the sumptuary laws were put in force among all classes.

There were two kinds of cloister life—one where the seclusion of the monastery was a refuge from the cares and dangers of life, but where the fare and living was excellent and abundant; and the other, where poverty was an essential element to their calling, and where no luxury of any kind was allowed, and whose deluded monks believed that they were certain to gain heaven if they put up with tortures and penances, too numerous to tell you of, though I must mention one as an instance. There was a monk, named Gerard, at the Abbey of St. Aubin in Anjou. He wore, first of all, iron chains all over his body, legs, arms, and chest. Then he had *lead* hung round his stomach; while trailing behind him was a huge stone attached to his waist by heavy ropes. This could not have been pleasant; but we read that, equipped in that manner, he read



his prayers and cultivated his garden. When he went to bed at night, he slept on cushions stuffed with cinders ; and (poor man !) his food was mixed with the same hard material, though, we are told, it only consisted of bitter herbs and wild fruit, and what he drank was a decoction of laurel leaves ! After such fare, one is not astonished at hearing that austerities like those led to the monks becoming rather thin !

Idleness, however, in the twelfth century was not allowed in the monasteries ; for when they did not cultivate the land round their religious houses, monks were compelled to copy manuscripts, the most costly vellum being used for the purpose, which was either given to them, or procured by exchanging for it richer offerings made to their order by pious laymen. Every cloister had its library, for says an old writer, ‘ a monastery without books is like a castle without arms ; ’ but as books were expensive, the monks were often compelled to form their libraries by copying manuscripts lent to them by other religious communities. Such pursuits were favoured by the quiet and calmness of their lives ; for signs and not words were used in most cloisters, and no conversation was permitted. Occasionally, however, there would be a little season of relaxation, when the monks acted religious pieces, or held



fairs for the sale of their wine or other merchandise, while the general public were permitted to come within the precincts, if not the walls of their cloister, or when strangers were entertained after depositing their 'boots and spurs' in some secure place. Each monk had his duty to perform. One was the sacristan, who slept in the beautiful church or chapel of the monastery, and who was required to ring the bell for 'matins,' and to take care of the consecrated vessels and lights; another, the cellarer, had charge of the wine and food; but the most important personage of all was the almoner. He it was who received guests and distributed the alms. Once a week it was his duty to sally forth into the neighbouring town or village, and give away wine, bread, grocery, or anything that the monks had to bestow on the poor and sick; but if the sufferer were a woman, he had to leave his offerings at the door. A monk's garb varied with the order to which he belonged; but it was regulated by the religious statutes of the Church. While some monks were compelled to carry their vows of poverty into execution by wearing the meanest garments, others were allowed to have a change of garments, and even to wear furs when they dwelt in cold regions; but every monk was obliged to 'be shaven and shorn,' and once a year, or oftener, they were all publicly denuded of


the hair of their head. While they dined, one read aloud,—the meal only consisting of the simplest food, cooked without butter, and often, such was the growing austerity of the times, of only bread and water ; and yet, in spite of such extreme frugality, once a year the monks were bled !

Such was the life that Bernard's good mother proposed to dedicate him to. After her death, he was led away for a time by the pleasures of the world, but it was not for long. His brothers had embraced soldiers' lives, and would willingly have persuaded Bernard to join them. One day he was riding slowly along on his road to a castle called Grancey, which was being besieged by his brothers. He was a tall, fair-haired, handsome lad ; and one can imagine him as he rides along, clad, according to his station, in a woollen shirt,—for linen was unknown till its manufacture was common in the Low Countries,—and 'braies,' or 'pantaloons,' which in the thirteenth century were a kind of long stocking, kept up by a belt, in which a traveller would sometimes carry his money. These 'braies' were made of material varying according to the rank of the wearer ; they were sometimes of silk or leather, or coloured cloth. The upper garment was either a long robe, or a short tunic coming down only as far as the knee. If the wearer were noble, the outer garment

was of silk, or very fine scarlet cloth ; and if he was rich, it was lined and edged with ermine or other fur, though, as in our day, the nobles of those days condescended to wear skins artificially dyed. When the Emperor Alexius first saw Godfrey de Bouillon and his companions, he admired the various kinds of fur donned by them on their robes or tunics. It was considered the height of fashion to wear long hanging sleeves over tight ones ; and the robe or mantle trailed along the ground. Richly embroidered boots or shoes were worn, except when mail armour was adopted ; for then, of course, they were useless, as the mail fitted to the leg, and covered the whole of the lower extremities. A sort of leather boot, called 'bazans,' was worn by the clergy ; and as he had only just left his monastery, probably such would be worn by Bernard.

Long hair had been forbidden by law early in the twelfth century, but towards its close the hair was again worn long. It was also curled with crimping irons, and even bound up with ribbons ; but in France the men at Bernard's age were all shaved, and even beards were forbidden by law ; so that, had Baldwin du Bourg lived in the thirteenth instead of the twelfth century, he would not have worn so long a beard. Riding along through thick forests, Bernard let the bridle and reins fall loosely out of

his hand as he thought over all that he had been recently doing. There is something in a quiet summer's day, with the hum of insect life, the songs of birds, and the gentle rustle of the trees, that takes one back in memory to one's early home ; and Bernard thought of the chateau where he had learnt so many pious lessons from his mother Aletta. He had been in the world, he had tasted all its amusements and pleasures, and found how vainly he had imagined that they could ever replace the longings he had felt for a cloistered life. His thoughts reverted to his mother, and tears came into his eyes as he remembered all her plans for him. Through the thicket he heard a little tinkling bell. At first he thought it might be a sheep or a cow-bell ; but stopping his horse to listen, he recognised the peculiar sound of a convent summons to prayer. Guided by the sound, he repaired to a little wayside chapel that was attached to a neighbouring monastery. He dismounted and gave himself up to prayer. In his ardour he half-fancied that his mother appeared to him, for he became from that moment *resolutely* determined to become a monk. When he rejoined his brothers at Grancey, and told them of his resolution, and of the reasons that had led to his decision, the ardour and eloquence with which Bernard spoke induced them all to join him—all



except Gerard, the second, who thought Bernard's resolution proceeded from the transient feeling of the moment, induced by solitude.

It was at a time when all Europe was ringing with Norman conquests in England and Sicily. Guido and Gerard had caught the prevalent enthusiasm for military pursuits, and had joined the Duke of Burgundy at the siege of Grancey. Bernard, finding he could not persuade Gerard, turned away. 'You will suffer,' he cried, 'and learn by suffering.' He then led his companions to church. The text that they heard given out seemed to their young and enthusiastic minds a direct sign from heaven. As his eldest brother Guido, who had joined Bernard, was married, he and his wife separated by mutual agreement; and she and other ladies, wives to some of the party, were sent to a convent near Dijon. At this time Bernard was only three-and-twenty; but he had such wonderful powers of persuasion that his converts became numerous. They were undaunted by the idea of renouncing all their money and castles, for their kinsman led them all captive by the fervour with which he pleaded the claims of a religious life; but he was determined to put their earnestness to the test. He chose a poor monastery situated in a wilderness, and in the diocese of Chalons-sur-Saone, of the Benedictine

rule. A fatal fever had carried off many of the monks of Citeaux, as it was called ; and the superior was an Englishman named Harding. Bernard bid all his associates, were they sincere, follow him to that dreary spot. Not one refused to go, although their father Tecelin implored them to leave one of his elder sons. Bernard told him that Nivard, the youngest, was not yet old enough to go ; so Tecelin was forced to see them all depart, none looking back as they passed over the moat of that pleasant old chateau of Fontaines, their birthplace and early home.

The grapes were ripening as they passed through the vineyard round the house ; and their little brother ran up to Bernard. He had been playing with some other little children.

‘Take me with you,’ he cried.

‘Nivard,’ said Bernard, ‘you are too young to come with us ; but we leave you all our earthly inheritance.’


‘But, brother,’ cried Nivard, ‘that’s not fair, to take all heaven, and give me only part of earth.’

The parting over, the brothers settled down to their life of rigid silence and seclusion. Soon the fame of Bernard’s piety and his wonderful self-denial grew and became known ; other young nobles flocked to the gates of their lonely monastery, begging to

be allowed to join a community where no priest, however great, was repined at. Hugo de Clairvaux, before he left France to become a Cistercian, gave the monks a piece of ground to build on. The old cloister would no longer hold them all; the monks had to build for themselves, they had no time to work for their maintenance; and a few leaves cooked in salt and water, or coarse bread of barley and millet, was the only food they could afford to have. The valley itself was a marshy plain, and was called the 'Valley of Wormwood'—a name valued for medicinal purposes; but soon it became known as the 'Bright Valley.' It lay between two hills, and ran down to a fertile plain watered by a lovely river.

Bernard's enthusiastic ardour and earnestness soon led to his promotion as abbot of the cloister of Clairvaux, and he was consecrated in 1115, although he had only been a monk a few years. He was just twenty-six; but so emaciated by the privations he had undergone, that he looked like a ghost as he walked up to the bishop to be ordained. The ceremony was a simple but touching one. Twelve of his fellow-monks followed him to the altar of the monastery chapel at which the abbot presided. Through the western window, with its rich Gothic stonework, came the bright rays


setting sun. The young abbot knelt down at the close of the service, and received at the altar a plain cross, and then he and his associates returned home. The aspect of his young spare figure, and of such noble youths giving up all to follow the service of God, impressed all spectators, as, bidding the other community farewell, the new abbot passed out of the gates, not a word being said, and nothing heard but the hymns chanted in the church, as the service slowly ended after his departure. The bishop who had consecrated him, had the sense to recognise Bernard's superior mind, and that strong vital religion, which had such an influence on his age, and he spread his fame among other bishops. Bernard's exertions, however, had proved too much for his health; so his friend Guillaume de Champeaux induced him to leave the monastery, and he was put under the charge of a man who promised to cure him. The account of his hut does not sound very cheering for one whose strength needed recruiting. Another abbot went, in 1116, to seek him, and found him lodged in a little wayside cell, such as were used for those ill of leprosy or other infectious disorders. However, Bernard never complained; and when he was allowed to return to Clairvaux, resumed his usual life of austerity. No conversation was permitted among the brethren, but no idleness. Each monk,



occupied in some kind of labour, toiled on. When rich nobles, attracted by the fame of such austere religion, brought presents as offerings, and visited Clairvaux, they were awed. Many never returned to the world again, but would beg Bernard to admit them to the order. The most perfect humility and obedience, patience and silence were insisted on; it was no light thing to be a novice at that stern abode; but even turbulent knights, wrought upon by Bernard's personal influence, embraced a religious life at his persuasion. In time his health gave way, and he was compelled to relax the strict discipline he had subjected himself to. His influence, however, increased daily. Not only did he exert it to make peace between nobles at variance with each other, but he fearlessly exposed the abuses of the Church and the cloisters, rebuking the luxury and pomp of the clergy, their costly dress and idle lives. He effected a complete reform in many of the monasteries; but in those days, as in our own, Bernard's efforts were often mocked at, and those whom he induced to become really pious, good priests, persecuted, because by their own they rebuked the careless lives of the irregular clergy of that corrupt age.

Lewis 'the Fat,' as he was called, then reigned in France. He had openly robbed the Archbishop


of Paris and his clergy of a great portion of their goods and lands. Bernard fearlessly remonstrated ; but the king remained inexorable, although many of the bishops threw themselves at his feet. This was in 1127. Bernard, finding remonstrance unavailing, openly threatened Lewis. 'I saw you,' he cried, 'last night in a dream, and you and your younger son Lewis were suppliants to the very bishops you now despise. I infer that your eldest son's life is in danger.' About three years afterwards, Prince Philip actually died of a fall from his horse, and Louis le Gros, feeling he was dying, wished to be carried to St. Denis, that he might become a monk. His health did not allow that, so he had a carpet covered with ashes spread out in the form of a cross, and lay there till he died ! Such were the superstitions of the age ; and people actually thought Bernard had predicted the event. In 1128, a solemn assembly was convened at Troyes to settle the affairs of the Knights Templars. Bernard was summoned to attend it. He excused himself on the plea of illness, but later he was compelled to attend. Their grand master begged him to excite, by his eloquence, more genuine religious feeling in the order ; and Bernard then wrote a 'commendation of the new order of knighthood.' In that work he contrasted the life of other soldiers with that led by the Templars. Speak-



ing of the latter, he says, 'They eschew chess and dice, and take no delight in hawking, soothsayers, buffoons, or vain diversions. Mad frolics they abhor. They cut their hair in remembrance of that apostle who says it is "a shame for a man to have long hair."' While he described other soldiers as covering 'their horses with silken trappings (and gay cloths float over your coat of mail); ye paint your lances, shields, and saddles; ye adorn your bridles with silver and precious stones; and are these the insignia of women, or knights? Ye yourselves have experienced that three things be necessary to a knight: that he be bold, active, and watchful, light of foot, and prompt to strike. But ye, on the contrary, have your hair long (after the manner of women), your feet are entangled in your long flowing robes, and your hand buried in your large and spreading sleeves.'

In the year 910, William Duke of Aquitaine had founded an order of Cluniac monks, intended to revive the Benedictine rule in its most rigid form. At first a series of excellent abbots governed the order well; but as it grew rich, the severity of its discipline was replaced by luxury; though the convent became the seat of refinement and art, the lives led by the monks were highly at variance with the wishes of its pious founder. At last a priest called 'Peter the Venerable' was chosen abbot, and he did all he

could to mould his monks to a simpler mode of life ; but still even in their dress they were great contrasts to their neighbours the Cistercians (for Bernard's monks wore white garments, those of Clugni black) ; and a kind of rivalry sprang up between the two orders, but was at once checked by Peter's amiable temper, while he and Bernard became firm friends. During the period that Bernard was abbot of Clairvaux, he sent as many as one hundred and sixty colonies of monks to all parts of the world ; and the first Cistercian monastery founded in England was that of Waverley, near Farnham in Surrey, which was endowed by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, 1128. Bernard's personal influence was wonderful ; and so great was his reputation for mildness, sagacity, and good sense, that even crowned heads sought his counsels. In 1130 Bernard became a warm partisan of Pope Innocent II., when his claims to the papal throne were threatened ; but Bernard's chief happiness was to live among his monks at Clairvaux, away from public life. He preached to them every day, and his celebrated sermons would not have descended to posterity had not his brethren written them down as he delivered them, in a voice so touching, that it is said that ' even Germans and foreigners, who did not understand the words, shed tears when they heard him.' It was a low and




weak voice, but wonderfully flexible and melodious ; while he spoke, every feature of his face was lighted up by the earnestness and truth of his own pure soul. His contemporaries named him the 'thirteenth apostle,' and he had certainly great claims to be called so. Such was the man whose voice was destined to preach the second Crusade.

In the thirteenth century chivalry no longer existed as it had done in darker ages. Pilgrimages to the Holy Land were still looked on as a certain means of effacing the load left by conscience when dark deeds had been done ; and palmers still journeyed to Palestine, only coming back when they had gratified their religious feelings by kneeling at the holy places visited by our Saviour. It was seldom that a love of travelling alone, led men to the Holy Land, it was almost always from devout motives.

There are many stories of pilgrims during the Crusades. There was another Bernard, who walked for seven years without shoes till he had accomplished his vow ; and Raymond of Provence quitted his castle, wife, and friends to bathe in Jordan and wash away his sins ; not to mention a noble lady named Flandrine, sister of the grand master of the Templars. She walked the whole way to Jerusalem from Rome, clad in armour ; and even robbers

respected the austerities she practised as she journeyed along. This idea of wiping away one's sins by a journey to the Holy Land originated Lewis the Seventh's crusade to the East, when news came of the fall of Edessa and the state of Antioch and Jerusalem. Lewis might well feel remorse, for he had been very cruel. He had made war on Theobald Count of Champagne. During the war, a town called Vitri was taken. Thirteen hundred people, including a great many women and children, had flown to the church, which they thought would be safe as a refuge. By the king's orders it was set on fire, and the whole thirteen hundred perished in the flames. That place is still called 'Vitri-le-brulé,' in memory of the catastrophe. When Melisenda's ambassadors arrived in France, they found Lewis desirous to set off to the Crusades at once; and by Bernard's advice a letter was despatched to the Pope to ask his aid to enlist Europe a second time in favour of Christianity in Palestine. Eugenius was then Pope, and he had been a monk at Clairvaux under Bernard. To the latter's letter he replied by begging him to preach the Crusade publicly. At Christmas, Lewis, before all his nobles at Bourges, solemnly announced his intention of heading the expedition; and at Easter 1146, Bernard was sent by the Pope and king to publish the news




throughout France, Spain, and Germany. His eloquent voice rang through all the European churches. He made his first appeal at Vezelai, at Easter 1146. The castle was too small to hold all the people who thronged, not only to see so celebrated a monk, but King Lewis, who accompanied him, for the king had already assumed the cross. A great scaffold was put up for the preacher in a field outside Vezelai.

The eloquence with which he pleaded for help for Palestine touched all hearts ; and when Lewis VII. threw himself at Bernard's feet before the whole assembly, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. 'The cross !' 'The cross !' resounded on every side ; and as the crowd gathered round the monk to receive the sacred emblems prepared for the occasion, in order to attach them to their breasts, Bernard was forced to scatter rather than give them away ; and there were more persons to receive than crosses to give ; he was obliged to tear up his own garment to have enough for all who craved them from his hands. The same scene was repeated wherever Bernard preached ; and at Chartres the assembly urged him to lead them himself to battle. He shook his head sadly as he replied, 'What ! am I to lead warriors to battle ? If even my strength did not fail me, I am unlearned in the arts of war.'

The fame of his sermons and piety preceded St. Bernard wherever he went. He was looked on as a saint ; and churches were erected to his honour on the spots where he had preached. Eleanor of Aquitaine and Poitou, Queen of France, the giddy wife of Lewis VII., determined to accompany her husband, and received a cross from Bernard ; she took a troupe of minstrels and troubadours with her ; and a corps of Amazons was formed to join the expedition, commanded by a lady of more beauty than courage, and who, wearing boots embroidered in gold, was called ‘ *La dame aux jambes d’or,*’ ‘The lady with the golden feet!’ Minstrels and troubadours were certainly out of place in such a serious expedition ; but Eleanor loved excitement, and could not do without her usual recreations. Poetry was a necessary element during the Middle Ages in a princess’s amusements, and minstrels were privileged individuals in every court. Sometimes, too, they dared to make love through the medium of their verses to fair ladies whom they served.

There is a very pretty legend about a troubadour, in the twelfth century, which I must tell you here. His name was Geoffrey Rudel, and he lived a gay and merry life till one day he met some pilgrims from the Holy Land. They told him so much about



the grace and loveliness of the Countess of Tripoli, that he not only fell in love with her from their description, but he sent her some lovely poetry, and soon followed his verses in person.

As he did not wish to go alone, he persuaded his friend Bertrand d'Alamannon to go with him. They journeyed along clad as simple palmers, and got on board a ship bound for the East. The sea was so rough, and the wind was so high, that the poor poet fell ill, and indeed appeared to be dead. The captain was going to give orders to throw him overboard when he revived, just as they neared the coast of Syria. His friend landed, and went in search of the lovely Countess, the poet breathing still for her, but very feeble.

When she heard how a poet, for love of her 'beaux yeux,' had come all that long distance, the Countess went on board the vessel where Rudel lay ill. She spoke to him; she took his hand. The troubadour wished to live, but such bliss overpowered him. He died of an excess of happiness in the arms of a lady whom he had loved so truly, though he had never known her. The Countess, grateful for such devotion, placed her friend's ashes in a lovely marble urn, and composed an epitaph in Arabic to his honour. Bertrand, after offering her his friend's verses, returned to Europe, loaded with

presents ; but the Countess could not recover Rudel's death, and ended her days in a convent.

The French were the principal supporters of the second Crusade ; but Bernard travelled into Germany to summon its princes, as he had done in France, to join the common cause of Christendom. In Germany, as in France, wherever he went, Bernard's eloquence kindled up a flame of devotion ; but in Germany he had reason to rebuke the zeal of Crusaders. An ignorant monk, Rudolph by name, first aroused a spirit of persecution against the Jews. His words had so excited the populace against them as 'enemies of Christ,' that that unhappy race was subjected to the greatest indignities. Bernard boldly rebuked such an unjust persecution, and by his influence forced the turbulent monk, Rudolph, to retire to his convent, and the people to give up such an unchristian course.

The Emperor Conrad was by no means disposed to take part in the Crusade at Bernard's bidding, even when the latter read the Pope's bull. Bernard said no more, but a few days later he preached a sermon at Frankfort-on-Maine. The Emperor was present. Bernard's eloquence so touched Conrad's heart, that he called out from his seat, 'I acknowledge the divine mercy ! I am ready for the service to which you exhort me.'

Bernard then took the consecrated banner from the altar.


‘Take it!’ he cried to Conrad; and at the head of the Crusaders he went back to the palace, side by side with so great an ally for the cause of the Cross.

In 1147 Bernard went back to France. He was present when a regent was chosen at Etampes during the king’s intended absence. It was a solemn meeting. First letters from the Greek Emperor Manuel were read, promising a free passage to the Crusaders. The letters were full of oriental flattery. A bishop present, seeing that Lewis was covered with confusion, interrupted the interpreter: ‘My brother,’ said he, ‘tell us not such long tales of our king’s virtue and excellence; we know him well.’

The next day the meeting discussed their route to the Holy Land. Roger Count of Sicily wrote to beg them to go by sea; but Lewis determined to go down the Danube to Constantinople.


On the third day a regent was chosen. After Bernard had prayed for guidance in their choice, the king begged his nobles to choose. After they had well deliberated, Bernard pointed out the Abbot Suger and William Count of Nevers to the king: ‘Sire,’ he cried, ‘these are the two swords we have

made use of. It sufficeth.' Then again the Crusaders met. That time it was at St. Denis; the Pope himself was there, accompanied by Bernard. Louis VII. fell on his knees before Eugenius while the Pontiff blessed him, and, opening a golden casket, gave the King of France first a crucifix, then, leading him up to the altar, a consecrated banner, and the papal benediction. Close to him stood a small group, whose very presence was enough to reanimate the monarch's zeal, had it failed him then. Standing by the high altar was the grand master of the Templar Knights. Accompanied by a hundred and thirty of his knights, he had come from Palestine to Paris to escort the king to the Holy Land. Although the enthusiasm for the second Crusade was not nearly so great as that for the first had been, one single monk seemed able to influence the civilised world by his name and his eloquence. Sometimes Bernard's voice failed him, and then his sermons were read out; in those villages and towns that he could not visit, his letters were also read, exhorting all to join the Crusade. While Bernard thus preached in France and Germany, and the ladies seconded his efforts by sending distaffs to such young men as would not join, Italy and England also responded to the Pope's appeal. The German pilgrims met at Ratisbon, while hundreds embarked




from Flemish or Italian ports. The Pope enjoined the Crusaders to leave all their dogs and falcons at home, and to go merely as simple pilgrims. It was indeed difficult to find funds for the heavy cost of sending so vast an army to the East ; and, amongst other expedients, Peter the Venerable recommended the king to force the Jews to raise money enough to make war on the Infidels ; but probably, even if they provided funds enough for the first expenses, the king found it no easy matter to support so great an army, as later we read of his constantly writing for more money to France, already heavily taxed for the holy war.

One more pious duty had Lewis again to perform before he left France. Again he hastened to St. Denis. It was gorgeously decorated, and a long train of priests stood ready to receive the king before the altar rails. The king and his companions stood lost in prayer at the foot of the altar. The sunlight streamed down on their heads through painted glass windows, commemorating the great deeds of Godfrey de Bouillon, Tancred, Raymond, and the battles of Antioch, Ascalon, and others. The Pope was there, and Lewis received at his hands his pilgrim's staff and wallet, and, what was more precious than aught else, the oriflamme of France, which was the banner of the monastery of St. Denis. It was a



flag always borne by the kings of France in battle. Lewis received the flag on his knees. It was a square of red silk attached to a gilt spear, suspended by a cross bar. His mother and Queen Eleanor were present during the ceremony, and the latter left with her husband for Palestine, and joined the pilgrim army at Worms, whence they set off, through Germany and Hungary, to the East. In spite of the Greek Emperor's fulsome flattery and reception, Lewis and the French were disgusted at finding that, with Greek insincerity, Manuel had warned the Sultan of Iconium of the Crusade; and the same Bishop of Langres who had rebuked Manuel's messenger at Etampes for his flattery to his sovereign, now tried to induce his master to take Constantinople. But several of the barons told him, in reply, 'that the Christians had come to Asia to expiate their sins, and not to make war on the Greeks.' The Greek Emperor was not easy at finding his right to his capital discussed by a large armed force in his own dominions. In order to hasten their departure, he spread false reports about the Germans. He declared that they had defeated the Turks, and become masters of Iconium. His trick succeeded. The French pilgrims set off; but a great eclipse of the sun taking place as they were leaving Constantinople (1148), the supersti-



tious among their number gave way to the most gloomy fears. They thought the eclipse was a bad omen. And so it was, for soon bad news reached them ; it was reported that all the German pilgrims had perished in Iconium.

Conrad had divided his army into two divisions. The larger took the route adopted by Godfrey de Bouillon, the smaller number went towards Laodicea. Their guides were Greeks, and led them wrong, either from treacherous motives or ignorance ; and instead of reaching their destination in a week, as their conductors had affirmed, the poor Croisés found themselves wandering among barren mountains, their soldiers, horses, and mules perishing from fatigue, hunger, and thirst. Their Greek guides disappeared ; and the day after, a large number of Turkish soldiers appeared on the hills around the Croisés' army. Retreat was decided on ; but, constantly harassed by the Infidels, the poor Germans, who were weakened by all they went through, died by hundreds as they retraced their steps, for the heavily armed Germans could not fight the active Tartars. When Conrad arrived at Nicæa, he was plunged in grief. Except for a mere handful of warriors, all the gallant army that he had led to the East had perished, their bones whitening the deserts and plains of Asia. The French king embraced his

brother monarch, and they swore never to separate again, but to go on to Jerusalem together. In spite of such a solemn promise, Conrad returned eventually to Constantinople. Lewis VII. went on by the coast ; but, in consequence of the obstructions his army met with, it was two months before they reached Ephesus, which they did not attempt to enter, as the inhabitants seemed hostile to them. When the French monarch reached the river Mæander, which is celebrated for its 'swans, he found the Turks drawn up to oppose their passage ; but they passed over safely, and actually believed that a horseman 'clad in white' preceded them, and was a heaven-sent knight to aid their progress. They reached Laodicea on the third day, hoping to get stores there, but the inhabitants fled at their approach. They then determined to cross the mountains between Laodicea and Satalia. After fearful hardships, and warlike encounters with the Turks, Lewis and his now reduced forces arrived at Satalia.

Satalia, or Atalia, was built on a gulf of the same name, inhabited by Greeks, and governed by the Emperor of Constantinople. The inhabitants refused to receive them ; and the poor half-starved and naked pilgrims were forced to sleep in the open fields as best they could, and that in the middle of

winter. The king and nobles called a council, and suggested embarking the whole army on board ships that they had purchased from the Greeks. The king was superstitiously anxious to take the road adopted by the first Crusaders. 'I shall follow the route that our fathers did,' cried Lewis. 'As long as I have anything left, I will divide it with my companions. When I have nothing left, I know you will all undergo privations with me.'

The barons were all willing to do as the king wished, but were furious with the Greeks, to whose perfidy they ascribed all their sufferings. The governor of Atalia began to fear the revenge of the Croisés. He sent to place ships at Lewis' disposal ; but, though his offer was accepted, and the sea route to Antioch decided on, they waited five weeks in vain. At last Lewis, his queen, and his great barons embarked, and he was obliged to leave the sick behind him, though the Greeks promised to send them safely on. However, no sooner had Lewis left than the Greeks forgot all their promises, and seven thousand poor pilgrims, abandoned by their leaders, determined to find their way as well as they could to Tarsus. Of that great throng, the greater number of them perished either by Turkish violence or from want and misery.

When Lewis arrived at Antioch, he was received


with the warmest welcome by Raymond de Poitiers, and the festivities consequent on their reception in that principality in some measure effaced the memory of the sufferings that they had gone through, and the fate of the hapless multitudes who had perished on the road, for but a very slender number ever reached Syria. It was a brilliant little throng who were Raymond's guests. Not only were fierce knights at Antioch, but ladies fair, headed by Queen Eleanor, who was Raymond's niece, one who loved admiration, and thought but little of the serious nature of the vow framed by her fair lips when Bernard pinned the cross upon her breast. Certainly it was no pious motive that had led her to Jerusalem. In spite of the sorrows she had witnessed on the road, and the sacred places she had trod—scenes so dear to the mass of the pilgrims, that the very sight of them seemed to reconcile them to all their troubles,—Eleanor's frivolity never deserted her.

Raymond did all he could to induce the king to attack Aleppo and Cæsarea, for he dreaded Nour-ed-deen's power, and wished to keep the Croisés at Antioch to assist him. Lewis VII., however, refused, alleging that he had gone to the East from motives of piety, and that he did not wish to engage in any war till he had first visited the Holy City.

Raymond, failing with the king, tried how he could succeed with Queen Eleanor ; and, as Raymond was insinuating, spring time at Antioch inviting, and amusement ready at hand, Eleanor urged the king to prolong his stay there. Lewis, however, was firm, and began to suspect Eleanor. Then Raymond's haughty temper broke out. He won Eleanor over completely to his side, and vowed to keep her in his dominions. She also openly declared her wish of getting divorced from Lewis, on the plea of too near a relationship. At last Lewis was obliged to assert his rights, and carried off his own wife forcibly to his camp at night.

The queen's conduct scandalized every really religious pilgrim, and as a great many ladies had accompanied the second Crusade, her example was very bad ; eventually Lewis divorced Eleanor, who then married Henry the Second of England. In the meantime Lewis, only eager to reach Jerusalem, received messages of welcome from Baldwin III. and his knights and barons.

When at last the King of France reached Jerusalem, the enthusiasm of the Latins there knew no bounds. He was joined by the Emperor Conrad, and a few of his nobles. That monarch had spent the winter at Constantinople, and arrived at Jerusalem by sea, not as a great prince, but as a simple



palmer, so that he and the King of France wept together over the remembrance of their troubles, and rejoiced to have lived to reach the Holy City.

Baldwin III. still reigned as King of Jerusalem, and was at war with Noor-ed-deen, who was a great statesman as well as a great warrior, and governed the Turks with a superior mind. Melisenda, who was ambitious, did all that she could to keep the kingdom together ; but the knights and barons had fallen into easy oriental habits and manners, and the Knights Templars and Hospitalers alone fought as had done the first Crusaders, with single-minded views, to defend holy pilgrims, and guard the tomb of their Lord. However, in 1145, Baldwin had led his troops to the field, and after defeating the Infidels in the valley of the Dead Sea, had returned in triumph to Jerusalem. Two years later he led his army against Damascus. The archbishop accompanied him, bearing the true cross ; but though their expedition, which was one of great peril, to a certain extent failed, when Baldwin retreated to Jerusalem, he and his followers boasted that their adventures had been signalized by valour, perseverance, and prudence, such as would not have disgraced the first Crusaders.

A great council was called to discuss what course should be taken by the mighty strangers who had

come from Europe to aid Edessa, which was a place now totally forgotten in their deliberations. All turned upon Damascus, and the countries beyond that city, and which Baldwin III. and his followers coveted, on account of their fertility, and the rich booty they offered to their longing eyes. Towards the early part of the spring, all the troops met together in Galilee, and, headed by Lewis, Conrad, and Baldwin, and preceded by the true cross, advanced to the plains around Damascus. Damascus lay in a valley at the feet of a range of mountains. It was so surrounded by forests of orange, lemon, cedar, apricot, plum, cherry, peach and fig trees, etc., that the Latins, contrasting it with the barren country of Judea, were inclined to agree with those Orientals who declare that Damascus is the third paradise, and who have called it 'The mole on the cheek of nature ;' 'The plumage of the peacock of paradise ;' 'The brilliant neck of the ring-dove ;' and 'The collar of beauty.' The river Barradi ran through the city, and gave the lovely landscape the charm of water. Damascus has ever been famous for its silk, woollen stuffs, and dried fruits, which still form part of the trade of the East ; and it was one of the most flourishing cities of the East. Mohammed himself called it 'thrice blessed.'

Against that stately city the Christians then ad-

vanced. On the west and south it was defended by high walls, but on the north and east it was without defence, being surrounded by gardens. In those the Turks had done all they could to defend themselves, by erecting walls and towers, which were filled with archers. The Christians determined to assault the city on the garden side. The Turks defended themselves valiantly ; clouds of arrows and javelins met the Croisés as they advanced ; but they fought valiantly, and the Moslems at last fled. The young King of Jerusalem pursued them ; but the Saracens made a bold stand when he reached the Barradi river. Conrad had signalized himself with deeds as brave and as heroic as any of the early Croisés. He threw himself into the foremost ranks. The Moslems fled before his intrepid valour, and each thrust of his good sword slew an unbeliever. At last he encountered a huge giant, quite a Goliath among Moslems, who offered to fight Conrad. The Emperor accepted the challenge, and the two armies paused to see the issue of the combat. The Emperor threw him down, and slew him with his sword. This feat of arms spread terror through the Moslem army, and the Croisés were left masters of the banks of the river, while universal terror reigned in Damascus, the inhabitants all preparing to fly from the city. The Latins, by quarrels among themselves,

then lost the advantages they had gained, and, by being too confident, missed their prize. They began disputing among themselves as to whom Damascus should be given, and Thierry Count of Flanders claimed it. As this was highly displeasing to the Syrian barons, they did all that lay in their power to prevent the choice from falling on him, and even secretly negotiated with the Saracens to prevent any of the besieging party having it; for they lost all ardour for conquest when they knew that it would be given to a stranger Crusader, only just come to Palestine. At last [it is said] that King Baldwin and the Knights Templars took a large bribe to retreat, and that the byzants in which it was paid turned out to be counterfeit money. That, and rumours of a large Turkish army of twenty thousand men who were advancing under Nour-ed-deen's brother, decided the Croisés to retreat in the middle of the night to Jerusalem. The Emperor and the French king had been pacified by the Syrian barons, who promised to aid them to attack Ascalon; but as soon as they were safely back in the kingdom of Jerusalem, they broke all their engagements. Conrad, disgusted, returned to Europe; Lewis remained about a year longer in the Holy Land, but he took no further part in wars or exploits against the Moslems, and only remained as a simple pilgrim. Thus ended the second Crusade.

Lewis VII. divorced Eleanor on his return to France. He ardently wished to return to the Holy Land, to efface the memory of the disasters of his first expedition ; but he failed in getting any nobles to second him in such a generous wish. St. Bernard was much blamed for having sent so large an army to perish in Asia ; but he himself ascribed all their calamities to their sins, and the irregularity of the manners that prevailed at that time, not only in the army, but among all Christians in the East. St. Bernard used to call this epoch of his life the 'season of misfortunes ;' but the failure of the second Crusade was solely owing to the mismanagement of the princes and knights who undertook it. The remainder of the saint's life was dedicated to literary works ; and he died, aged sixty-three, in the year 1153 ; twenty years after his death he was canonized by Pope Alexander III. St. Bernard was very thin, and of middle height, with light complexion, and a beard slightly reddish in hue. His countenance was said to have been 'serene and heavenly,' and to have possessed an expression of 'angelical purity and dovelike simplicity.' He was to the twelfth century what St. Louis was to the thirteenth, a true Christian hero ; a monk without ambition, for he refused the papal tiara, preferring to remain a simple abbot in the pure country scenes around Clairvaux. When

the French and German monarchs returned to Europe, St. Bernard was attacked as the cause of all the disasters of the second Crusade. It was years before any fresh enterprise was undertaken by European monarchs ; and in the minds of the French no fresh enthusiasm arose to prompt them to follow out Lewis' wishes.

Henry II. of England professed to feel deeply interested in the welfare of Palestine. After he had murdered Thomas à Becket, he sent alms to support two hundred Knights Templars for a year, as one of the penances imposed on him by the Pope for the murder. In 1166 he sent out money to the Holy Land, which he had raised by taxing the people of England ; and in 1177 he and Lewis of France agreed to return to Palestine together ; but Henry's indolence and Lewis' death terminated the scheme. Baldwin III. made an excellent king, and administered the laws of the kingdom justly and impartially ; but the Latin barons and knights disagreed among themselves, their feuds constantly preventing success against the Moslems, while the Christian colony in Palestine seemed to be abandoned by the West at the moment that it most needed the assistance of European warriors.

Very shortly after the siege of Damascus, Count Raymond of Antioch's days were cut short by his

being killed in battle by the Turks, who were so proud of their exploit that his head was cut off in triumph and sent to the Caliph of Bagdad. Many places in the principality of Antioch submitted to the victorious Nour-ed-deen ; Edessa was deserted by all its Latin inhabitants, who fled either to Antioch or Jerusalem ; the Count of Tripoli was assassinated on the road to Antioch, as he was escorting the Princess Constantia to her home, and his son succeeded him. As, however, the little prince was only twelve years of age, his mother was made regent. She was sister to Melisenda, Baldwin's mother ; and it was very unfortunate that another woman should have been called on to reign in Syria at so critical a moment in its history. As to the young king, and his mother Melisenda, their disputes ended by his forcibly revolting against her ambitious designs. At last it was settled that Melisenda and Baldwin should divide the kingdom of Jerusalem between them ; but Baldwin broke all his engagements after a time, and fresh quarrels arose, which ended by a civil conflict between the mother and son in Jerusalem itself ; but a fresh treaty was entered into, and the disgraceful quarrel ended. In the year 1152 Jerusalem was threatened by some Turks with a small army ; but they were defeated and compelled to fly to the hills,

where they were pursued and slain by the Latin knights of Jerusalem. In vain the king and the Patriarch wrote to the Pope, to implore fresh assistance. The memory of the failure of St. Bernard's Crusade deterred the princes of Europe from thinking of a new one, till the Abbé of St. Denis, Suger, in a solemn assembly later at Chartres, enjoined the necessity of helping the faithful in the Holy Land. He was seventy years of age, but he actually dreamt of leading a Crusade himself in person, and would undoubtedly have set off, for six thousand pilgrims had joined him, had not death taken the intrepid old man at the moment of his departure. Suger was a great friend of St. Bernard's, and minister to Lewis the Seventh, and Regent of France in his absence. He rose from a low origin to great importance, and was a good courtier and a holy monk, though it is difficult for us in this century to imagine how two such opposite characters could be combined. In the Middle Ages the great offices of state were always filled by priests, I suppose because they were the only people who had sufficient leisure to cultivate their minds.

The separate dynasties of the Turks and Saracens had almost entirely disappeared after the Christians conquered Syria ; but the Caliphs of Bagdad

seemed, in Baldwin's reign, to exercise still some influence amid the disorders that existed in the East, although he and his subjects were too little united among themselves to profit by it. The Christians took but little heed of the internal state of the oriental countries around their possessions in Syria. The seaport towns were eagerly captured by the Franks, and carefully guarded by them on account of their commercial importance ; but the Latins, in watching over their maritime conquests, remained in ignorance of the movements of their enemies, who, after having been at first totally dispersed at the conquest of Palestine by Godfrey de Bouillon and his companions, and afterwards dismayed by the terror of the Christian name, were slowly rising up again under a clever and wise chieftain, whose motive for conquest was that implacable hatred to the Christian religion so deeply implanted in the Moslem's heart, and to him as strong an incentive as the cross was to the western Crusader.

Although crowned heads would no longer lead huge armies to Palestine, constant communication was still kept up between Europe and the Holy Land by means of vessels that sailed to and fro, bringing over those who were anxious to visit the Holy Sepulchre only as simple pilgrims, having no call to fight ; or sometimes knights, vowing a solitary

journey to Palestine, to prove their fealty to their 'ladye-loves;' for it was no uncommon thing in those days, for the fair sex to condemn their lovers to 'break a lance' with the Saracens before bestowing on them their hearts and hands. Most seaport towns in Italy had vessels ready to carry over pilgrims, and they generally sailed in fleets for safety, their destination being marked by the flag at the stern, which always bore the red cross as an emblem to mark its purpose,—the months of the year usually chosen to set sail in being March and July. The pilgrims who went to Palestine seldom stayed longer than a year; sometimes they inflicted minor penances on themselves, believing that such fanatical practices were acceptable to Heaven. One pilgrim, named Godric, went to Jerusalem, and not only ate nothing but bread and water till he reached the Holy City, *but never once changed his clothes* till he arrived there. However, we are told he *then* bathed in the Jordan, but, on coming out of the river, vowed never to wear shoes till he got back to England again, his native country, 'for,' cried he, 'God walked with naked feet on this land; He permitted them to be pierced for me; and so I vow never again to wear shoes upon the soil of Palestine.'

The chief who was destined to reanimate the Saracens, and to lead them to conquests that ended

in the total ruin of the Latin kingdom, you have heard of before, as Nour-ed-deen, Zenghi's son, who was a model of heroic virtues, and austere purity of life. He is described as having been tall and thin, brown in complexion, and agreeable in face, with a mild countenance, unadorned by a beard. Like Zenghi he was devoted to the cause of Mohammedanism, and under his reign all the efforts of eastern nations were exerted to destroy the Latin colonies, and reassert the religion of the Koran. Besides being a chieftain of great valour, Nour-ed-deen was very ascetic in his habits ; and was rather too much so, I should think, to be an agreeable husband, if the anecdotes told of the allowance that he made his wife are true.

Nour-ed-deen was very rich, but he would not wear any gold, silver, or silk in his garments, because such luxuries were forbidden by the prophet. I suppose he imagined his wife wanted even less than he did, as he would not give her more than what would barely support her. One day he received a very splendid turban from Egypt, adorned with gold. A soofee—that is, a mystic devotee—came in as his attendants were describing the splendour of his present to him, and Nour-ed-deen instantly gave the soofee his fine turban. In vain his attendants told him the soofee needed it not. ‘ Leave it

with him,' said Nour-ed-deen, 'I hope to get something better worth having in the next world.' Although a great prince, he was as simply dressed as the meanest peasant ; and even Latin writers on the Crusades speak of his justice, clemency, and religious feeling. Damascus was crowded with strangers because he was so just a ruler. He had so great a reverence for genius, that he never would allow learned men who visited him to stand in his presence.

Baldwin III. determined to besiege the strong city of Ascalon. While Gerard, Lord of Sidon, guarded it with fifteen small ships at sea, Baldwin attacked and finally took it by land, 1153. During the eight following years Palestine never seemed to have any respite from war ; and in 1162 Baldwin III. died at the early age of thirty-three. He was deeply regretted by his subjects ; and even his enemy Nour-ed-deen, when advised to invade the Holy Land after his death, paid a tribute to his virtues, when he replied, 'God forbid that I should profit by the Latins' misfortunes. Baldwin is dead, whom need I fear?' As Baldwin died childless, his brother Almeric succeeded him, and was crowned a week after his brother's death. He was very inferior to Baldwin in character, being mean, selfish, and covetous. He was valiant in war, but had not the fine character of his brother—a knight said to have

been 'without fear or reproach.' He professed to be religious, but was immoral in his life, and a faithless husband, so that his religion was not worth having, and consisted principally in his exactitude in paying tithes of all he possessed to the Church. He had married his cousin Agnes, daughter of Count Joscelin ; but the clergy made him divorce her at his coronation, and espouse the Emperor Manuel's niece, Maria, said to be the fairest maiden of her time. Almeric went to war with Egypt six months after his accession to the throne. Egypt had degenerated, and the whole power of the state was committed to its Viziers, who rebelled against the Caliphs, and usurped their power. These men actually usurped the titles as well as the power of their masters; and when Almeric came to the throne, the Grand Vizier, Shower, who had been a slave, was deposed by another subordinate who was named Dargham, and Shower fled to Nour-ed-deen's court to implore his aid. The Sultan of Aleppo was only too glad to get a footing in Egypt, so he received the suppliant kindly, and sent one of his generals, named Sheerkoo, into Egypt with an army of fifty thousand men. Under pretence of aiding the Egyptian Vizier, Sheerkoo soon made himself master of the country. With him was a young lad, his nephew Saladin, who was destined to become a

great historical character, as I shall tell you later on. The Latins had made a treaty with Dargham, the Vizier from whom Shower had fled to Nour-ed-deen's court. When he was vanquished and slain by Sheerkoo, Shower found out, too late, that the Sultan of Aleppo's general, and his nephew, were disposed to become masters of the territory he had besought their aid to recover. He therefore hastily concluded a treaty with King Almeric, and the Latins joined the Egyptian troops, and besieged Sheerkoo, who was shut up in Pelusium.

Nour-ed-deen took advantage of Almeric's absence to besiege a town called Harenc, in the principality of Antioch. In the meantime Shower had concluded, unknown to the Latins, a treaty with Sheerkoo, who evacuated Egypt and returned into Syria, and fell in with Almeric's troops, who were dismayed and vanquished, Nour-ed-deen's troops falling on them at the same time. The laurels of their ancestors were lost by the Crusaders in this ignominious battle. Almeric himself was in Antioch; but Bohemond III. of Antioch, Count Raymond of Tripolis, and Joscelin of Edessa, were taken prisoners, and hundreds of Christian warriors laid down their arms, craving for mercy at the Moslems' hands. Then followed a series of wars between the Latins and Nour-ed-deen, in which the Moslems and the Chris-

tians strove for the lordship of Egypt, and again Shower besought the Christian alliance. He offered Almeric two hundred thousand pieces of gold if he would stay in Egypt and protect him against the Turks ; and Hugh of Cæsarea, and Geoffrey Fulk, a Templar knight, were sent to ratify this treaty at Cairo. The Christian knights were dazzled by the splendour of Shower's court. The rich rooms they passed through, as a band of Moorish guards preceded them to the Caliph's presence, the Asiatic elegance of his palace, and its Egyptian magnificence, with its pavements, marble porticoes, and gilded ceilings, imposed on the envoys from Almeric's court, unused to such splendour ; and the mailed knights must have formed a strange contrast to the oriental potentate, who, being under Shower's despotic influence, rose from his glittering throne, and offered them his hand in token of his acceptance of the treaty. Almeric was in no hurry to leave his Egyptian allies, for he was anxious to prolong his stay in their kingdom. Instead, therefore, of hurrying to meet Nour-ed-deen, it was three days before he gave them battle near Cairo. The struggle ended by the retirement of the Turkish troops, and then Shower got rid of his Latin friends as quickly as he could. He promised to pay them an annual tribute for their aid, and he loaded the knights and

soldiers with rich presents, and sent them back to Jerusalem.

One blushes to think of Christian knights accepting rich gifts from Infidel allies; but the decay of the Christian power in Palestine was at hand, and the first indications of it were soon visible.

Almeric, when he returned home, instead of prizing Jerusalem for the reasons that had led the first Crusaders to conquer it, began to regret the 'flesh-pots' of Egypt. In the midst of all the rejoicings at his marriage with Maria (which took place about this time, 1167), one thought alone occupied Almeric's mind: how best he could conquer the land that he had just left, and which, with covetous eyes, he contrasted with his own barren and poor territory of Judæa, whose associations were lost upon him, and which he disdained, when he thought of the Caliph's riches, his fleet, the great population of Egypt, and the importance of its ports for commerce.

Almeric, after getting Manuel's approbation and promise of aid, summoned his nobles to a council, in which he announced his intention of invading Egypt. But his knights and nobles, far from applauding the king's views, declared it were both unjust and impolitic to invade a country from which they had nothing to fear; and that, by doing so, Jerusalem

itself might be sacrificed, as Nour-ed-deen would avail himself of the king's absence to attempt its conquest. The grand master of the Templars was spokesman, and declared that the sight of Egyptian manners and wealth would be likely to corrupt the soldiers of the Cross ; but the king persisted in his design, the Knights Hospitallers supported him, and preparations for a campaign were commenced in Jerusalem.

Nour-ed-deen, in the meantime, had also cast longing eyes on Cairo ; but, like Almeric, had made a treaty with Shower. As neither the Turkish Sultan nor the Christian king liked to be thought capable of breaking solemn engagements, they sought some excuse for their conduct. The Turk said that the Egyptians had contracted an alliance with Christians, and so offended Mohammed's laws ; and Almeric alleged that the Vizier Shower had broken faith with him, in corresponding with Nour-ed-deen.

Almeric was the first to violate his treaty ; and in 1168, without waiting for the Greeks, took Belbeis and gave it to the Hospitallers as the price of their assistance. He then advanced to Cairo, and, if he had attacked it at once, it would have fallen into his hands ; but as Shower offered a large sum of money, Almeric spared the city from cupidity, and going

to a little distance off, then heard that Sheerkoo was approaching with a large army. The Egyptian Vizier had implored the Turkish aid in despair; and Almeric, who began to see the snare that he had fallen into, retired to Belbeis. He would have given the Turks battle, but their wary leader avoided the Latins, and joined the Egyptian army. In vain had Almeric broken his knightly word, and led his troops to besiege a land he had sworn to defend; it was lost to him from his own sordid views; and with shame and sorrow, he and his knights retired to Syria, while Sheerkoo's banners waved from the walls of Cairo.

Sheerkoo's nephew, the heroic Saladin, who at this time was about thirty years of age, had reluctantly accompanied his uncle to Egypt.

The Caliph loaded Sheerkoo with so many favours that his Grand Vizier began to tremble, and to cabal against the Turkish general. The Caliph, learning his designs, told Sheerkoo, and bid Saladin and his followers behead Shawer. The unfortunate Vizier perished, and Nour-ed-deen's general succeeded to his office; and thus the only result of Almeric's enterprise against Egypt was to put the whole of the land into Nour-ed-deen's power. Sheerkoo only lived two months to enjoy his honours, and, when he died, the hitherto unknown

Saladin succeeded his uncle, although all Nour-eddeen's most powerful Emirs contested the post.

The Latins now saw Egypt in the hands of their determined foes, and they began to fear that pilgrims would be hindered ; so they sent to Constantinople to implore Manuel's aid. The Greeks and Latins laid siege to Damietta ; but the assault was ineffectual, and fifty days passed without their taking it. Although Saladin was harassed by insurrections against his reign as vizier, he was so good and wise, that ere long Egypt was completely under his rule ; and he had taken two frontier towns from the Latins, Gaza and Darum, which were most valuable to the Franks. In fact, a man had arisen who was to expel them from the Holy City itself.

I must pause now to tell you Saladin's history, before I go on with the story of Latin defeats and failures in Syria, that has now taken the place of a recital of their valiant deeds. Saladin's history and career must be told in another chapter. The glory of the Christian name had departed from Palestine. Almeric, in despair, not only implored aid from Manuel, but he sent messengers to all the Courts of Europe, begging for money, troops, and arms. Fresh bodies of pilgrims, to a certain extent, answered his appeal ; but the crusading spirit lay dormant for a while, and it was only single knights who set off—

‘ Bound for Holy Palestine ;
Nimbly they brushed the level brine,
All in azure steel arrayed ;’

and the cypress seemed, in the dark days that were
at hand, a fitter emblem than the laurel wreaths
which had been once a Crusader’s boast.





CHAPTER VII.

SALADIN—JERUSALEM RETAKEN.

THE man whose name at that period (1169) was beginning to signify defeat for the Christians, and victory for the Saracens, was, like most great men, of comparatively humble origin. He had been a warrior from his birth ; and at the early age of eleven had witnessed the siege of Damascus, and learnt the power of Christian warriors' valour. His father Eyub, or, as we should call him, Job, was a Koordish warrior living by his sword, who entered the service of the Sultan of Bagdad. The wild Arab soldier gave satisfaction to his Turkish master, and was made governor of a small town on the Tigris, called Takreet, where, in the year 1137, his son Joseph, or Saladin, was born. His name, Sala-heddin, meant ' Salvation of religion ;' when he was made Vizier of Egypt, he adopted another name, ' Malek-en-Nasser,' which

meant 'The victorious king.' Family names are unknown in the East, so that Saladin was a name given him by his family, in addition to that of Joseph. Well might he be called 'victorious,' since from an obscure youth, spent in the pursuit of pleasure, he rose later to be ruler over Egypt for twenty-two, and over Syria for nineteen years. His is a fine historical character, standing out in bold relief to the degenerate princes and knights who in those days held Palestine, but who lost it from their weakness. Saladin's father and uncle attached themselves warmly to Zenghi's party. For some little time they were forced to fight under other banners; but as soon as they could they returned to their former allegiance, and (Zenghi being dead) served Nour-ed-deen faithfully. Indeed, Saladin's father Eyub, and Sheerkoo, his uncle, who, though a little short man and fat, was valiant as a lion, were so highly esteemed by that sagacious prince that they were never required to stand in his presence, but might seat themselves without leave. Saladin may be called the hero of the third Crusade, as Godfrey de Bouillon was of the first. He was zealous as a Mussulman, and hated the Christians; but when they were suppliants and at his mercy, he was never cruel or revengeful. He had certainly a mind above and beyond the age

he lived in, and never consulted magicians or astrologers, but was fond of religious reading and study. He was very generous. When he became ruler over Damascus, he gave his Emirs the booty that he found there for their disposal. The Emir whom Saladin had charged to divide the gold byzants helped himself first of all. Saladin, who was standing by, noticed that he had only done so sparingly. He asked why he was so backward to profit by what a happy fate had sent him. The Emir said that he had once been rebuked by Nour-ed-deen for helping himself to too many grapes when the produce of a vineyard had been distributed among the soldiers. 'Avarice,' replied Saladin, 'is for traders, not for kings; put in both your hands, and fill them too!'

He was most amiable and mild in disposition, and much as he sought for great possessions and power, disdained to appear ostentatious, and lived all his life in the simplest manner. He was excessively just, and dispensed justice in person twice a week, giving sentence, he said, 'as God inspired him,' and never refusing the petitions of the humblest of his subjects. A Mamlook brought him one day a paper to sign as he was going to rest; and to understand this anecdote, we must recollect what heat is in the East, and how necessary repose

is to the human frame in the middle of the day. Saladin was wearied, and bid his military subject wait till next day.

‘I cannot,’ he cried, throwing the paper down at Saladin’s feet.

‘You shall be satisfied,’ replied Saladin mildly, looking at his petition.

‘You must write your orders,’ said his persistent suitor.

‘I have no inkstand,’ replied Saladin.

‘There’s one behind you,’ said the Mamlook ; and Saladin rose and fetched it with the meekness of one of his own slaves.

He was not a tyrant although he rose to power by treachery and artifice, was most valiant as a soldier, and skilful as a general. He was the most powerful, as he was also the most remarkable, of all the Saracen princes opposed to the Croisés ; and though no character can be perfect, Saladin merits the name of the noble, mild, and generous Sultan. Although a Moslem, he set a good example to all the Latins ; who, while they looked on him as a determined foe to their religion, were generous enough to acknowledge his merits, and the nobleness of his actions.

The Kurds were a strong, hardy, though savage race, and lived upon the hilly districts beyond the

Tigris. Extremely poor, the tribe were generally compelled to become mercenaries—that is, soldiers in the pay of foreign princes ; and from the simplicity of his early pastoral days, Saladin had learned to despise the luxury of oriental life. Even when he rose to be a powerful ruler, he never wore any garment but that made of the coarsest wool ; and water was his only drink. While a rigid Moslem, devoted to studying the Koran, which he would read even when seated on horseback expecting immediate battle, he despised philosophers, and even *strangled* one who had advanced doctrines that the royal saint believed were opposed to the religion that he adored and believed in. Five times a day, however engaged, the devout soldier would bow himself down in prayer ; and he was accustomed to mourn over his inability to make a pious pilgrimage to Mecca. He was so far religious that, believing in an idolatrous faith, he yet practised Christian virtues. He was most affable and patient ; and an anecdote is told of a Mamlook who, one day flinging his boot at his comrade, accidentally hit Saladin, who merely turned aside and took no notice.

Mamlooks, or Mamelukes, were originally Turkish or Circassian slaves, and were for some time the military force in Egypt ; but I shall have, later on, to tell you about this dynasty, who were still extant

in Napoleon's time, and formed, as late as 1811, a fine cavalry force. The Turks and Franks had almost driven the Fatimites from Syria ; but they were still revered in Egypt, although their character and influence were on the wane. The secret ambition of Nour-ed-deen was to reign in Egypt ; but his forces were still inferior to those of the united armies of the Saracens and Franks, and he dared not divulge his design openly. However, Nour-ed-deen thought that the time was come to proclaim the faith of the Caliph of Bagdad ; and though Saladin was afraid of an insurrection, he yielded, and the proclamation of the Caliph of Bagdad in the mosques as commander of the faithful passed off quietly.

The Caliph Adhed of Egypt died ten days afterwards, and then the green livery of the sons of Ali was replaced by the black colour of the Abbassides. Some said that Saladin assassinated the Caliph ; but the oriental historians declare he died a natural death. The Fatimites had amassed immense treasure ; but Saladin gave it all away, and so conciliated his Emirs and attendants. The Turkish Caliph was so grateful to Saladin, that he made him Nour-ed-deen's lieutenant in Egypt, and sent him a present of two swords. This was a great step for the hitherto unknown Kurdish soldier, and Saladin acted with the greatest judgment. At first Saladin

offered to make his father Eyub Grand Vizier, but the latter became treasurer instead under his son. Both he and the successful lord of Egypt feigned the greatest submission to their benefactor Nour-ed-deen. Ambitious hopes soon, however, drove Saladin to rebel against Nour-ed-deen's authority, and the latter threatened to go into Egypt to punish his disobedience. The crafty Eyub, Saladin's father, persuaded him to write and submit, and even wrote that if Nour-ed-deen wished it, he himself would lead his son to his throne, loaded with chains, if he dared to resist ; but taking Saladin aside, he said, ' Such language is prudent and proper, but not all Nour-ed-deen's threats need extort the value of a sugar cane.' However, Nour-ed-deen's suspicions were not allayed ; but just as he was thinking of going into Egypt he died of a quinsy at Damascus in 1173. The Franks rejoiced loudly at their enemy's death, but Saladin's talent and activity soon began to alarm King Almeric. Almeric had been to Constantinople in March 1171, with a fleet of ten galleys, and received a gorgeous welcome from the Greek Emperor ; and was sent away with promises which were never performed.

When Nour-ed-deen died, leaving a son too young to succeed him, the whole of Syria was in dismay, and the native chiefs had such a dread of Saladin's

power, that they even formed alliances with the Franks, agreeing to pay them tribute if they would defend them from his army, for they anticipated the result, and that he would hasten to possess himself of Nour-ed-deen's possessions and throne.

Almeric laid siege to Paneas ; but it was his last expedition. He accepted money offered him by the garrison, and died at Jerusalem on his return, July 1173.

Baldwin IV., seventh King of Jerusalem, and Almeric's son by Agnes de Courtenay, was truthful, upright, and just, and would have made an excellent king, for he loved glory ; but he was a leper. It was a disease of the skin, and thought to be so loathsome that the Jewish law excluded all lepers from mingling with their fellow-men, and not even kings were exempted. This infirmity, therefore, prevented Baldwin IV. from reigning ; besides, at his father's death, he was only thirteen years old.

It became necessary to appoint a regent, and two nobles aspired to the post. One was Milo de Plancy, who had been a great favourite of Almeric's ; but he was hated by all the Latins, for he was arrogant, bad, and dissolute. But his pretensions led to his death ; and it was said that his rival, Count Raymond of Tripolis, had connived at his assassination, which put an end to his opposition.

Raymond of Tripolis was descended from the famous Count of St. Giles, and was as brave, active, and ambitious as his ancestor. Baldwin's education was entrusted to William, Archbishop of Tyre, who has written a history of the Crusades. In the meantime Saladin professed to recognise Nour-ed-deen's little son as the heir to his possessions, and he took the prince's part against the Emirs at Damascus who reigned in his name, and oppressed the young king. His name, Malek-es-saleh, meant 'King of salvation;' but Saladin soon threw off the mask, and showed his ambitious designs. By dint of calling himself the defender and champion of Islamism, he was offered by the Caliph the entire sovereignty of Nour-ed-deen's possessions, and proclaimed Sultan of Damascus and Cairo, and finally he augmented his importance by marrying Nour-ed-deen's widow. The ill-fated Malek was obliged to sue as a suppliant to the victorious warrior, who besieged and took Aleppo, whither he had fled for safety.

As Raymond made a very negligent regent, and the king grew worse and worse, the Franks looked out for another head of the kingdom, and their choice fell on William Longspata, the son of the Marquis of Monferrat, and they offered him the king's sister in marriage, Sibylla, with Joppa and Ascalon as her dowry. Although he was a great

glutton, he was so frank and candid that all loved him, but he died June 1176; and just about the time of his death two events happened that greatly influenced the fate of Jerusalem. Philip Count of Flanders arrived in the Holy Land, attended by a gallant train of brave knights. The hopes of all revived at his coming, more especially as the Emperor Manuel sent at the same time troops and a fleet to Palestine.

The Greeks were loud in expressing their wishes for an expedition into Egypt, and the barons begged the Count of Flanders to become regent. He declined, saying he had come solely to expiate his sins by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and refused to lead the troops; but he joined an expedition into the principality of Antioch, and laid siege to Harem, but the leaders were bribed at the end of a four months' siege to retire. That shameful termination would have deeply humiliated those few pilgrims in Palestine who still cherished the Latin honour, had not a victory rekindled one ray of glory for the Latin arms.

When Saladin found that the Crusaders were engaged in besieging Harem, he determined to attack Palestine. When the young king heard of his approach, he gallantly put himself at the head of his knights and a mere handful of men, and, preceded



Saladin Escaping on a swift Dromedary.—Page 297.



by the true cross, rode off to Ascalon, where they shut themselves up in the town. Saladin's army soon made its appearance, and pitched its tents outside. Secure, as they thought, of the little band of warriors, the Moslems dispersed, and ravaged the territory round Ascalon. They burnt Lidda and Ramla, and proceeded towards the Holy City itself.

The whole of Judæa was in dismay at the approach of Saladin. The blood of the first Crusaders still flowed in the veins of that handful of gallant knights shut up in Ascalon, and they determined to die rather than remain inactive spectators. Favoured by a high sandbank that concealed them on their march, they reached Saladin and his troop, and ranged their little band in front of his tent. The Infidels had not seen them approach, and were taken by surprise. The trumpets were blown, and Saladin rallied his Mamlooks around him ; but all in vain. Baldwin and his knights were victorious, and the day was theirs. The Moslems fled in every direction, pursued by the victorious Christians, while Saladin escaped alone, mounted on a swift dromedary that carried him across the desert. Loaded with spoil, the young king and his knights returned to the Holy City in triumph. As the fortifications of Jerusalem were decaying, the Latins built a fort near the Ford of Jacob, on the river Jordan. When

it was finished, the Knights Templars took charge of it. It was intended to defend Galilee, which was always being attacked by the Saracens. The hopes of the Latins were also raised by the arrival of another large band of pilgrims of noble birth from Europe,—among them Henry of Troyes, Sir Peter de Courtenay, brother of the King of France, and others of equally high pretensions ; but their coming did not prevent Saladin from sending troops to attack the fort at the Ford of Jacob, which he took and razed to the ground.

The young king and his knights had hurried to the assistance of the Templars ; but the defeat was complete, the king saved with difficulty, and several knights taken prisoners. Among them was Odo de St. Amand, grand master of the Templars. He was said to be a 'godless man ;' but there was heroism in his answer to Saladin after the battle, when asked if he would have his liberty in exchange for that of a Moslem prisoner. 'God forbid !' cried Odo. 'It were an ill example ; for then others would let themselves be captured if they hoped to be ransomed. A Templar should give nothing for his ransom but his scarf or his sword.' He died in prison.

Another knight, Hugh of Tiberias, who had been taken prisoner, agreed to be ransomed, but told

Saladin neither his estate nor his income would suffice to pay one hundred thousand byzants, the price demanded.

‘Surely,’ replied his captor, ‘every good man and true will give something towards delivering you.’

‘I know no one,’ replied Hugh, ‘among the Christians better than yourself ; so, perhaps, you will excuse my begging you to contribute first.’

Pleased with the joke, the generous Saladin gave him fifty thousand byzants, and his Emirs, not to be totally eclipsed in generosity, gave so largely, that ten thousand byzants more than the ransom were raised.

Hugh went off, as you may believe, in good spirits ; and, to cap the noble gift, Saladin set free eleven Christians, whom he led back to Jerusalem. A byzant was worth fifteen pounds of our money, and was a gold piece, so called because it was coined at Byzantium, a city on the Bosphorus ; so that Saladin was liberal as well as generous. His friends must have been delighted to see him back ; for, during the Crusades, long absences and unexpected returns home were not uncommon. Sometimes it happened that the master of some castle in Normandy or England, or elsewhere, would return when all whom he had loved believed him dead. It would then


not be the least bitter part of a pilgrim's lot, if he was unrecognised and unwelcomed, or found, perhaps, his wife and children did not know him in his mendicant's garment, his face wan with hunger, privation, or from the heat of Eastern deserts, and the dampness of oriental dungeons, and he would have to trust to the memory of some faithful servant before the rightful lord could seat himself as master at his own board.

Among the marvellous and romantic anecdotes that the Crusades afford of unexpected returns, is one of three knights of Languedoc. They were brothers, and had been mourned for as dead, their friends believing that they had died in Palestine. One day they reappeared, bringing with them a lovely Syrian damsel and an image of the Virgin Mary. The tale they told was, that, cast into prison, they steadily refused to abjure their religion. The Saracen prince, whose captives they were, sent his lovely daughter to try if her charms might not succeed in softening hearts, indifferent, where faith was concerned, to threats of death. They told her in reply so much about Christianity that she was ready to aid them to escape. One of them had a little image of the Virgin concealed beneath his coat of mail; and the legend goes, that when the Syrian maiden looked at it, she shed tears, and immediately

became a Christian. The four escaped together, and managed to beg their way back to France. Just as they reached their native town, the little image *became so exceedingly heavy*, that the knights could no longer carry it along; and they took that as a sign that it was the place where a church should be built to commemorate so wonderful a conversion. One was accordingly erected by means of alms given on the recital of what they called, in those ages of Romish superstition, *a miracle*.

There is a family in Burgundy who still are called 'Saladins,' and they got their name in the following romantic way: The head of the family was called John d'Anglure, and he set off to fight against the Turks, and to journey to the Holy Land. Long years passed by, and he neither wrote nor came; and in vain his wife questioned every holy palmer who craved a night's shelter at the castle: the lord of D'Anglure was heard of no more. His wife mourned him sincerely, but after a time took a second husband, for one cannot expect fair ladies to go on mourning for ever. Fortunately the wedding feast was only spread, and the fair dame had not taken the irrevocable vows, when a poor palmer arrived at the castle gate and begged to see its mistress. The old retainer who answered the summons told him that his mistress was even then standing in

the church-porch, where the nuptial benediction, and not at the altar, was always given. The holy palmer turned pale, and repaired to the church, which was close by. He found a gallant group ; and the bride had just alighted from her palfrey, while her maidens were taking off her long mantle, and smoothing her fair tresses which flowed over her shoulders, and were confined by a simple band of gold set with precious stones. The rich ermine of her mantle, her costly fan made of peacock's feathers, and the gay knights around her, contrasted strangely with the palmer's poor dress, which was nothing but a rough sheep-skin ; his feet were unsandalled and sore, while his beard flowed down over his breast, and was white as driven snow. The lady turned, and seeing it was a holy palmer, put her hand in her pocket, which hung down from her waist outside her dress, and was of richly embroidered silk, and offered him alms. Instead of accepting her bounty, the pilgrim offered her half of a broken ring. It was her turn to look pale then, for the other half hung round her own neck, and had been a love-token given her by Sir John d'Anglure when he set off for the Holy Land. Her bridegroom hurried up as fast as his long-pointed shoes would allow him (which were doubtless made, as was the fashion, with such long-extended points,



that chains of gold and silver, or silken strings, were needed to sustain them, and which in vain their priests raved against, for knights were ready to set off on Crusades, but declined to reduce the length of their shoes) ; but it was no use, the lady had recognised her long-lost husband, and of course after that might not marry again. His tale was soon told. He had been taken prisoner, and received Saladin's leave to return to France to obtain his ransom. He gave his word as a knight to Saladin that he would not fail to return. The last day of grace came, and he set off again to go back to prison, for he had been unable to get money enough. When Saladin heard his tale, and found how loyal to his word the knight had been, he gave him back his liberty. 'Go,' said he, 'do not risk for a second time the loss of your wife ; return home free, on one condition, and that is, that every eldest son born to your race be ever named "Saladin," and that you bear as your arms the crescent, as well as the cross,' which has been done ever since by the 'Saladins d'Anglure.'

The ladies were jealous of their husbands' honour ; and we read of many a fair lady sending her lord back to Palestine, either to keep his word or efface a too precipitous return home.

About 1178 a captive named Raynald de Chât-

tillon, who had long languished in prison at Aleppo, returned to his fellow Crusaders. He had accompanied Lewis the young to Palestine, and married Constance of Antioch, Raymond de Poitiers' widow, who had fallen in love with Raynald's knightly manners and handsome person, and after Raymond's death would not marry any one else.

By this marriage Raynald succeeded to the principality of Antioch ; but he made a bad prince, for he quarrelled with his subjects, and was finally taken prisoner by Job, Saladin's father. When he returned to Jerusalem, he found Constance dead, and Raymond's son, Bohemond, on the throne of Antioch. He married Humphrey de Thoron's widow, by whom he acquired great lands. His burning and impetuous headstrong temper led to serious consequences, as we shall see later.

The young king grew worse, and his malady made him obstinate and suspicious. He fancied that the Counts of Antioch and Tripolis were conspiring to rob him of his kingdom ; so he hastened to marry his sister Sibylla to Guy of Lusignan, a son of Hugh Bruno of Poitou, who was a man of great courage, but not noble by birth. Great dissatisfaction was given by the king's choice ; for Guy was so little estimable that his brother Godfrey said, on hearing later that he had been

made King of Jerusalem, in allusion to his weakness and crimes, 'Those who made my brother a king would have made me a god, had they known me.'

About this time Saladin and Baldwin concluded a truce, for the former had a great scheme in view. The quarrels and feuds of the barons went on as badly as ever, although their principal strength lay in union; and, to add to their troubles, their friend the Emperor Manuel died.

Bohemond III. of Antioch had married Manuel's daughter, Theodora, and he persisted, without any good reason, in divorcing her, and marrying a woman of indifferent character, named Sibylla. The Pope, as well as the Patriarch, remonstrated with him to no avail, and he was solemnly reprimanded, and a deputation of Knights Templars, headed by Heraclius, their master, patched up a kind of reconciliation; but it only lasted till Heraclius was out of the principality, and therefore a great many of his knights deserted his banners, and entered the service of the Prince of Armenia (Cilicia), who was very glad to welcome them. King Baldwin lost his eyesight owing to his leprosy, and, finding his sufferings totally prevented his reigning, he determined to choose his successor, and he made the worst choice that he could—he selected Guy de Lusignan.

At last, when Baldwin found how much discontent his choice had given, he determined to annul the marriage between Guy and his sister, and summoned the former to repair to his court ; but Guy declined to do so. The king, more furious than ever, would not listen to the Knights Templars who interceded for Guy, and passed another act of state. He made Sibylla's and Guy's little son his heir, and Count Raymond de Tripoli, regent, although Joscelyn de Courtenay was to have the baby monarch under his safe charge. One clause was inserted, and that was, that if Baldwin v. died, the nobles and Patriarch of Jerusalem should leave the choice of a king to the Pope ; and, till he could decide between Sibylla's claims and those of Almeric's daughter by that king's second marriage, Raymond should remain regent. Three years after this decree Baldwin IV. died, and his little infant heir did not long survive him. That was in 1185. The little king had been crowned and anointed in Baldwin the leper's lifetime ; and, to give the people a better view of their future king, the tallest man in Jerusalem had carried him from the church to the palace, ' that none might walk higher than he ! ' He had, however, a happier fate than living to reign over so falling a kingdom ; and he died, and was buried at the foot of Calvary, his being the last

royal tomb there. The kingdom was then immediately torn by feuds relative to the succession. Raymond, who was at Neapolis, wished to be loyal and true to the act passed by the late king. The Countess of Joppa hurried to Jerusalem, and, finding that a division of opinion existed as to her claims to the throne, sent for that firebrand Raynald de Châtillon, to advise and assist her. He bade her summon the regent to witness her coronation. In reply, he and all the barons at Neapolis said they would not break their word to the late king. Although the Knights Templars and Hospitallers were by no means agreed as to Sibylla's pretensions, there is no end a resolute woman will not accomplish in time. The gates of the Holy City were closed, and the Templars, barons, and Patriarch determined to crown her, but told the Countess that, Guy not being of birth illustrious enough to share her throne, she must consent to be divorced from him, and begged her to choose another husband, all hoping it would be Raymond de Tripolis.

'I will do so,' said Sibylla; 'but I must choose for myself.'

Amid the barons, one carrying the sceptre, and another the royal standard, Sibylla advanced to the altar. She knelt bareheaded, while solemn *Te Deums* rolled through the sacred edifice. After her

brow had been anointed, the kingly ring placed on her finger, and loud cries in Latin had re-echoed of 'Long live the Queen!' the Patriarch placed the crown on her forehead, and another on the altar: 'Lady,' said he, 'you are a woman, and cannot reign alone. Take that other crown, and give it to the one among us who will make the best king.'

The queen rose from her knees, and stood in the midst of that armed and anxious assemblage.

'Sire Patriarch,' she said slowly, 'have you not said that he on whose head I place this crown shall be king?'

'It is so.'

'But swear it by our Saviour's cross!'

The armed warriors crowded round that holy relic, and kissed it, as they took a solemn oath that *whoever* she might choose should be king.

Then Sibylla looked up and crossed herself, and went straight up to her husband Guy. She placed the crown on his head, and leading him back to the altar, said, 'I see none around me worthier than thou; wiser, or better than thou art. I give thee the crown, and with it the kingdom, myself, and my love!'

Oh for a woman's broken vow! But the barons had no redress, and Guy de Lusignan became King of Jerusalem. They tried to make Humphrey de

Thoron king, but he feared so dangerous a post, and threw himself at Guy and Sibylla's feet. The barons then saw it was no use holding out, and all swore allegiance to the new monarch—all except Raymond de Tripolis, who made an alliance with Saladin. Those were indeed dark days for the Latins, when their best chiefs held out the hand of friendship to the hated Moslem. Raymond shut himself up in Tiberias, which was his own fief in right of his wife ; and Guy, hot, hasty, and impetuous, besieged him, not seeing how his only hope lay in union.

In the meantime Raynald of Châtillon had broken the truce that had been made with Saladin, and broken it in defiance of all laws of honour and prudence. The Saracens always respected their truces. Raynald had plundered the suite of Saladin's own mother, as, relying on Christian honour, she was travelling through his land, and refused to restore his stolen goods. The Latin kingdom needed but a dishonest deed like that to finish its power. The Knights Templars and Hospitallers had become corrupt, and some had even joined the Infidels, among them an English knight, named Robert of St. Albans. He had married a slave of Saladin, and offered to lead the Sultan to the Holy City.

Saladin besieged Raynald in Carac, and Guy, in

his despair, no longer thought of vengeance against Raymond, but besought the latter's aid. Raymond hastened to Jerusalem, and was fully reconciled to Guy. Saladin, in a series of bloody encounters, took ample vengeance on the Latins for Raynald's breach of faith.

Some few Templar knights fought in the encounters in Galilee with a little of the old valour; but the Sultan's army was daily reinforced, as he held out hopes of large rewards to all who would join him. In the early part of the month of June 1187, Saladin, at the head of eighty thousand men, advanced towards Tiberias. Happy then for Guy that he had the wise Raymond by his side. They resolved to confine all their efforts to the defence of Jerusalem. The money sent out yearly by Henry II. of England, to expiate his share in Thomas à Becket's death, they applied to preparations; nor did they forget their faith in the true cross. The Patriarch ordered it to be carried in solemn procession through Jerusalem.

Soon worse news came. The castle in which Raymond's wife was, was besieged by Saladin. A council was hurriedly called to deliberate on their best course. When it was Raymond's turn to speak, he began by saying, 'Tiberias is my town, my wife is in its citadel; no one can wish more to assist

Tiberias than I do ; but if we hurry to it, we leave behind us all means of getting water, and our men and horses will die in the hot desert they must cross. If, on the contrary, the Saracens conquer Tiberias, flushed with victory, they will hurry on to Jerusalem, where we, our little band refreshed and expectant, may easily overcome an army then wasted by fatigue, and without any refuge.'

All the barons recognised the wisdom of Raymond's advice, all except Raynald—whose conduct had caused so much misfortune—and a few barons jealous of his influence. The king had retired to rest that night, when the grand master of the Templars awoke him, and urged him to depart for Tiberias. He said it would be an everlasting reproach to the Latins if they allowed the Infidels to destroy Tiberias without making the slightest effort to assist it. Guy was too weak to resist, and he gave orders to march, the true cross being borne before the army.

It was on the morning of July 3, 1187, that this ill-fated expedition set out. The knights and barons, by Raymond's advice, had all assembled at the well of Sephoria ; but when the trumpets sounded, the barons all, even at the eleventh hour, remonstrated with Guy, urging him to take Raymond's advice. But the king, being influenced by

the Count of Tripolis' enemies, still gave orders for marching on to meet Saladin ; he was obeyed, and the army set out in the following order.

Foremost rode Count Raymond at the head of his troops ; the left body was led by several of the barons and lords of the Holy Land ; a few chosen knights guarded the true cross in the centre of the army, followed by the king and his suite, while the Templars and Knights Hospitallers brought up the van. When Saladin heard from his spies of the departure of the Christian army from Sephoria, he was overjoyed ; for he then felt that he should meet them disabled and overcome with heat and fatigue. As they advanced towards Tiberias, all that Raymond had predicted came to pass. The thirst that they endured, and the extreme heat, killed many of the men ; and all that the chiefs could do was to hasten on, in hopes of reaching the shores of the Sea of Galilee. While within view of that placid lake, they found themselves on rocky hills, surrounded by Turkish squadrons, who would not fight, but harassed them by setting fire to the low under-wood around them, and the smoke and heat added greatly to their sufferings.

The Turks at last attacked the Templars and Hospitallers, who were to the rear, who fought valiantly, and sent to implore King Guy to send the

infantry to their aid ; but night was coming on, the troops refused to stir, and threw away their arms. In despair Guy gave orders to encamp there, but he exclaimed, ‘ Alas ! all is lost ; we are all as good as dead men, and the Holy Land must be given up.’

All night long the Turkish archers harassed the unhappy Crusaders, and at daybreak Saladin advanced at the head of all his army to attack them. Then ensued a scene of flight and cowardice, the infantry scrambling up the hill to escape, if possible, from their enemies, who poured down on them in overwhelming numbers. When the Count of Tripolis saw the hopeless nature of the conflict, he rushed at the head of his knights down the hill. The Turkish troops opened to let them pass ; and in that way he, Balian of Ibelim, and other nobles, escaped to Tyre. The infantry were surrounded by the Moslems, and slain or made prisoners, while the king and the Templars rallied round the true cross. ‘ We have not conquered,’ cried Saladin, ‘ till that cross is taken.’ Adding, ‘ Those Christians flutter round that wood like moths round the light.’

The king threw himself in front of it, the Templars did the same ; and one brave Jacques de Maillé fought till he could no longer sit on horseback ; then he glided off, and was soon surrounded by Saracens. In spite of his wounds, he still resisted ;

and when at last he fell, the heap of Infidel corpses around him attested that he had fought to the last, and died a glorious death. His enemies, amazed at such bravery, dipped little bits of their clothes in his blood, to preserve as relics of such a valiant knight.

The Bishop of Ptolemais was killed with the true cross in his hands, and handed it to the Bishop of Lidda as he expired ; but the Saracens rushed round the small band who still faithfully guarded it, and it was soon taken, while the king, his brothers, and several of his knights surrendered to Saladin, preferring captivity to death.

An Arab writer thus tells the tale as he heard it from Saladin's son :

'I was standing near my father when the Latin king and his knights pushed our Moslems to the edge of the hill. I glanced at my father's face, which looked very grave. He called out to his soldiers to encourage them. They turned and chased the Franks up the rocks. "They are flying! they are flying!" I cried joyfully. My father looked round at me. "Be silent," said he, "they are not really conquered till the king's tent has fallen." Just as he spoke, the king's tent fell. Then my father got off his horse, and returned thanks, with tears of joy, to Allah.'

Saladin's triumph was complete ; the field of battle was strewn with Christian banners, torn into rags, near the bodies of many a valiant knight who had died in defending his standard ; and body after body lay there—shapeless masses, massacred in cool blood by the cruel and victorious Moslems. The carnage was so great that one wonders any prisoners had been taken ; but so many captives had been made, that the ropes of the tents were insufficient to tie them all, nor were there sentinels enough to guard the prisoners. They were all sold as slaves ; but went, says an Arab writer, 'for so little money, that a Christian knight was often given in exchange for a pair of shoes.' Saladin received the captive king in his own tent, surrounded by his principal emirs and generals. He received Guy very kindly, and offered him some sherbet ; but when the king, after having drunk, would have passed the cup to Raynald de Châtillon, Saladin stopped him, gravely saying, 'No traitor shall drink in my presence.' Then he overwhelmed Raynald with reproaches, drew his sabre, and striking him, declared he should die at once unless he became a Moslem. The knight had been hot and impetuous, and ruined by his fiery temper the Christian cause ; but he was noble then in the firmness with which he refused to change his religion. At a given signal the Turk-

ish soldiers fell on him, and his head soon rolled at the Sultan's feet. Saladin has been lauded as generous, but he did not know how to forgive the hapless prisoners then at his mercy. Next day he ordered all the Templars and Hospitallers to be led before him, saying, 'I must deliver the earth from these accursed knights.' They were all ready to die, none begged for mercy ; and he only spared the grand master of the Templars because he had advised the king to leave Sephoria. Saladin was surrounded by emirs and generals, and he bid each kill a Christian knight. Some of the Moslems refused ; but others, less pitiful, soon despatched the unhappy Christians, who, indeed, seemed to vie with each other as to which of them should perish first. The Holy Land was lost, the true cross taken, their king a prisoner, what was there to live for ? and to their honour it is recorded, all refused to change their religion. After such a complete victory as that of the battle of Hittin, most of the Christian towns surrendered to Saladin ; and Ascalon, Tyre, and Tripolis were the only cities over which Saladin's yellow flag did not float, instead of those banners of the Cross, for which the first Crusaders had shed their blood.

Ascalon held out with desperate resistance ; when Saladin had effected a breach in the walls, he

sent to offer the inhabitants peace if they would surrender. The King of Jerusalem was with the Turkish army, led there by Saladin in triumph, and he entreated the citizens to surrender. At length a deputation of them, with a flag of truce, repaired to Saladin's camp. 'We come not,' they nobly cried, 'to ask mercy for ourselves, for we desire death; but you shall not enter Ascalon till you engage to set free our king, and let our women and children leave the city unharmed.' Such heroism touched Saladin, and he consented to their conditions, although he kept Guy a prisoner a year longer.

Jerusalem was now the object of his hopes, and Saladin imagined that it would surrender without a siege; for a weeping queen, a few priests, thirty to forty knights, a few pilgrims, and a number of helpless women and children alone remained in the Holy City. Consternation and trouble filled all hearts at his approach, and despair lent them courage to resist, although it was so hopeless. Turkish troops were soon to be seen encamped on the sacred hills, or in the valleys around Jerusalem; and scenes that had so often witnessed holy processions were then desecrated by the coarse outrages of Saladin's troops. The inhabitants declared that they would die in defence of Jerusalem; and as money began to fail them, they even took the gold decorations off

the Holy Sepulchre to make due preparations. They had no longer the true cross to parade and carry to battle ; and, as if to depress their spirits to their lowest ebb, an eclipse of the sun took place, which they accepted as a bad omen.

As soon as the Sultan had encamped, he sent to treat with the principal priests and inhabitants.

‘I know,’ said he, ‘Jerusalem is a holy city, which I do not wish to desecrate by blood. Abandon it to me, and I will give you gold instead, and lands to hold and cultivate.’

‘We will never sell the city where our Saviour died,’ was the reply, ‘nor give it up to the Infidels.’

Saladin swore by the Koran to destroy its walls and ramparts, and to revenge the Mussulmen who had fallen at the taking of Jerusalem. Ere long, the hapless Christians were compelled to sue for terms ; and then Saladin, pointing to his yellow flag, that was already planted on the northern walls, said, ‘Why should I make terms for a conquered city ?’

In vain the Christians wept and prayed ; in vain, in hopes of obtaining Heaven’s aid, they cut off their long locks, and mothers bid their daughters stand naked in tubs of cold water on Mount Calvary, in penance and humiliation,—nothing could save the Holy City, and Saladin would only listen to unconditional surrender. Each man could be ransomed

by twenty byzants, and each woman and child by ten of the same coin.

It was the 2d of October 1187 when these terms were accepted. The English treasure was again produced to pay ransoms ; but as soon as Saladin was in actual possession of Jerusalem, he was both merciful and generous. He placed a small armed band in every street, to guard over the lives of the Christians ; and those who were too poor to pay a large ransom, and not of consequence enough to be redeemed by public funds, he allowed to leave without. Saladin's brother, touched with the misery he witnessed, ransomed himself as many as two thousand captives, and Saladin followed his example by allowing several poor orphans to regain their freedom without paying for it.

When the day came on which the Christian population were to quit Jerusalem, a long melancholy procession passed through David's Gate, before Saladin, who was seated on a throne to witness their departure. The hapless Christians shed bitter tears, as they wished each holy site a long farewell ; and deplored their want of union, and crimes by which they had been lost. First came Sibylla and the few barons who had remained with her. The haughty queen, bathed in tears, left Jerusalem in silence—Saladin respecting her grief,—on her road to take sail for

Europe. A small Turkish escort had been provided, by Saladin's kindness, to watch over the queen's safety, till she should enter Christian territory, as she intended going by Tyre, which still belonged to the Latins. Then followed the Patriarch and the clergy, carrying a few vases belonging to the church, that Saladin allowed them to take ; and then a weeping troop of Pullani women and children. When they saw how mild Saladin looked, they took courage. They stopped before him, and implored his mercy. 'Look at us,' cried they ; 'we have left our husbands behind us in slavery, because we are too poor to pay twenty byzants for each man. It is hard enough to give up our native country, but to go *alone* is worse than death.' The noble Saladin immediately released their husbands and brothers ; and finding that the Knights of St. John were most attentive to the poor and sick, he allowed ten of the brethren to remain in their hospital.

So far Saladin's character appeared to advantage ; but as soon as he had got rid of the Latin population, he celebrated what he considered the triumph of Islamism by converting all the Christian churches into mosques. The crosses were publicly dragged through the streets, and four camels' load of rose-water was sent for to *purify* the temple. All was changed in unhappy Jerusalem, which once more became a Moslem city.



CHAPTER VIII.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

JERUSALEM is fallen! The king a prisoner!' were the words in every mouth, when the news reached Europe. The Pope died of grief, and Henry the Second of England and Philip Augustus of France met at Gisors to plan a new Crusade. On Henry's conscience lay the burden of a heavy crime—Thomas à Becket's murder. He professed great remorse and great sanctity, and had been restored by the Pope to favour with the Church, by faithfully promising to fight the Infidels, when he was called on, and to support two hundred Templars for a year. The bad Patriarch of Jerusalem, Heraclius, had been sent, before Jerusalem fell, to entreat assistance from Europe. He had visited the Courts of Rome and Germany, and laid Jerusalem's piteous state before the French king; but his

principal hope lay in England. The Crusades had not been much encouraged in England. William Rufus frankly told one of his barons, who was intending to make a pilgrimage, that if he went, 'he should seize his estate in his absence.' But Henry had actually planned a great Crusade with King Louis of France ; but, fortunately for the English monarch, who had no wish to go, his French ally died before they could settle the route.

When the Patriarch had entreated Henry either to go himself, or send Prince John, who was quite ready to be off, he positively refused, and the irritated Patriarch had taunted him with Thomas à Becket's murder.

Henry grew angry, and then Heraclius cried out — 'Do to me as you did to him ! I may as well die in England as in Syria. You are more cruel than any Saracen.'

But it was different when Jerusalem had really fallen. Henry dared not resist the gentler voice of William, Bishop of Tyre ; and though he was then at war with the King of France, he went to a solemn assembly, to hear William of Tyre describe the taking of Jerusalem. And his account was so touching, his reproaches so galling to the princes for abandoning the Holy Land, that, at its conclusion, the French and English kings embraced

with tears, and were the first to take the cross and its vows.

The Church ordered prayers for the deliverance of Jerusalem ; the Count of Flanders joined the reunited monarchs ; and it was decided that a white cross should mark the English, a red the French, and a green the Flemish Crusader.

The red cross of Old England is not from the Crusades, but from Joseph of Arimathea, who is *said* to have converted England to Christianity, or at any rate to have preached it in our land. A tax, called the Saladin tenth, was laid on every one who would not be a Crusader. The poor Jews, as usual, fared very badly, and when they could not pay, were sent off at once to prison. The clergy, although very anxious to make other people go to the Holy Land, thought it very hard that they should be called on to help—*except by their prayers* ; but Henry let no one off, and an immense sum was soon collected. While those who would not go to the Holy Land were heavily taxed, those who went were exempted from any burden ; and if they felt inclined to mortgage their property, they might do so, and no other creditor on the land could interpose to prevent their getting their money. Sometimes, however, the Non-Crusader preferred paying to going ; and, in an old ballad, a dialogue is given

between two who disputed over the merits of the case.

Here speaks he who would *not* go—

‘ I’ve seen a band of gallants brave,
To France returning all forlorn ;
Without or waiting wench or knave,
And naked nigh as they were born.

Now sure, it needs not cross the seas,
And play such losing games as these ;
And bow one’s soul to servitude,
All for one’s soul’s immortal good !’

To which the intending Crusader replies—

‘ How much of martyrs’ blood has flowed
To win those seats of heaven’s abode ?
How many this world’s joys foregone,
And buried quick in cloister’s moan ?’

He who would not go, wanted the last word—

‘ Sire, by my faze, thou preacheest well,
Thy words are brave ; ’twere best thou go
To yon sequestered silent cell,
And teach its lordly abbot so.

Those fattening deans would gladly hear,
Those prelates needs must lend an ear ;
Such men, be sure, heaven’s laws fulfil,
Devoted to their Maker’s will !

Good faith, sir, if the road to heaven
Be made so passing smooth and even,
The priest who changeth, *wit must lack*,
He ne’er shall find a readier track.’

Unfortunately, the peace between the two monarchs was soon broken.

Richard, Henry's fiery son, got into trouble with the French in Normandy, and, although he but little deserved it, Henry took his son's part. The barons and lords of both parties entreated them to make terms ; and a temporary truce being agreed to, they met on the very field in which they had been reconciled. A church had been erected to mark the spot where the two monarchs embraced. The English seated themselves under a beautiful elm-tree. It was so large round its trunk, that eight men's arms stretched out would not meet round it. The weather was very hot, and while King Henry and his men enjoyed the shade, the French party remained in the broiling sun, which led to serious consequences. The English laughed at the French, as they stood panting for breath ; and the French, irritated, rushed at the English, drove them away, killing several, and cut down the tree.

In the meantime, Richard had turned round and taken part with the French king against his own father ; and when the Pope's legate remonstrated with him, he raised his sword to strike him, and the holy war was forgotten. The English king died of a broken heart, and was buried at the Abbey of Fontevault in Normandy. As soon as he heard of

his father's death, Richard hastened, full of remorse, to see his father's dead face ; and when he drew near the bier, drops of blood (so it was said) dropped from the corpse.

When Richard saw them, he fell on his knees, and said ' Mercy ! mercy ! ' and then he recalled the vow he had taken, and, as soon as he became King of England, began his preparations for a fresh Crusade. Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, preached the cause of the Holy Land. The enthusiasm grew higher and higher in England, and the Jews were fleeced to raise funds for the war. Advantage was also taken of the general enthusiasm to make stricter laws for regulating the extreme luxury in dress that had crept in ; gaming was forbidden ; and the pilgrims were expressly told to wear no ermine or sables. An alliance, defensive and offensive, was made between Philip Augustus and Richard, and in June 1190 they set off for Palestine, and were to meet in Sicily.

The heroic Emperor of Germany, Frederick Barbarossa, had by that time already reached Palestine. He led a great army there, at the preaching of William of Tyre ; but was drowned, after entering Armenia, while bathing in the river Seleucia, before Richard and Philip had even set off, and many of the Germans turned back disheartened.

A smaller part, however, went on to Acre, then being besieged by the Latins, under King Guy. His liberty had been given him, May 1188, on express condition he was not to fight against Saladin ; but when he joined Sibylla at Tripolis, Guy found himself at the head of a considerable force of pilgrims and *Pullani*, who rallied round the king and queen, and therefore he determined to besiege St. John d'Acre, and in August 1189 he encamped before it, at the head of seven hundred knights and nine thousand infantry.


But to return to our hero, Richard Cœur de Lion. At the time of his expedition to Palestine he was young, ardent, brave, and generous. He was a strange mixture of good and evil, but he was pre-eminently a soldier ; his valour was often imprudent and misdirected, and, though excessively ambitious, his aims were never definite, and his fiery temper often made him commit acts that his generous temper regretted deeply when it was too late. He was only thirty-two years of age when he became King of England, and was very handsome, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, and a very majestic presence and mien.

Richard, and the greater part of his army, had agreed to set off from Marseilles ; but, when they reached that port, his vessels, which had been de-

tained by bad weather, were not there. Richard, too impatient to wait longer than a week, set off in hired ships; and from Pisa he travelled by land to Salerno in Messina. On his road he involved himself in a quarrel with some Italian peasants. As he was riding with his knights through a village, he saw and took a fancy to a fine hawk in a peasant's house. The man was by no means inclined to give it away, but Richard insisted. The other peasants came to the hawk's master's help, and Richard had to draw his sword to defend his life, and even then escaped with difficulty. Hawking was a very favourite amusement in the Middle Ages, and the greatest skill was needed to train a falcon to pursue and bring the heron down. A well-trained falcon was of value. The King of France, Philip, carried a falcon with him to the siege of Acre. It was quite white, and of a very rare breed, and, when it flew upon the walls of Acre, the Moslems admired it so much that they captured it and took it to Saladin. Philip bewailed the loss of his bird, and offered a thousand byzants for it; but he did not recover it, even at that costly ransom.

Tancred, the King of Messina, was not over-glad to see the two monarchs who had fixed on Messina as a place of rendezvous. He feared Philip as an ally of the German Emperor's, with whom he was at

enmity ; and Richard had claims on him on account of his sister Jeanne, who had married the late King William. Tancred had put her in prison ; and Richard, the very day he arrived, demanded her dowry, and satisfaction for his ill-treatment of the queen. With her dowry, Richard claimed a golden table, two golden seats, a silken tent, and twenty golden basins and plates. These demands, and quarrels between the Sicilians and English, led to a regular rupture, and Richard placed his flag on the towers of Messina. As Duke of Normandy he was Philip's vassal, who instantly ordered Richard to take it down, which he was obliged to do. He did not forgive Philip for the slight, and made friends with Tancred against the French. Eleanor of Guienne, Richard's mother, was that same princess whose conduct had caused so much scandal at Antioch during Lewis the Young's Crusade. She had never forgiven the indignity of being divorced from Lewis. Richard was betrothed to Philip's sister, Adelais, and was bound in honour to keep his vows ; but he had fallen in love with Benegaria of Navarre, and his mother was journeying to Messina, bringing the fair princess with her. Philip was very indignant at this, and discord would have followed had not Richard been persuaded to submit. Cœur de Lion had fully intended doing all he could



to injure Philip ; but, in a fit of penitence, he avowed his remorse, and submitted to be scourged by the priests as a penance.

There was an old man, named Joachim, who was living in the Calabrian mountains, and was said to be a prophet. King Richard sent for him, and questioned him on the issue of his Crusade. He prophesied that Jerusalem would not be conquered for seven years.

‘Then, why are we come so soon?’ asked Cœur de Lion.

‘It was to be,’ replied the hermit. ‘God will make your arms victorious, and celebrate your name among all the princes of the world.’

Philip was displeased at this answer, and it did not even satisfy Cœur de Lion’s vanity.

Disputes were constantly arising between the French and English. One day, after some hours of amusement, the two kings meeting a peasant carrying some sugar canes, King Richard seized one and playfully attacked a French knight, named William de Bar. Accidentally, Richard’s rich coat was torn. In a violent rage he rushed against William de Bar, and would have killed him in his blind passion. Such acts did not tend to keep peace among the Croisés ; but a kind of reconciliation was patched up between the two monarchs, till

Richard was wishing Tancred good-bye, when the latter showed him a letter from Philip offering to aid the Sicilian prince against Richard.

Richard's generous nature revolted against such a perfidious act. 'How could the King of France do so!' he cried. 'My fellow-pilgrim!' And being satisfied it was true, he would not see Philip before he set sail, which he did very soon afterwards.

Queen Eleanor could not accompany Benegaria to the Holy Land; so she was placed under the charge of the Dowager Queen of Sicily, and the ladies set sail in one of Richard's ships, bearing at its prow his device, the lion. As soon as the English fleet left Messina, a violent storm came on; three ships were lost, and Benegaria and her ladies were driven by the winds into one of the ports of Cyprus, and were very rudely treated by its inhabitants, and denied entrance. When Richard's own vessel reached the island, he demanded shelter. It was refused. That was quite enough for the fiery king, and he resolved to punish its ruler, Isaac, by conquering his kingdom, which he easily did, and soon placed his fair bride in safety.

The Emperor Isaac was obliged to capitulate; and Richard's dress, when he met him, seems to have been very splendid, as we read, 'He rode a large handsome Spanish horse, his reins adorned

with gold, a housing of green and gold, on the back of which were two golden lions with their paws raised in attitude to fight. The king's tunic was rose-coloured velvet, his mantle was striped with silver half-moons, his hat of scarlet cloth, his spurs and sword-hilt gold, and the royal sceptre in his hand.'

Richard's marriage took place at Cyprus. He had some difficulty to keep the island ; but he subdued the people, and put Isaac in prison ; and as he begged not to be put in iron fetters, Richard had his manacles made of silver. When he at length set off for Palestine, he left the island in charge of two of his most trusty knights. On his way by sea to Acre he fell in with some Moslem ships. He had an encounter with them, in which he was victorious, and the fame of his victory preceded him to Acre. He was welcomed most enthusiastically at Acre, where he found Philip already arrived, and encamped with the assailants, who had been besieging the place for two years. Acre fell two days after the fall of Tiberias ; but Tyre had been saved by the wisdom and valour of Conrad, Marquis of Monferrat.

One of Conrad's bravest knights was called 'the Green Knight,' everything that he wore being of that hue. His crest was a stag's antlers, and an iron chain was fastened to his helmet.

When Saladin found how able a commander Tyre had got in its need, he tried to intimidate Conrad by threatening to put his old father to death, who was his prisoner.

‘ I shall not interfere,’ replied Conrad ; ‘ my father will die a martyr, and purge out his sins.’

In despair at such firmness, Saladin retreated to Acre, whither Conrad sent some of his knights, among them the Green Knight.

Acre, which was a seaport, was a city of great importance ; and Saladin knew that if he lost it, the Latins would regain a good deal of their influence in Palestine. The siege went on vigorously ; but the manners of the French and English were dissolute in the extreme, and feuds were perpetually arising from the jealousy between the French and English.

In March 1191 Philip had arrived at Acre. Till Richard’s arrival, his liberality and generosity had been much extolled. He had paid the knights who were soldiers of fortune three pieces of money a day ; Richard gave them four, thereby completely eclipsing the French king’s previous act. Then Richard’s valour, and his conquest of Cyprus, was the theme of every soldier’s praise ; and Philip grew tired of hearing the constant tale. Conrad, disgusted at the quarrels he witnessed, retired to Tyre ; and the two

kings both fell ill. Richard, full of impatience, did not recover so soon as the King of France, as his fiery blood boiled at the confinement of a long illness. While he was ill he sent to entreat Saladin's friendship; but the Sultan, though he admired Richard's valour, mistrusted his motives, and declined a meeting, on the ground that, while at war, they could not meet except as enemies.

After a protracted siege, in which the constant jealousy between the two kings was a source of disunion,—for, when the French were engaged against Acre, the English would not fight, and when the English fought, the French rested in their camp,—Acre surrendered to the two kings. Aid from Cairo did not come, and the inhabitants capitulated; the terms being, surrender of the true cross, a sum of two hundred thousand byzants to be paid in a month, and the English prisoners in Saladin's hands to be given up.


Very soon after the taking of Acre, Philip Augustus made up his mind to return to France. Richard scoffed at his motives. 'If the King of France,' said he, 'thinks it better to return to his kingdom, let him go, covered with eternal disgrace.' Nevertheless Philip soon after left the Holy Land. Nor was Philip of France the only prince who took offence at Cœur de Lion's rash acts. A great

many German princes had assisted in the siege, and among them the brave Archduke Leopold of Austria. He had greatly distinguished himself; but when he ventured to plant his flag on one of the towers of the town, Richard haughtily bid him take it down; and finding his order not obeyed, he had it thrown down into the ditch. The Germans were furious; but Leopold dissimulated, and hid his anger. Accident gave him later an opportunity of taking his revenge, which he was not slow to accept, as you will hear. William of Tyre also declared it to be impossible to stay in any place commanded by the King of England; and thus Richard remained in sole charge of Acre, and to see that the conditions of its capitulation were enforced. Philip of France had left the Marquis of Tyre the management of all his affairs in the East, when he left Palestine. Conrad had charge of three thousand Turkish prisoners, who were to be given up to Saladin, who was then to pay the stipulated sum. A delay took place, and the Sultan began to fear he should be deceived. Finding the Sultan did not send his money, Richard had all his prisoners cruelly killed in cold blood, and their bodies were cut open 'to look for byzants.' This act was very disgraceful to Richard, and Saladin vowed 'never again to spare a Christian's life;' and he then posi-

tively refused to give up the true cross, on which, as he knew, the Croisés set a high value.

After his barbarous act Richard left Acre, leaving his queen and her court, well guarded, behind him. He gave so largely in largesses, that most of the princes remained with Richard; and, on the 22d of August 1191, Cœur de Lion marched out at the head of an army thirty thousand strong. Defensive and not offensive war was Richard's aim, so that, although much harassed by Turkish archers and flying squadrons, an actual battle was avoided. The soldiers were protected by an ingenious contrivance against their enemies' arrows. They wore a covering of pieces of cloth connected by rings, which caught the arrows when they struck their backs. They were also much troubled by tarantulas. Every night Richard's well-disciplined army halted, and the last sound heard at midnight would be the herald's voice as he called out, 'Save the Holy Sepulchre!'

Richard could not at last avoid giving Saladin battle. The armies fought, and Saladin was defeated. Richard's bravery was conspicuous, and greatly influenced the fortunes of the day; and seeing William de Bar, his antagonist of the sugar canes, displaying great prowess, he rode up to him and begged his friendship. After this victory the



1 army marched on to Jaffa. The works there had
been destroyed. Against Richard's wishes, the resto-
ration of the fortifications was decided on, and
2 Richard again saw his troops sink into luxuriant
ways and idleness, from which they were only
roused by the appearance of the Saracens outside
Jaffa.

Richard was very fond of hawking. One day
they met a party of Saracens in a wood while
engaged in the amusement of falconry. They at-
tacked the king and his suite, and were just going
to take Richard prisoner when a Provençal knight
cried out, 'I am the king, save my life!' Richard
ransomed the generous soldier, who was carried off
under the idea that he was Cœur de Lion.

Richard began to get very tired of the war, and
he constantly met Saladin's brother to negotiate
terms, which always ended in nothing. Richard set
off to attack Jerusalem, but was persuaded not to
besiege it by his barons. They feared that, as soon
as Jerusalem was taken, the army, who were already
tired of the Crusade, would desert and return home.
As Richard agreed to this, he retreated to Ascalon.
Saladin's nobles advised him to burn that beautiful
city, to prevent the Latins making it a stronghold.
'I would rather,' he cried, 'lose my sons than
touch a stone of the town; but what Islamism re-

quires must be done.' The walls were pushed down, the city set on fire. Richard could scarcely believe the tale when he heard it. He set all his Crusaders to work ; and the proudest nobles and clergy worked like carpenters and masons by the side of the soldiers, and the walls of Ascalon were soon repaired. Saladin having retreated at his approach.

Desertions from Richard's army went on, and discussions arose about the throne of Jerusalem. Philip had supported Conrad's pretensions. Richard adhered to Guy, who was always with his army. He again renewed overtures for peace. He was eager to get back to England. Unfortunately for Cœur de Lion, Conrad, who had quarrelled with him, opened negotiations with Saladin.

Richard sent word that both Franks and Moslem were suffering from war, and demanded Jerusalem and the true cross. Saladin refused either condition ; for, he said, Jerusalem was as precious to the Moslems as to them ; and as to the true cross, it was idolatrous to worship it. Then Richard proposed a marriage between his sister, the Queen of Sicily, and Saladin's brother ; but the priests on both sides were shocked at such a proposition, and it ended in words.

While negotiations were going on, the two armies exchanged civilities, and even met in tournament

and dances. Saladin sent Richard peaches from Damascus when he was ill ; but an event happened that struck the whole Crusaders' army with terror. Conrad was assassinated by two of the detestable tribe of Assassins, as he was returning to his palace in Tyre. Richard, much to the Marquis' surprise, had made him king of the principality of Tyre and the whole of the Holy Land. As he fell, his murderers exclaimed, 'Thou shalt be neither marquis nor king.' Richard, and, by some, Saladin, were accused of having instigated the murder ; but the truth was, both were too noble, with all their faults, to sanction so foul a deed. Conrad had given the chief of the Assassins offence, and he had punished him by death.

The Assassins were a tribe of wild Arabs living on Mount Lebanon. His subjects revered their Sheik so much, that they gave him unconditional obedience. He trained them to wear various disguises, and to murder secretly any one who offended him. He was called Sheik, or 'old man' of the mountains, and the word assassin is taken from his tribe. As Richard heard of John's misconduct in his absence, he was more than ever eager to get home ; so he at once proceeded to elect a new King of Jerusalem in Conrad's place. He wisely chose Count Henry of Champagne. Fortune seemed to favour Richard Cœur de Lion's arms, as he got possession

of a strong fortress named Daroom. When the Turks offered to surrender, he sternly bid them 'defend themselves as well as they could;' and he treated the inhabitants cruelly when at last it fell into his hands; for our English king was barbarous as well as brave. When Henry of Champagne joined him, he gave him the place—a piece of liberality it rejoiced his heart to perform.

But while all his army danced, sang, and played in token of their satisfaction at going back to England, on which Richard was resolutely bent, his own conduct and bearing were entirely changed, and he seemed to give way to deep melancholy. One day one of his confessors entered his tent; when he saw poor Cœur de Lion lying on his couch, which was covered with a lion's skin, he stopped, and said nothing, but seemed by his face to say, 'My noble monarch, tell me your grief; I too have something to tell you.'

Richard looked up, and called his chaplain to his side.

'Tell me why your eyes are full of tears while you look at me.'

'I cannot tell you, sire, till you give me your kingly word not to be angry with me.'

'I swear it,' said the king; 'but speak out.'

'Sire,' said the priest, 'you are intending to

abandon the Holy Land, and, by departing for England, to leave the Croisés without your support. Posterity will blame you, as many do among the army. Will you plunge us all into despair ?'

Richard said nothing in reply. His countenance relapsed into its previous gloom.


Henry of Champagne and the Duke of Burgundy had vowed never to leave Palestine till Jerusalem was retaken. Richard announced he should put off his journey till the following year ; and the army of Croisés, who were encamped in the valley of Hebron, were soon told by his heralds that the army was about to set off to Jerusalem.

When at last, a noble band of warriors, they set off, 'with jewels rich and rare in their helmets,' gay flags, and bright weapons, they seemed almost sure of victory ; but in the successive stories of the Crusade, of which this one is the last I have to tell you, one thing ever seemed to prevent ultimate or lasting success ; and that was again the case then. The reason was, the perpetual quarrels of the Croisés' leaders among themselves.

Saladin was alarmed for the safety of Jerusalem, but Richard's mind misgave him. He feared that his force was not equal to the siege. The matter was referred to the Templars, as they knew more of Palestine ; and they, finding that the cisterns for

supplying water outside the town had been destroyed, advised delay or retreat, and the recovery of the Holy City was abandoned. Richard felt keenly the disgrace of giving it up. One of his knights called out one day to him, 'Sire, I can show you the Holy City.' 'No!' cried King Richard, covering his face with his hands; 'I am unworthy to look on a city I cannot deliver.'

Again Richard opened negotiations for peace with Saladin; but the Saracens mistrusted Richard's good intentions and faith, and once more the treaty ended in nothing but words. Saladin then besieged Jaffa, and was on the point of gaining it, when Richard, having heard of its danger, hurried off, and gained such a splendid victory, that it led not only to his redeeming the reputation that he had somewhat tarnished by abandoning Jerusalem, but to an honourable truce, which the two enemies, Richard and Saladin, ratified by a personal meeting. The terms were, Jaffa and Tyre to be given up to the Christians, and the Latins to be able to make pilgrimages to the Holy City without paying the heavy sums exacted from pilgrims before the Crusades, and a truce of three years. Richard, angry and discontented with himself for having failed in conquering Jerusalem, declined visiting the Holy City; but soon long trains of pilgrims were to be seen streaming



through the gates. Saladin saw to their comfort and safety in every way; and the soldiers of both the French and English armies could not help contrasting Saladin's generous conduct with the King of England's opposition to their pilgrimage. Among those who visited Jerusalem was the Bishop of Salisbury. Saladin sent for him and showed him the true cross.

Saladin questioned him closely about the King of England.

'Sire,' said the bishop, 'if his and your virtues were combined in one prince, there would be none greater in the world.'

'Your king is valiant,' said Saladin, 'but rash. I think princely greatness is best shown by moderation and generosity, than by foolhardiness and temerity.'

The Sultan was so pleased with the bishop that he bid him ask him a favour. The prelate begged that two Latin priests and deacons might serve in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Thus ended Cœur de Lion's Crusade; for, sending off his queen to England, he prepared to leave Palestine. He had gained great renown in the Holy Land for his personal valour; and mothers of Saracen children were accustomed to enforce their obedience by his name. The Latins that he left behind him wept

when they saw him embark at Acre ; and though Richard's whole heart was in England, where his presence was greatly needed, he could not restrain his own tears, and he called out, as his ship quitted the shore, ' Oh, Holy Land ! I commend thy people to God. May He permit me to visit thee again, and aid thee !'

Saladin died shortly afterwards ; and, before his death, he ordered his Emirs to carry his shroud through Damascus. ' See,' they cried, ' how little the conqueror of the East taketh with him !'

My story of the Crusades is finished. It has been a narrative of wars and bloodshed ; but, amid such horrors, we have read of gallant deeds and intrepid knights ; and with all the failures and the disappointments of the Crusades, their history will ever be new and ever interesting. Richard's adventures were not ended when he left Palestine. He had left England 1191, and he quitted Palestine on the 25th of October 1192. He was very dejected. He believed himself punished, for the troubles in his island home, by Heaven, for his misconduct to his father. How differently had he started !—


' Bound for Holy Palestine,
Nimble we brushed the level brine,

All in azure steel arrayed ;
O'er the wave our weapons played,
And made the dancing billows glow.
High upon the tropical prow
Many a warrior minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung.'

They had not sailed many days before fearful storms arose. The Crusaders threw themselves down on their knees, and declared that Heaven designed to show them by the elements how they had offended Him in abandoning Jerusalem.

Several of the ships were lost, and the English Croisés, who were cast on the Syrian shores, were imprisoned, some never returning to England at all, others only escaping after years of captivity.

After six weeks of great peril, Richard and his companions on board his vessel sighted the coast of Barbary. Marseilles was only three days' sail ; but the King of France was his deadly enemy, and supporting his brother John's rebellion. His bark was in so bad a condition that he feared to go on to England. He then went to the Adriatic, where he was attacked by pirates ; but he made friends with them, and landed at Corfu, intending to go to the Duke of Saxony's court, his near relation. The Archduke Leopold of Austria was his deadly foe. During the siege of Acre he had thrown down that prince's flag, and pitched it into a ditch—



'The Duke with his foot he smot,
Against the breast, God it wot,
That on a stone, he him overthrew,
It was evil done, by St. Matthew.'

His companions in peril were Baldwin de Betun, a priest, Anselm the chaplain, and a few Knights Templars. They disguised themselves as pilgrims; but were obliged, at Goritia, to ask for passports from the governor.

'Their names?' said he to Richard's messenger.

'Baldwin de Betun is one,' said the page; 'Hugh the merchant is another. He bid me give this ring.'

'It is a splendid ring,' said the governor; 'but he who sends it is not Hugh a merchant, but King Richard of England! But tell your master he has won me by the rich gift, though I am commanded to detain all pilgrims.'


The monarchs of Europe had heard of Cœur de Lion's misfortunes at sea, and were anxious to seize him on his road home. When Richard heard of the danger he was in, he and his friends rode off in the middle of the night. Their way led them for many days through rough roads, but they were not stopped till at the last stage before Salzburg. The governor of the Salz Kammergut, as that district is called, had been ordered from Vienna to examine

all travellers, in case the King of England was among them. When Cœur de Lion reached the simple frontier inn, he and his fellow-pilgrims saw a band of Austrian officials outside. It was impossible to disguise that lordly figure, and remarkable face. He was recognised, though he offered to turn a haunch of venison for the Tyrolean cook, in hopes of keeping up his character of a simple palmer. Fortunately that day the governor had sent his nephew, a Norman knight, in command. Large rewards were offered for the king's person. The old knight knew that, but he whispered to Richard—

‘Sire, you must fly! I will lend you a swift steed.’

He entreated Richard to go off so vehemently, that he started at once. William de Stagno, and a page who spoke German, alone accompanied the fugitives. The Norman knight declared that only Baldwin de Betun and the other pilgrims were in the town, and Richard hurried on to a town near Vienna. Unfortunately, his deadly enemy was in the very same place.

With Richard's headlong imprudence, he persisted in wearing rich jewels, and his page was always handsomely dressed. The king dared not leave the humble lodging he and his companions



had found, and feigned illness. His page went out daily to buy their provisions. One day he paid for them in eastern coin, and he was sternly questioned.

'My master is a rich merchant,' he said: and when he got back he advised the king to fly.

Richard would not. Next day his page was watched, and they noticed that a pair of gloves, such as kings only wore, hung suspended from his girdle.

'Tell us who your master is,' the officials demanded; 'and where he lives.'

The mayor and his soldiers surrounded Richard's house.

'You are recognised, sire,' said the mayor. 'Your face betrays you.'

'I will surrender my sword,' replied Richard, 'to none save a prince.'

Leopold came and received it. He was thus in his old enemy's power; and he sent him to a fortress on the Danube. However, Henry VI., Emperor of Germany, much as he hated Richard, declared he should not be in any one's custody but a king's. He was then given up to the Emperor in March 1193, and sent to a fortress called Trifels, in the Tyrol. It was built on a steep rock, on a high mountain. Richard, from his narrow prison, could

only see the snowy mountain tops, not the deep little green lakes below, and those forests of firs and mountain trees where the chamois play, or where, along the green sward at sunset, descend the goats and cattle of that lovely land. Could he have looked on other objects than mountain tops, he would have had some distraction ; but, day after day, never alone, for guards were ever with him, all he could do was to compose poetry, and to reproach his barons for not ransoming him.

‘ I had done it for *them*,’ would he say.

At last, he was taken to Worms, where he underwent a kind of trial. News of him had reached England, by means of his faithful troubadour, Blondel. Richard had ever loved the ‘gay science.’ Blondel had been attached to his court. To *him*, the fierce king had ever been gentle. When he heard he was shut up in Austria, he said he would get tidings of the king. For a year and a half he wandered like a faithful dog, who, truer than man, never forgets a lost master, and will search for him even to the grave. One day he put up at a village near Trifels.

‘ Fair hostess,’ said he, ‘ whose is yon castle ?’

‘ The Archduke’s,’ replied the peasant.

‘ Are there any prisoners ?’

‘ One, who is a great lord.’

Blondel went to bed, and next morning to church. Then he went up to the fort.

'I am a minstrel,' said he, 'out of employment. Will you hear me play?' he asked the governor.

'Willingly; 'tis right dull here.'

He played so well that the Austrians kept him all winter. One day he went into the garden, and he heard a voice singing a song he had composed. It stopped; Blondel took up the strain, overjoyed to have found Richard at last. Blondel went back to England, and told Queen Eleanor where her son was, and by his means he was ransomed.

This is a pretty tale; but many historians think it was not *true*.

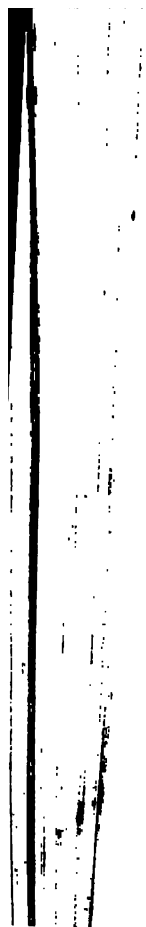
One day a fierce lion was turned loose; Richard was intentionally put in its way. He met it boldly, grasped its open jaws, thrust his arm down its throat, and, says an old chronicler, 'ate it hot and raw.' Oh, let us hope *that* tale is not true either.

In vain his mother wrote to the Pope, Richard languished two long years a weary captive; but at last his heavy ransom was paid, at a heavy cost to England; and on the 11th of February 1194, he landed, to confront his brother John with his black treachery, at the port of Sandwich in Kent.

His Crusade had cost more lives than any one of the preceding holy wars. He had left Jerusalem still

in Moslem hands ; but he was of heroic courage, his valour made him respected by his enemies in spite of his fiery temper, and we ever think of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, as ‘a gallant knight and true,’ and a Hero of the Crusades.





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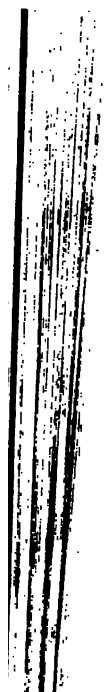
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